

# COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.  
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**COMFORT**  
The Key to  
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**Crumbs of Comfort**

God may delay, but He never forgets.

Take things always by the smooth handle.

A mule and a woman do best by fair means.

The husband must not see and the wife must be blind.

The wound that is never given is the easiest one cured.

A great deal is ill wasted and a little would do as well.

We weep when we are born and every day shows why.

Custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools.

A blunt edge will sometimes do what a sharp axe will not.

The good you do is not lost although you may forget it.

Away goes the devil when he finds the door fast against him.

Your looking glass will tell you what none of your friends will.

When two friends have a common purse one sings and the other weeps.

Since you can bear with your own, bear with the failings of others as well.

If you get vexed or lose your temper you will have two troubles instead of one.

It is not your posterity, but your actions, that will perpetuate your memory.

None more impatiently suffer injuries than those who are the readiest to do them.

Before you walk into the front door of a saloon, look at the bloat that went out at the back door.

Go not to your doctor for every ill, nor to your lawyer for every quarrel, nor to your bottle for every thirst.

# The Miracle of Love

By Mary Chapman Bennett

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"**D**ON'T you think it will rain before night? The air seems so heavy," said Kathie, raising her arms wearily above her head, and looked up at the cloudless sky streaked with the gold, and purple, and pink tints of the setting sun.

"Fred," said the invalid, half petulantly, "can't you put aside your paper and talk to me? I am so tired of this hot weather."

The young man at the other end of the veranda put down his paper and seated himself on the top step near the couch.

"What is the matter with my little sister tonight," he said, with caressing tones. "Has the heat upset your nerves?"

"I don't know," said Kathie. "I try not to be selfish and complaining, but I am so very tired of being sick," and a few tears welled up into the violet eyes of the girl who, day in and day out, was doomed to lie on her back.

This was too much for the tender-hearted brother who gathered the girl into his arms murmuring, "My precious sister."

For a long time they sat quietly watching the stars come out, one by one.

Kathie nestled in the shelter of his arms, her head pillow'd against his breast, a grateful change from the position she was obliged to be in during the many hours of the day.

"Fred, are you going to marry Miss Jessie Lane?" the sick girl asked at length.

If Kathie had not been so wrapped up in her own thoughts, she would have felt the start of surprise, heard the rapid pounding of his blood through his veins, heard the quickened beat of his heart.

It was with a supreme effort that the young man replied, in a voice calm and gentle, "No, dear. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I don't know. But you remember last winter she sent me that beautiful basket of fruit, when everything was so high and scarce; and now today, those lovely roses from her own garden, and it made me think that perhaps she sent them because you were in love with her."

"Miss Lane is always trying to bring happiness to those who are suffering. She very does the same thing every day to some one. She never thought of me," quietly said the young man.

In his inmost soul he knew that he lied, and the knowledge that it was a lie brought a strange calm to his sad heart.

"Some way I should hate to have you marry her. I don't know what I should do. I think I should die," and Kathie nestled closer while her voice died away in a little trembling sob.

Now Kathie had absolutely no idea that she was selfish. Sick people rarely have the same view point as those who are well, and the thought that her words might help to deprive him of a joy, which was as necessary to his best happiness as his presence was essential to her very life, did not occur to her. Not for worlds would she have added a single drop more to the already full bucket the young man was bearing.

A fall from a hammock when she was a child had injured her spine so that her legs were paralyzed, and when, just entering her teens her mother had died, Fred took up the burden, not only of support, but tender care. Everything that heart and mind could invent was done for the sufferer. Some days she was able to be carried out to the shady lawn at the rear of the house, but usually the long hours were spent on the broad veranda, screened and shut in when necessary.

Somehow Fred always found her busy with her needle and he often marveled over the piles and stacks of work that she must have accomplished.

Men have the idea that nothing ever wears out, and, naturally, Fred deemed the work must of necessity be new well nigh to the ceiling.

"I suppose Kathie needs you," she continued as she adjusted her needle. "How is she these warm days? Is she able to be out in the garden?"

"Not over strong this weather," Fred replied as he settled himself in the easy chair close by the table upon which rested the work basket of his hostess. "She is cheerful though and tries to make the best of her hard lot. She was deeply appreciative of your kindness in sending the roses the other day," he added after a pause in which he watched the fingers readjust a loop and thread a needle with the floss near at hand.

Then remembering his sister's remark and his own pain, he said in an apologetic tone, "But I would rather you do not do it again. I don't want to hurt your feelings."

"But you most certainly do hurt my feelings."

## IMPROVE THE HOME FOR HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND THRIFT

Unattractive, untidy homes in which slovenly housekeeping and bad cooking prevail produce discontent, sickness, poverty and mental and moral degradation among the members of the family, especially the children that grow up under such blighting influences. Such conditions are too common and are largely due to mismanagement and not knowing how to do better, how to make the most of the means at hand. It is not a question of money but of what to do and how to do it.

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when you speak in that way," quickly responded his hostess, cut to the heart by the cruel words, and thinking only of the selfish ways of mankind. "What possible reason can you give, because I cut a few of my roses and sent them to a suffering girl, for refusing her the right to receive and the joy of giving. What right have you to dictate in a matter entirely outside of your domain?" concluded Jessie, by now thoroughly angered by his tactless and wholly unnecessary words.

For a moment the young man was staggered by the storm of protest and in a laughing way stammered some apology.

"But I—I didn't mean it in just the way you thought."

"Well, I should hope not!" exclaimed Jessie with the angry color still glowing in her cheeks.

Then the thought of what he really did mean gave Fred courage to say quietly, but sadly, "I am afraid I was extremely rude to you, Miss Jessie. For that I crave your pardon. My little sister, being ill and shut out from the social life of the world, looks at deeds in a somewhat different light from those of us who live in the glare of the day. When you have time to think it over, you will agree with me, that for her sake—as well as my own"—he added in a lower tone, "it is wisest not to disturb her peace."

As the full meaning of his tone, more than his words, penetrated her mind, a deep flush overspread her features, and with ready tact she turned the tide of speech in other channels.

But, although the conversation flowed on smoothly enough, there was a little constraint felt by both. Jessie was conscious of the eyes of love bent upon her whenever her own were turned away, but she could not understand the strain of sadness, both in them, and in his voice.

And the man, knowing the ache in his own heart, grieved over the hurt he knew he had inflicted upon the girl who was to him the one woman in all the world. And he wondered why it was that over and over again we wound those we love the most, wound them when we would gladly protect them from all harm within the shelter of our love—wound them through that very love.

And the longing for her grew so insistent that he dare not linger over the good night, but hurried out into the street. And there, on the street, during that long walk home, a battle waged.

Why do we always think of a field and two large armies when we use the word battle?

The biggest battle ever fought is between a man and his own soul—between the force of right and the power of wrong in one human breast.

And the struggle caused the young man to cry out in his misery, "Oh, Jessie, my love, I need thee."

But his soul grew calm as, there in the darkness, he stretched out his hands to the one woman, whispering, "My love, I dare not ask thee to share my life. Fare—the—well."

And in another part of the city a woman knelt by an open window. Gazing up at the stars she said softly, "He loves me, I am sure of it. And

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13)

## Monthly Lesson in History

By C. B. Irine

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**F**EBRUARY, the month of expiration, took its name from februa, which means to purify. Ordinarily it has twenty-eight days, but during leap years is given an additional day. Originally among the Romans it had twenty-one days, but when it was decreed that the eighth month should bear the name of Augustus Caesar, a day was taken from the shortest month and given to August, which then had but thirty, that it might not be inferior to July, so named for Julius Caesar. The name February was given because it was during this month that the Romans celebrated the festival of Februalia. The month was introduced into the calendar along with January when Numa Pompilius decided that the year should have twelve instead of ten months. The amethyst is the gem-stone symbolic of the month, and stands for deep and pure love. One of its supposed powers is that of preventing intoxication and the Greeks and Romans drank wine from amethyst cups. The flower which represents February is the primrose, representing youth and sadness, and its motto, "Believe me." The month was notable in having brought two of the greatest Presidents of the United States in the world—Washington and Lincoln—and in many of the states their birthdays are celebrated as legal holidays. Other notable events of the month are here given:

1st—Mary Shelley, novelist, died 1851.

2nd—Candlemas day.

If Candlemas is fair and clear,



## Liquor Banished by a Nation of One Hundred and Seventy Million People

IT is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and out of the fearful conflict in Europe, war has brought about in a day a mighty reform, that peace might not have accomplished in a century. Russia has stopped the sale of vodka, France has banished absinthe, and the hours in which strong drink can be purchased in Great Britain have been so materially cut down that saloons find it hardly profitable to do business.

It is in Russia, however, that the most astounding change has taken place. Vodka, the national drink, a fiery liquor which had reduced the Russian peasantry to besotted apathy and chronic poverty, has been shut off by the government at its source. An altruistic, humane and self-sacrificing act, probably never before equalled by any government on earth, and the more remarkable from the fact that it is from the manufacture and sale of vodka, which is a government monopoly, that Russia largely realizes the enormous revenues which are needed for the upkeep of her military and imperial establishments. With every liquor den in Russia closed and sealed with the Czar's seal, which none dare break, the hundred and seventy million subjects of the Romanoff autocrat have of necessity become sober.

There is an old saying that you cannot make men good by an act of parliament, but it has been proved that you can at least make them sober, which is a ninety per cent step toward making men mentally, morally and physically sound, for it is temperance that builds character and intemperance that destroys it, and it is to character building that we must look for permanent racial uplift.

The improvement in the Russian people in the five months since vodka has been banned is astounding. Men who looked as though every worthy impulse had been crushed out of them, have been transformed as though by magic, from blear-eyed physical wrecks to upstanding, vigorous humans, rejoicing in a new outlook, conscious of new hope, inspired by new ambitions.

As to the evils of intemperance Europe did little more than talk in time of peace, but when the great nations became involved in a life-or-death conflict of arms, and keen eyes, strong arms, steady nerves, sound judgment and stout hearts were required for the game of war then the belligerent powers took drastic action to put their soldiers and their people in the best of trim, by putting alcohol, man's greatest enemy, beyond their reach.

## We Need Nation-Wide Prohibition as Much as Russia Does

Cannot Congress learn the lesson to do for our people in time of peace what Russia has been moved by the exigency of war to do for her people?

State prohibition has done much, but its limitations are such that it falls far short of being an effective and thorough remedy for intemperance, as experience has painfully demonstrated.

Only nation-wide prohibition, with the Federal government taking upon itself the manufacture and sale of such alcoholic products as are necessary for mechanical and medicinal purposes, will rid this nation of the fearful curse which the drink demon has imposed upon it.

In spite of the strenuous efforts of men and women of high purpose who have devoted their lives to fighting this insidious evil, in spite of laws, regulations and preachments and vast expenditures of time and money, the consumption of alcoholic beverages steadily increases in the United States.

As a people we are the greatest law makers and law breakers on earth, and so long as some of the States permit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor and the Federal government allows its importation enormous quantities of strong drink will still find their way to every corner of the land despite local and State prohibitory laws. Not until the drink question is made a national instead of a State issue and Uncle Sam becomes the sole manufacturer and purveyor of alcoholic liquor in this country shall we see a similar condition here to that which today obtains in Russia.

The plea that prohibition interferes with personal liberty is very true; so do our laws against burglary, theft and murder and every other form of crime. Alcohol is a destructive poison and its effects, whether taken in large or small quantities, are disastrous and appalling.

Anything that strikes at the health and welfare of the individual and the nation (and alcoholic drink does this to an extent greater than any other evil) must be taken severely in hand, even to the extent of depriving the individual of the "liberty" of that means of self-destruction.

Decadent China has shown the courage and ability to grapple with the plague of opium, and has abolished it as thoroughly and completely as the Czar has abolished vodka in Russia. Who dares say that our government shall be less progressive and must not grapple with the demon alcohol?

If rum slew or injured only those who indulge in it, one might regard its use with complacent toleration, but drink is the promoter of vice and crime which inflicts the misery of poverty, disease and destruction on the innocent; it is the servant of the white slave traffic, the arch enemy of the human race.

No drunkard goes to his miserable grave until he has ruined the life and wrecked the hope of one or more heart-broken innocent victims of his vile appetite.

And the horror of it all is that this accursed appetite is handed on to generations yet unborn who must suffer from the sins of the fathers (and often the mothers), and suffer as acutely from cravings inherited from moderate drinkers as immoderate drinkers, until the third and fourth generations.

We want children *born* into the world, *now damned into the world*. Dr. L. Maus, Colonel of the U. S. Medical Corps, says: "Society must prevent its own ruin and degradation at any cost and defend the innocent members of the community against the ravages of the great destroyer, alcohol. When the general public learns that the diseases and evil traits we possess were transmitted by those who are moulder in the grave, thousands of defective sons and daughters will curse the memory of their dead parents who fastened upon them the seeds of degeneracy.

Ex-Governor Patterson of Tennessee, once a fiery advocate of personal "liberty" and a friend of the saloon, saw drink strike down his first-born. He says:

"At last I have felt its foul and stealthy blows. It turned upon me in its deadly and shaming wrath—upon me who had pleaded before the people for its very existence.

"If we had no sorrows liquor creates them; and if we have them it increases them and makes them harder to bear.

"It blights the young man as lightning does the trees, and leaves him stripped of his heritage.

"It is the thief of character.

"It invades the ballot box and corrupts it.

"It weakens the administration of justice.

"It is the polluted stream that mingles with the current of public affairs and poisons all it touches.

"Whenever it comes it brings a sorrow, and whenever it goes it leaves remorse.

"Liquor dulls the edge of endeavor; it dethrones the reason; it enters and stains the cloisters of spirituality and becomes the foul and stealthy murderer of human souls.

"I hate it for what it has done to others, to the State and to my country.

"I hate it with every fiber of my being—with every passion of my soul."

The evils of drunkenness are obvious and many drunkards, in their sober intervals, favor prohibition as their only means of deliverance. But it is the so-called "moderate drinker," the man who takes a social glass or two whenever occasion offers or takes his daily drinks with a regularity and measured accuracy which never exceed the bounds of sobriety, that is hardest to reach and convince. He is the worst stumbling block in the path to prohibition and temperance. Because he never gets drunk he parades as a man of "temperate" habits and a model of self control, one who can "use liquor without abusing it." He strenuously objects to any law that will abolish his supposedly innocent and innocuous use of liquor; and in this he manifests a selfish and contemptuous disregard for the consequences to his weaker brothers who cannot imbibe without running the gamut of intoxication.

But his belief that he is not injured or endangered by liquor, as he uses it, is a delusion, for extensive scientific research and experimentation have proved beyond question that even a single drink of alcoholic liquor has a depressing effect on the brain and nerve centers which appreciably lowers the speed, accuracy and endurance of the working powers of mind and body, and that it requires a day or two for nature to recover and repair the damage; also that where the drink is taken habitually, even no oftener than once a day, the deleterious effect is cumulative, producing a weakening of the constitution and a permanent and progressive diminution of mental and physical capacity. Furthermore, moderate drinking weakens the power of resisting acute attacks of disease and is directly productive of chronic and fatal diseases of the arteries, liver, kidneys and other vital organs, and last, but not least, may doom the moderate drinker's child to an inherited propensity for liquor which may ruin him body and soul.

Thus we see that the word "moderate" does not properly apply to the use of alcoholic liquor as a beverage under any conditions. We frequently hear the friends of the saloon draw a distinction between temperance and total abstinence, but in the drinking of liquor, which is poisonous and injurious even in small quantities, there is no such thing as temperance; every drink is an intemperate use, an abuse, and temperance consists only in total abstinence. Therefore the so-called "moderate" drinker has no right to complain of a law which deprives him of the "personal" liberty of slowly poisoning himself.

## Appalling Growth and Magnitude of the Liquor Evil

The alarming extent to which drinking in the United States has grown is apparent in the Internal Revenue Department's figures which show that more than two billion gallons of intoxicating liquors were consumed by the people of this country in one year, 1913; that is more than two thousand million gallons (to be exact 2,128,452,226 gallons) which, if equally distributed, would be about ninety quarts to every man, woman and child in the United States. But of course it was not equally distributed, for most of the children, the larger part of the women and many of the men had no share in it, and therefore those who did drink it, constituting less than half the population, must have averaged near about two hundred quarts each. Imagine, if you can, its destructive effect on them and the calamity to their families, even though a considerable part of it consisted of wine, lager beer and ale.

Then the money spent for this drink was one billion seven hundred and twenty-four million dollars, enough to have ruined most any other nation, to say nothing the indirect loss occasioned by the drunkenness, idleness, sickness, pauperism and crime which it produced.

These figures prove conclusively that State prohibitory and local-option laws are ineffectual and that

## A National Prohibitory Law is Necessary to Suppress Drunkenness

Congressman Richmond P. Hobson, of Alabama, introduced a resolution in Congress to amend the U. S. Constitution so as to prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquor throughout the United States, except as made and distributed by the Federal government for necessary medicinal and mechanical purposes.

To adopt this amendment requires a favorable vote of two thirds of the members of both branches of Congress and the consent of the legislatures of three quarters of the States. It was acted on by Congress just before Christmas and received a favorable vote from a majority of the members in the House and Senate but fell short of the necessary two thirds.

This was so near a victory that it has greatly encouraged the promoters of the cause of nation-wide prohibition. They will make it an issue in the next Presidential and Congressional campaign in 1916 with strong hopes of success.

We appeal to COMFORT readers to support this movement as the most vitally important one before the country and we shall tell you more about it in our March issue.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.



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**Make \$21 Next Saturday**. Brand new proposition, patented last January. Amazing invention, compressed air washing machine, weighs but 2 pounds; excels work of high-priced machines. Customers excited; agents coining money. A sale at every house. Price only \$1.50; 200% profit. Cleans tub of clothes in 3 minutes; works like magic. F. Hughes made \$21 first 8 hours. No charge for territory. Wendell Co., 613 Oak St., Leipzig, O.

**Sell a Line of Monogram Stationery** and Calling Cards. Big profit. Samples Free. F. D. Leder, 169 S. Charles, Baltimore, Md.

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**Agents Wanted** to devote all or part of their time selling lubricating oils and paints direct to the consumers. Salary or Commission. The Harvey Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

**Agents make \$10 a day** selling rugs at \$1 each, cost agents 55c. Size 36 x 68. Sell from one to six at every house. Something every housewife wants. Full size rug for sample, 98 cents by parcel post. Commerce Specialty Co., Commerce, Tex.

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**Sells Like Hot Cakes**; Laundry wax perfumes clothes with lasting Violet perfume; outlet 5c; Perfume-gloves, 13 Water St., N. Y.

**Big Textile Mills** will employ everywhere relatives people to take orders for dress fabrics, hosiery, underwear and neckwear from samples. Factory prices. Many making over \$100 weekly. Space or all time. No experience. Permanent. Steadfast Mills, 34 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y.

## AGENTS WANTED

**Agents**—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 112 So. 13th St., Phila., Pa.

**Agents are coining money selling our** Big 10c Packages of 20 Assorted Postal Cards. "6000 Varieties." "Big Profits." Sell everywhere. Sample Pkg. 10c. Particulars Free. Sullivan Card Co., 1234 Van Buren St., Chicago.

**Engesser Made \$42.50** in 8 hours with Plateless Daydark taking Photos direct on cards, finishing instantly. Experience unnecessary. Trial proposition Free. Daydark Specialty Co., Dept. A, St. Louis, Mo.

**Man Or Woman** of good character in each town to distribute free goods as advertising; experience unnecessary; references required; \$15 a week to start. Address Hudson, King & Co., Dept. A, 9 South Clinton St., Chicago.

**Large Profits**. Manufacture "Barley Crisp." New confection. Five cent package cost one cent to make. Machine and instructions, prepaid \$7.50. Send ten cents for samples. Barley Crisp Co., 1202 Broadway, San Francisco.

**Soap Agents** Make more money selling Linro Products. Coffee, flavorings, spices, soaps, perfumes—135 other items. Big commission. Exclusive territory. Freight allowed. Extra free premiums besides cash given. Free Sample Case. No deposit required. Particulars cost nothing. Write today. Linro Company, 14 Linro Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

**Operate Profitable Mail Order Book Business**. 700% profit each sale, everything furnished. Folders free. Hollins Co., Dept. B, Boston

**Hosiery And Underwear**—Agents write for terms on best line. Free outfits this month. If you have never sold before write anyhow, and let us put you next to us. Tremont Mills, 102 Fifth Ave., New York.

**We start you in business**, furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$200 weekly, through our "New System Candy Factories." Book free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N.J.

**Agents—New Mighty Money Making Marvel**. World started. New marvelous clothes washing crystal. Clothes washing ideal revolutionized, positively abridges washing, washboards, washing machines running, washboards, washing machines running, astounds with over 100 absolutely harmless, \$1,000 guarantee goes with it; make \$500 to \$100 weekly easy. Exclusive territory; no experience necessary; credit granted; own business, supply customers; pocket big profits; natural mighty elements do work. Hurry! Write today—get overwhelming proof, all free. Equitable Corporation, Dept. T, 215-217 W. Superior, Chicago.

**Agents Wanted**—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer. 90 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. The Favori Company, 1019 West St., Dayton, O.

**Agents wanted to sell our granite and marble monuments and headstones**. Good commissions. First class work. Write for terms. Moore Monument Co., Sterling, Ill.

**Agents—150% profit selling new Easy Wringer Mop**. Every home buys. Martin sold 131 in 2 days. One man orders \$2650 one month. Get details. U. S. Mop Co., 234 Main St., Toledo, Ohio.

**Agents**—20% profit. Wonderful little article. Sells like wildfire. Can be carried in pocket. Write at once for free sample. H. Matthews, 1919 Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

**Agents—\$25 a week for two hours' work a day**. A brand new Hosiery proposition that beats them all. Write for terms and free sample if you mean business. Guaranteed Hosiery Co., 1019 Third Street, Dayton, Ohio.

**New Patented Articles**. Different from the rest. Used in every Home. Big profits. Ed. Hutchison, Winsor Ave., Elmira, N. Y.

**Koko Wheat Crisp. \$10.00 Daily Profit**. New confection. 5c package costs 1 1/2c. samples 10c; particulars Free. Machine \$7.50 prepaid. Corneau Co., 644 No. Parkside, Chicago

**I Need Branch Managers for my worldwide mail order business**. Operate from your own home in spare time. No canvassing or peddling. Experience unnecessary. You should make \$60 weekly. Butler, 209 Factories, Toledo, O.

**Agents—Get Particulars Of One Of** the best paying propositions ever put on the market. Something no one else sells. Make \$4000 Yearly. Address, E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 632 Third St., Cincinnati, O.

**Make \$21 Next Saturday**. Brand new proposition, patented last January. Amazing invention, compressed air washing machine, weighs but 2 pounds; excels work of high-priced machines. Customers excited; agents coining money. A sale at every house. Price only \$1.50; 200% profit. Cleans tub of clothes in 3 minutes; works like magic. F. Hughes made \$21 first 8 hours. No charge for territory. Wendell Co., 613 Oak St., Leipzig, O.

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## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**We Pay 25c cash each for farmers' names**. Any number taken. Send dime for contract. T-Sun, LeRoy, Michigan.

**Wanted—Names and addresses**. All kinds. We pay 25c each. Send dime for contract. Directory Co., 3460 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

**Free—6 Months—Investing for Profit**. Guide to Money-Making. Tells how \$100 grows to \$2,200—how to get rich quickly and honestly. H. L. Barber, Pub., 470, 25 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

**Big Profits in Home Gardens**. Plant Ginseng and Golden Seal. Small plot brings more money than many farms. Booklet telling how. Rising Sun Ginseng Nursery, Box 310, Narrows, Ky.

**Make Money gathering all kinds Medicinal Roots, Bark, Herbs etc.** Write for circular. Grund Co., Logan Sta., Philadelphia, Pa.

**We Buy Weed Roots, Barks, Herbs** if properly cured. War prices. October Dandelion 18c. Leonard Drug Co., Bradford, Pa.

**Best Yet!** Get 60 to 100 letters daily with a dime in each. We do, so can you. No matter where you live. Particulars 10 cents. Eureka Co., Drawer D, Station A, Detroit, Michigan.

**Make \$2500 A Year** in spare time. We teach you and start you in business for yourself. You can learn on the side and make money hand over fist. Your friends will wonder how you do it. Particulars free. National D. Co., 4313 Lincoln Av., Chicago.

## HEIRS WANTED

**Thousands of families are wanted to claim fortunes**. Many now living in poverty are rich, but don't know it. Our 400-page index, entitled "Missing Heirs and Next of Kin," alphabetically arranged, contains authentic list of unclaimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised for in America and abroad to claim fortunes. Also contains Chancery Court of England and Ireland lists, and Bank of England unclaimed dividend list. Thousands of names in book. Yours or your ancestors' names may be among them. Send 2c stamp at once for free booklet. International Claim Agency, 2 Pittsburgh, Pa.

## MALE HELP WANTED

**Government Farmers Wanted**—Age 21 to 50. \$75 to \$125 monthly. Ozment, 8-F St. Louis.

**Railway Mail Clerks, Carriers and Rural Carriers** wanted. I conducted exam. Can help you. Trial exam. Free. Ozment 8-R St. Louis.

**I Want A Reliable Man** in each county to give away premiums advertising Rogers 20 year Silverware. Pay \$52 monthly, also commission. Chance for advancement. A. A. Cline, Advertising Manager, 809 Rogers Bldg., Philadelphia.

**Be a Detective**—Earn \$150 to \$300 monthly. Easy work; travel; we show you. Write Wagner, 1243 Lexington Ave., New York. Dept. 371.

**Wanted—Railway Mail Clerks**. \$75 monthly. Sample examination questions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. P-9, Rochester, N.Y.

**A Money Proposition**—Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars Desk 152, Hazen A. Horton, Tekonsha, Michigan.

## BOOKS

**Herb Doctor Recipe Book and Herb Catalog** 10c. Reveals rare Indian herb secrets. Ind. Herb Gardens, Box 5X, Hammond, Ind.

## MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

**How To Play Mouth-Organ (harmonica)**. Anybody can learn; write for circular. Montfort Bros., 20 Maritime Bldg., New York.

## TRAVEL

**Free Exposition Guide Book**—Indispensable in planning trip. Profusely illustrated with Exposition and Western Views. Authentic information regarding hotels, restaurants, side-trips, stop-over privileges. Enables you to plan definitely cost of trip. Send Today for this Free book and any other information. Gerrit Fort, P. T. M., Union Pacific Railroad Co., Room 6, U.P. Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

## FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

**Have You A Camera?** Write for samples of my magazines, American Photography and Popular Photography, which tell you how to make better pictures and earn money. F. R. Fraprie, 669 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.

## OF



## Comfort Sisters' Corner

This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

**Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.**

**Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.**

**Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.**

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to Comfort Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care Comfort, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

**W**E learned in our youth that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," and if I may be permitted to add to that worthy, if somewhat worn, axiom I would say "and to health".

With the chill breezes of February blowing about us this may seem an inopportune time to speak of housecleaning, but when the health is at stake I do not believe in waiting until the day prescribed and set forth in the annals of housewifery lore and as I am a firm believer in getting at the bottom of things and working up, the first step in the right direction is toward the cellar.

Much of the sickness families suffer can be traced to that necessary adjunct to a house but as we cannot for a moment entertain the thought of getting along without one, the only thing to do is to keep it in a state of such spick-and-span cleanliness that no germ, no matter how courageous, would dare venture therein. Usually the cellar opens into the kitchen, the kitchen is heated, the cellar is not; therefore, following natural laws, the colder air of the cellar will rush to take the place of the warmer and, of course, lighter air of the kitchen whenever the door is opened. Too often the air is laden with the odor of partly decayed vegetables and other germ-producing matter. Remove everything of that nature, brush down the cobwebs and with a bucket of lime give the walls and ceiling a coat of whitewash. If you do not possess a brush of the latest and most approved pattern, do not let that deter you from your good work for an old broom will answer the purpose quite as well only be sure and spread the whitewash on thick and strong. Let in all the sunlight possible for it is one of the greatest health producers and germ killers known and certainly the cheapest. Make sure of proper ventilation and drainage and then if after following these simple but effective rules, you are afflicted with fevers, diphtheria and kindred diseases, you may know that it is through no fault of yours and your cellars and can look elsewhere for the cause. —Ed.

GUY, KY.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I have wondered in all the many letters I have read in dear old Comfort that someone has not written on the "working girl." I wonder how many of the sisters earn their living behind the counter, in the office or factory as the case may be.

The working girls to my mind, need more care and protection than any other class of people in public life. Especially the pure country girl, who has been reared in a Christian home, and longs for the pleasure of city life. If she has a beautiful face, fresh with the roses of youth, she needs more protection than the ordinary boarding house can give. After a day in the office or shop, weary of the tread wheels of life, we are often tempted by the five-cent theaters, or car rides, which are offered.

For six long years I have known what the life of the working girl means. I know what it means to be a saleslady; I know what it means to be a stenographer; I know what it means to be a dressmaker, in one of the largest dressmaking establishments in the United States, and I know what it means to accept the cross words of some, and reject the smiles of others, but to those who do not, I would say, bear it all silently. The place of difficulty is the place of power. Often the burning tears caused from ill-spoken words, rightly received will bring us at last to our goal.

The problem of so many working girls, is the cost of living, board, laundry and incidentals exceed one salary, nothing being left for clothing, much less, little luxuries which every girl longs for and needs. Twelve months ago, a girl friend of mine, being employed in the same house as myself, mentioned a better way of living, than in the public boarding houses. She stated how she and another girl had been successful in "light housekeeping." I soon became interested, and we quietly established ourselves in a home of our own. We rented two rooms and a hall (furnished). The front room faced the street; we used it as sitting-room and bedroom. The hall we used as storeroom for groceries. It also contained a refrigerator and wash-stand. The back room we used for dining-room and kitchen. The rooms were furnished with modern conveniences and were easily kept in order.

The landlady was a dear, good woman, and we used her parlor on Sundays. Every working girl knows what it means to try to receive company in a public parlor in a boarding-house. That is the reason so many accept invitations to places not approved of by mothers.

My roommate, as well as myself, were reared in good country homes, consequently we were taught economics and cooking. We did our cooking and house-cleaning and had plenty of time for little home pleasures. During our summer vacation we canned our fruit and prepared other things for our comfort. By so doing our expenses were less than half our board bill, and our pleasure far exceeded our extra work. Our evenings were spent in reading or needlework, which we were deprived of, in the boarding house.

We feel we have the protection of home life, which is so dear to a home-loving girl.

To every girl having a good country home, I would say, try and make the most of every opportunity. While the city has many an opportunity it also has many an obstacle. It takes almost every cent one can make to "keep in style," and after all it is one ceaseless struggle.

To the girl who longs for city pleasures, think first of the pleasures of country life; the broad fields, meadows, hills and babbling brooks speak a language that brings more pleasure than you will ever find in a city. There is nothing in all the world so lonesome as being in a city without friends.

Would you like to know what this working girl is like? If you could see her in her country home, on a

summer day, swimming, rowing, horseback riding or indulging in other outdoor sports, you would say: "A mere girl, full of life," but in the workshop you find a quiet reserved character, with hazel eyes, fair complexion and a wealth of auburn hair.

With very best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters,

LAURA CLARK.

Miss Clark. We are glad to make your acquaintance and almost envy you your cozy home. I knew of several girls who tried a plan similar to yours, only on a larger scale. Each girl turned in so much money every week and they took turns planning and serving the meals. Much good-natured rivalry existed as to which girl could do the best for the least amount of money. Not only were they able to enjoy the home privileges and shelter, but all learned much of practical value in household affairs. I hope this will meet the eye of some homesick country girl and enable her to do likewise.—Ed.

### Comfort's Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps

**CORNED BEEF SOUP.**—When the liquid in which the beef and vegetables were boiled is cold, remove all the grease that has risen and hardened on top, and add tomatoes and boil half an hour, thus making an excellent tomato soup; or add to it rice or sago, or turn it into a vegetable soup by boiling in the liquor any vegetables that are fancied; several varieties of soup may have this "stock" for a basis and be agreeable and nutritious.—Ed.

**CELERI SOUP.**—Five heads of celery, one pint of stock, three pints of water, one half pint of cream or good milk. Any ends of celery you may not care to use on table will do for soup. Cut them into inch pieces and cook till very tender, then press through a sieve. Add the stock and let it cook slowly half an hour; then stir in the cream and let it get very hot but not boil.—Ed.

**FISH CHOWDER.**—Take a small piece of pork, cut into squares, and put it into the bottom of the kettle. Then add the fish, cut into larger pieces than the pork (three pounds make a good-sized chowder), then a layer of potatoes, next a layer of crackers, onions if desired, and pepper and salt. Above this put a layer of pork and repeat; let the top layer be buttered crackers. Pour on boiling water until covered, cook for half an hour. Five minutes before serving add a pint of hot milk.—Ed.

**ESCALLOPED CHICKEN.**—Butter a baking dish. Arrange alternate layers of cold sliced chicken and boiled



ESCALLOPED CHICKEN.

macaroni or rice. Pour white sauce over this and cover with buttered cracker crumbs and bake in a hot oven till crumbs are brown.

**WHITE SAUCE.**—Two tablespoons butter, two tablespoons flour, one cup milk and one quarter teaspoon salt.

**FISH CROQUETTES.**—Take cold fish of any kind, separate it from the bones and mince fine; add a little seasoning, an egg, a very little milk and a teaspoon of flour; brush with an egg, roll in bread crumbs, shape and fry brown in hot lard.—Ed.

**MINCED LIVER.**—Cut liver into small pieces and fry with salt pork; cut both into square bits, nearly cover with water, add pepper and a little lemon juice; thicken the gravy with fine bread crumbs and serve.—Ed.

**SPICED SALMON.**—Place in the cooking dish the liquor from one can of salmon with two tablespoons of butter, two of lemon juice, four of water, a half dozen cloves. When it begins to boil add the salmon free from skin and bones. Season with cayenne pepper and salt to taste. Boil for several minutes and serve on crackers. This is a good chafing dish recipe.—Ed.

**SALMON SAUSAGE.**—One cup of salmon and mix with corn-meal until of proper consistency to mix into cakes. Fry in hot fat. Salt to taste.

**MRS. CARRIE COOPERIDE.** Herrin, R. R. 1, Ill.

**SHEPHERD PIE.**—Season well some cold mashed potatoes, chop and season well some cold meat, ham is excellent. Put in a well-greased earthen dish in layers until the dish is filled with a layer of potatoes on top. Place bits of butter on top and bake a delicate brown.—Ed.

**ESCALLOPED ONIONS.**—Boil till tender six large onions; afterward separate them with a large spoon; then place a layer of onions and a layer of grated bread crumbs alternately in a pudding dish; season with pepper and salt to taste; moisten with milk; put in oven to brown.—Ed.

**BOILED TOMATOES.**—Take large, round tomatoes, wash and wipe and put in gridiron over lively coals, stem side down. When brown, turn and let cook through. Place them on hot dish and send quickly to table where they may be seasoned to suit individual tastes.—Ed.

**DUTCH CABBAGE.**—Slice one small red cabbage, wash and put on to boil with six tart apples, pared and quartered, and one quarter pound of fat salt pork. Cover with boiling water, boil one and one half hours. Drain, remove pork and serve.—Ed.

**CINNAMON ROLLS.**—Requested. When making bread, as you knead it the second time for the oven, take a quantity of the dough and roll it out on the cake board until about three quarters of an inch thick, spread over with melted butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon; roll up as for jelly roll and cut in slices about an inch thick; put in a well-greased pan and let rise until light; then bake in a hot oven. When done frost with a little powdered sugar moistened with milk.—Ed.

**LEMON\* CRACKERS.**—(Requested.) Two cups sugar, one cup butter, two eggs, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoon oil of lemon, five cents' worth baker's ammonia. Warm milk a little and dissolve ammonia in it; mix all together. Add flour to roll, and pound hard for ten minutes with rolling pin before cutting out. Prick with a fork after putting in the pans to bake.

**MRS. BERTHA STOYALL.** Freeburg, Mo.

**OATMEAL COOKIES.**—Beat two eggs with a cup of sugar, one cup butter or lard, two cups flour, one scant teaspoon soda, one scant teaspoon baking powder, two thirds cup sour milk, two cups oatmeal, one cup raisins, one teaspoon cloves and one of cinnamon. Drop from spoon in pan, couple of inches apart.

**MRS. JOHN W. NOONAN.** Leo Valley, Nebr.

**CORN FRITTERS.**—To a can of corn, add two eggs well-beaten, two tablespoons of flour, one teaspoon of salt, one half teaspoon of pepper; mix thoroughly; have the pan hot; put in two tablespoons of lard, and drop in the corn in large spoonfuls. Cook brown.—Ed.

**TOMATO TOAST.**—Rub tomatoes through the colander, and cook to taste; toast three slices of bread, butter and place on hot dish; just before serving add a cup of cream or milk and a pinch of soda to the tomatoes and pour over the toast.—Ed.

**POTATO CHEESE PUFFS.**—Take some grated cheese, some cold mashed potato and a beaten egg, with a little butter; mix well, adding salt and pepper; put into patty-pans and bake in a quick oven. Serve hot.—Ed.

**MOLASSES CAKE.**—Two cups of molasses, one cup of butter, four eggs, one heaping tablespoon soda, one scant cup of hot water, one teaspoon ginger, five cups of flour.

**YELLOW CAKE.**—Yolks of eight eggs, one cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, one cup and one half cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder; flavor with lemon.

**MRS. LAURA B. GABBARD.** Eversale, Ky.

**SURPRISE CAKE.**—One egg, one cup sugar, one half cup butter, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream of tartar. Flavor with lemon and use enough sifted flour to make the proper consistency and you will be surprised at the result.

**POUND CAKE.**—One pound flour, one pound butter, one pound sugar, eight eggs and three teaspoons rose water.

**MRS. CLAUDE SELLARS.** O'Neils, Cal.

**BLACK GEORGE CAKE.**—Yolks of two eggs, two cups

of flour, one tablespoon of cloves and one of cinnamon, one cup of dark molasses and one teaspoon of soda dissolved in a cup of boiling water. Mix and bake in slow oven.

**ICING.**—Take the whites of eggs and beat until hard then stir them into a cup of sugar that has boiled until it threads; beat until cold and spread over cake.

**MRS. CLARA VAN CLEVE.** Houston, Ark.

**SOFT CHOCOLATE FILLING.**—Take six tablespoons of thick, sweet cream, thicken with powdered sugar, beating all the time. When sufficient chocolate to taste is melted, add to sugar and cream and add one half teaspoon vanilla; beat well and spread on while cake is hot.

**SPONGE CAKE.**—Four eggs beaten separately, then beaten together, two cups sugar slowly beaten in, two cups flour, two tablespoons baking powder, a pinch of salt, last of all one cup boiling water and one teaspoon lemon; heat the pan.

**ANNA BAILEY.** McGregor, Texas.

**COLONIAL GINGERBREAD.**—Colonial gingerbread is the name of a delicious loaf cake which is served at certain well-known dining resorts in Southern California and which has done much to make the places known among epicures. To make this cake put a cup of New Orleans molasses in a mixing bowl with half a cup of butter and half a cup of sugar. Over this pour a cup of boiling water, in which a dessertspoon of soda (just level) has already been dissolved. Stir well and let the mixture cool. Then add a cup of chopped walnuts and a cup of seeded raisins, a teaspoon each of ginger and cinnamon, two and one half cups of flour and lastly two well-beaten eggs. Bake in a shallow pan and serve while still warm.

**DEVIL'S FOOD LAYER CAKE.**—First part. Half cup brown sugar, three quarters cup grated chocolate, one quarter cup sweet milk. Let come to a boil and cool. Second Part. Half cup brown sugar, and quarter cup butter creamed together. Add yolks of two small eggs and beat well with sugar and butter. Add half cup milk, a pinch of salt, vanilla to taste and the first mixture (thoroughly cooled), two cups flour, half teaspoon soda and quarter teaspoon cream of tartar. Put boiled frosting between layers.

**CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE.**—One cup butter, two cups sugar, one cup milk, five eggs, leaving out the whites of three, four cups sifted flour, two teaspoons baking powder, or one small teaspoon soda and two of cream of tartar in the flour. Bake in three layers in deep jelly tins. For icing take whites of three eggs, beaten stiff, one and one half cups of powdered sugar, six tablespoons grated chocolate, two teaspoons vanilla.

**SPICE CAKE.**—Take two cups of brown sugar, one half cup of butter, two and two thirds cups of flour, one cup sour milk, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon of baking powder, two teaspoons ground cinnamon, one teaspoon ground cloves, one half nutmeg grated, white of one egg and yolks of two eggs. Use the other white of egg for icing. Bake either in layers or in a loaf.

**CHOCOLATE SPICE CAKE.**—One half cup butter, one cup sugar, one half cup milk, one quarter teaspoon allspice, one quarter teaspoon cloves, one quarter teaspoon nutmeg, one and one half cups flour, two eggs, one and one half teaspoons baking powder, one half teaspoon cinnamon, four teaspoons ground chocolate. Put spices in flour. Cream sugar and butter, add yolks of eggs well-beaten. Sift together flour, baking powder and spice and add to mixture alternately with milk and white of eggs beaten stiff.

**COOKIES.**—Two cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup sour cream or milk, three eggs, one teaspoon soda; a scant half teaspoon baking powder. Mix soft, roll thin, sift granulated sugar over them, and gently roll it in.

**MRS. C. M. HILL.** 1121 Guerro St., San Francisco, Cal.

**FRUIT CAKE.**—One cup sugar, one half cup butter, two cups flour, one half cup raisins, one egg, one half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon cloves; mix as for plain cake.

**IDA NIEMANN.** Washington, R. R. 2, Mo.

**JELLY CAKE.**—Two eggs, well-beaten, one cup of milk, one and one half cups sugar, two cups flour, three tablespoons of butter, and three even teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in thin layers, cover with jelly and roll.

**NETTIE POWELL.** Pearlington, Miss.

**CHOCOLATE CRACKERS.**—Melt half a cake of chocolate and sweeten with a scant half cup of sugar; spread on thin crackers. To vary this, mix chopped nuts in part of the melted chocolate.—Ed.

**MOLASSES DOUGHNUTS.**—One cup molasses, one egg, one cup sour milk, one half cup sugar, two teaspoons butter or lard, one teaspoon soda, ginger and nutmeg, a little salt and flour to roll.—Ed.

**MOCK MINCE MEAT.**—One peck tomatoes, one half cup apples, five pounds brown sugar, one cup suet, one cup vinegar, one tablespoon salt, one teaspoon of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg, two pounds of raisins. Chop tomatoes and boil one and one half hours, then chop the apples and add with all other ingredients and boil one half hour; then can. Try it sisters, it's fine.

**MARY DEARDURFF.** Newark, Ohio.

**STEAMED CHOCOLATE PUDDING.**—

# A Thorn Among' Roses

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EVENTS.

Alice and May Weston receive an invitation to a farewell reception, given to William Curtis Marchmont, the adopted son of Roland Fletcher, who is engaged to Alice, and is to enter Yale College. Alice is to study law with Judge Ashburton, whose daughter was the wife of Roland Fletcher. Her health failing their daughter Olive is sent, when a baby, to her grandfather, Judge Ashburton, living then in Philadelphia. Imogen Ingraham's mother, Mrs. Farquhar, marries Judge Ashburton. She dies, and Imogen, as the widow of Robert Ingraham and homeless, is invited by Judge Ashburton to accept a home with him and care for Olive. She conceals the birth of her child.

Roland Fletcher, assisted by Olive and Imogen on his left, Judge Ashburton and Will on his right receive their guests. Imogen and Olive, jealous of the attentions given to Alice, ignore her half-extended hand. Mr. Fletcher mortified and displeased receives her most cordially and welcomes her to Castleview. Later he leads her in a quadrille, after which they go into a long corridor. Stopping before a painting Alice learns it is the portrait of Mr. Fletcher's wife. He wishes nothing better for her, than she may be as happy with his boy, as he was with his wife. Will joins them and Olive passes without a word of greeting. Mr. Fletcher follows Olive and requests that she be more courteous to her guests. Will goes to Yale. Judge Ashburton opens his office in town with Alice as his clerk. May is busy. Olive and Imogen out driving. Olive proposes they call for her grandfather. Imogen orders Buxton to drive to the office. Olive takes the lines. Judge Ashburton insists that Alice, who is suffering from a headache, shall ride home. A newspaper caught in the wind, frightens one of the horses and both spring forward. Olive drops the lines and Alice, with rare presence of mind secures them and controls the horses. Judge Ashburton and the driver take Alice home. He reprimands Imogen and Olive for their indifference and failure to thank Alice and realizes a phase in Imogen's character, hitherto concealed. Mr. Fletcher calls upon Mrs. Weston and Alice and expresses his gratitude.

Will's last vacation comes. Judge Ashburton arranges a little excursion which includes Alice and May Weston. Arriving at their destination, they meet Arthur Stamford, in love with Alice Weston, his father Sir Arthur Stamford, Mr. Tom Radcliffe and his sister, Miss Grace. Tom Radcliffe proposes a visit to the caves. Alice Weston and Grace Radcliffe become separated from the party. Alice stopping to tie her shoe Grace goes on. Alice's candle goes out. She feels a grip on her arm and a gruff voice inquires if she knows a woman by the name of Ingraham who lives at Castleview and requests her to send a letter, which he thrusts into her hands. Arthur Stamford returns to find Alice and asks her to be his wife. She admits her love for and engagement to another. In the meanwhile Sir Arthur evinces unusual interest in Will Marchmont and learns to his astonishment that his middle name is Curtis. His mother, Mabel Randal Curtis, was Sir Arthur's second wife, whose first husband was the second son of Lady Marchmont—the Marquise of Leith. A visit to Lady Marchmont confirms Will's parentage and his right to Marchmont Court. He visits Alice, assuring her that nothing can part them and in one year she will be his wife, the future Marquise of Leith. Lady Marchmont exacts much from the future Marquise of Leith, and at her grandson's suggestion she writes a note to Alice, inviting her to come to Leith for a week preceding a reception she is to give in honor of Will and before his departure for Yale College. In the meanwhile Olive is invited to visit at Marchmont Court. She resolves to win Will at any cost, and to his astonishment and regret admits her love for him. Imogen, receiving the letter, given to Alice, by the mysterious stranger, determines to accomplish the union of Will and Olive, and plots to place Alice in a false position before her hostess, Nellie, Mrs. Marchmont's maid, discovers the loss of sixty pounds. Alice, in packing her trunk notices an unusual disorder. Lifting some clothing she finds the missing money and valuable jewelry. Speaking to May, she requests her to call Lady Marchmont and Will, and admits to them where and how she finds it. Lady Marchmont looks amazed.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### ALICE IS VINDICATED.

**A**LICE met the look which her ladyship bent upon her with one as steadfast as her own. Her face never wavered beneath that searching gaze, but there was an expression of pathetic despair within their blue depths and her sensitive lips quivered with suppressed agony.

"I am so glad to have found them before leaving the court," she said, unsteadily, "but, oh! what does it mean, and how came they here in my trunk?"

"It is certainly very strange," Lady Marchmont observed, with slow gravity, while her glance dropped and rested again upon the stolen articles, a perplexed expression sweeping over her face.

Will now sprang forward and caught both Alice's hands in his.

"My darling, don't look so wretched," he said, tenderly, "some enemy has done this, and we will sift the matter to the bottom; we will get at the truth—no shadow of suspicion shall rest upon you."

Alice flashed a look of loving gratitude up at him. She was inexpressibly relieved to find that there was no question of doubt in his mind.

"Grandmother, surely you do not believe that Alice could be guilty of such an act," the young man added, as he turned to her ladyship.

She was still gazing intently into the trunk, and appeared to be absorbed in thought.

Before replying to Will, she stooped and picked a short piece of narrow flat braid from a garment, and which had been partially concealed beneath the jewels.

She studied it thoughtfully for a moment.

Then she turned once more to Alice and gently laid her hand upon her shoulder.

"No, Will, I am sure she could not," she said, and there was a soothing note of conviction in her tone that was like balm to the girl's wounded heart.

"Oh, thank you!—thank you!" she faltered, in a scarcely audible voice, and then, unable to maintain her self-possession a moment longer, she dropped her head weakly upon the woman's shoulder and a great sob burst from her overcharged heart, although she could not shed a tear to relieve her burning brain.

"Hush, dear; don't break down now—you have done a brave thing; be patient and everything will come all right. Will, take her out on the upper veranda until she becomes more calm," her ladyship said, as she softly smoothed the girl's shining hair with a caressing hand. "Meantime," she added, "I will take charge of these things, and you may trust me to manage this affair for the best interests of all concerned."

She laid Alice's hand within her lover's, then, stooping, she gathered up the money and jewels and hastened from the room.

Going directly to her own chamber, she unlocked her jewel case, the key having been left in it—for it was seldom that anyone save herself or her maid entered that apartment—thrust the notes and jewels within it, and was about to close the cover and relock it when her eye lighted upon something that stayed her hand and caused a cry of surprise to break from her. With a peculiar gleam in her eye, she carefully detached two or three threads that had caught in one corner of the box where the wood had started a trifle, and which looked like strands of silken fringe that had broken away from some garment.

Lady Marchmont laid the small piece of flat braid which she had found in Alice's trunk beside them, and a cold, scornful smile curled her lips.

"The real thief was a bungler," she murmured, "and the girl is guiltless; but it must have tried her very soul to send for me, as she did, and show me where the money and jewels had been concealed. Under ordinary circumstances, suspicion must inevitably have fallen upon her—but for these strands of fringe the affair would have

seemed inexplicable. That girl is one in a thousand. She need not have sent for me—knowing the house as well as she does, she could easily have slipped into my rooms and returned the stolen property, and no one would ever have been the wiser; but no—even at the risk of becoming implicated in the theft, she adopted a perfectly straightforward course. She is a sweet, noble girl—a gem of the first water and worthy in every way to be Will's wife; but—I wish she were better born," she concluded, with a sigh of regret, although there was a very tender light in her gray eyes.

She carefully straightened out the strands of fringe, folded them in a piece of paper and pinned it together, and then turned to leave the room.

She had almost reached the door when she caught sight of a tiny glittering object that had rolled under a chair.

She stopped to secure it and her face grew rigid and stern as she examined it.

"Now I am sure," she muttered as with a firm step and resolute air she passed out of the apartment.

She encountered Nellie in the hall, just outside her door, and she was still looking pale and anxious.

"I have found it, Nellie," said her mistress, in a kind, reassuring tone.

"The money; oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed the girl, looking inexpressibly relieved.

"Yes, both the money and the bill," said her ladyship, who thought it unnecessary to say anything about the jewels, "they are in my jewel case, very carefully locked away with my jewels." Then she inquired: "Have you spoken of the matter to anyone?"

"No, your ladyship."

"That is well, do not mention it—it has been an awkward blunder, and I do not care to have it talked of. And you need not have been so mis-

took it, "and I am glad to get it, for the bangles were bought in Italy more than twenty years ago. But I had not missed the charm until this moment; where did you find it?"

"Under a chair in my chamber, less than an hour ago, Mrs. Ingraham," composedly replied her ladyship, "and," she continued, without appearing to observe the woman's flush and guilty start, "here is something else which perhaps may interest you; part of it I found in Miss Alice Weston's trunk, with my missing money and jewels, the rest was caught in the corner of my jewel box. They are some strands which exactly match the fringe on the dress you wore this morning, and which has been the means of solving what might have proved to be a very perplexing mystery."

While she was speaking, she had unfolded the paper in which she had wrapped the threads and quietly laid it, with its contents, upon her companion's lap.

The guilty woman had not a word to say in self-defense.

She sat white and dumb, overwhelmed with shame and despair, staring with a horror-smitten face down upon those evidences of her treachery, and feeling, for the moment, as if life were not worth the living.

"There is but one construction that I can put upon this exceedingly unfortunate occurrence," Lady Marchmont continued, her delicate nostrils dilated with scorn, as she emphasized the word, "and that is, that, for some reason best known to yourself, you were determined to ruin the lovely girl who, I trust, will some day become the wife of my grandson, and who has proved herself, in this instance, a veritable heroine; for, the instant she discovered what had been put into her trunk, she sent for me, and, regardless of the consequences, showed me what she had found. As I have told you, I found one strand of that broken fringe with the money and jewels and recognized

reason to be very proud, as well as fond, of her girls. Good by, Miss May," she continued, with smiling cordiality, as she shook her warmly by the hand, "you will come again sometime and make us a longer visit."

Then the Fletcher carriage drove away, but Imogen and Olive had seen and heard enough to destroy their last hope and to prove to them that Alice Weston would some day reign as mistress at Marchmont Court.

Alice herself was very quiet during her homeward drive, but she was not unhappy, although she had been inexpressibly shocked to learn that some enemy had endeavored to ruin her in the estimation of Lady Marchmont and her lover.

Not a word had been said to explain how the matter regarding the stolen money and jewels had been settled, but she knew well enough from her ladyship's tenderness at parting with her and her frigidity toward Imogen, that it had been settled in a way to exonerate her completely; while she also, having recognized the bit of fringe found in her trunk, had drawn her own inferences regarding the identity of her enemy.

She knew, too, that Will understood, for when Lady Marchmont had bowed to Imogen without offering her hand, he had shot her a significant glance that spoke volumes.

It was nearly dark when the Marchmont carriage passed through Windsor and turned into the road leading to Beechcote.

Just as it swung slowly around this corner, it passed a rather shabby looking man, who appeared to be lounging there. His shrewd eyes scanned every face in it with a rapid, comprehensive glance, and then swept the vehicle with a look no less keen.

Hello! he suddenly ejaculated, in a tone of astonishment, and then he sprang forward and laid hold of the rack which held the luggage, walking swiftly to keep pace with the horses. "I'll be blamed if I don't believe I've seen that thing before."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### ALICE WINS A SIGNAL TRIUMPH.

That thing was the perforated extension.

Keeping directly behind the carriage, to escape observation, he followed it as best he could until it turned into the yard at Beechcote, when he dropped back, concealed himself in a hedge by the wayside, and watched while the occupants alighted and the luggage was carried inside the house.

A few moments later the equipage returned and swept past him and away toward the town.

"Well, I swear!" muttered the man in ambush, as he crept forth from his hiding place, "that beats the record, and one of those girls must be that missing baby that I've been hunting for all these years!—and now we've got the whole business right here in a nutshell, so to speak."

Will spent the night at Castleview, although after what had occurred at Leith, he shrank from meeting Imogen again; but he knew that both Mr. Fletcher and Judge Ashburton were ignorant of the circumstances attending the recovery of the stolen money and jewels, and he did not wish to wound them by remaining in Windsor at a hotel.

The next morning he returned to Leith, when he had a long and confidential chat with Lady Marchmont regarding the excitement of the previous day, and during which her ladyship had remarked that, if he was of the same mind, after completing his law course, she would oppose no obstacle in the way of his marriage with Alice.

"She is a lovely girl, and will make a noble woman," she said. "I could not ask for one more worthy to be your wife; all the same, I should be better pleased if she had been better born, for people are so prone to gossip, you know," she concluded, with a regretful sigh, yet glad, from the depths of her heart, that the lovable maiden would ere long, come to Leith to brighten her declining years.

A few days later found Will on his way to America, and Alice once more at her desk in the office of Judge Ashburton. "It seems almost a loss of time for you to keep on with your readings," he remarked to her one day, as they sat down to their books.

"Why?" Alice inquired, with some surprise.

"Because, judging from the way the finger of fate is pointing, they will never be of any practical use to you. It will not be so very long, my dear, before you will be occupying a position, the duties of which will entirely preclude all thought of law practise. Nay, there is no need to blush," he continued, as she flushed vividly and turned away to hide her burning cheeks, "For surely you do not imagine that I have been blind during the last three years, even if I am an old man and supposed to have outgrown such youthful experiences. Besides," his kind eyes twinkling, "Will as good as told me, before he went away, that I should have the pleasure of drawing up the settlements before a certain event that is to occur next summer. Now, seriously, why do you not lay aside your books for this year? There really is no need for you to work so hard, and you will want to be bright and fresh when he returns."

"You are very thoughtful for me, my good friend," Alice returned, and lifting a shy but appreciative look at him, but I think I will make the most of my last year with you. I suppose, as you say, I shall not be able to test my knowledge of law in a practical way; still, no one can tell what may happen in a year, and I prefer to be prepared for any emergency. Besides, the twelve months of Will's absence will pass much more quickly if they are filled full of work."

"Very well, my dear, let it be just as you wish. I am sure it is only a pleasure to me to keep you as a student," her friend responded; but neither he nor Alice dreamed at that time how wise her decision would prove to be, nor how great was the fast approaching emergency for which she was preparing. Several months slipped quickly by, during which Alice studied and worked as faithfully as if all her future depended upon the examination which would come at the close of the year.

One morning, during the last of February, Judge Ashburton returned from the post-office, whether he had been to send a special delivery, and bearing in his hand an open letter, which evidently contained some interesting news.

"There is going to be quite an exciting event in New York, during the spring recess," he observed to Alice; "something unusually unique and interesting in our line."

"Ah!" the young girl observed, as she glanced up from her work, with an inquiring smile.

"Yes, it is no less than a legal contest for which an enterprising woman of the Empire State is arranging," the judge went on to explain. "This Mrs. Voss is prominent in society, and is quite a philanthropist, as well, and claims that sex makes no difference in the mental capacity of humanity; that woman is just as capable of excelling in the various professions as man. To prove this, she solicits application from both sexes to take part in a law debate which is to occur in New York City about the first of April. The points to be discussed involve some international questions; there are, of course, certain rules and conditions to be observed in the contest, and a prize of one thousand dollars will be awarded the winner in the debate."

"Really, this is decidedly interesting," Alice remarked, as she laid down her pen and turned with animation to her friend; "but what are the conditions and how will the affair be conducted?"

"In this way, my friend writes me: Applicants must send in their names and addresses at once; then, on a certain date, to be named later, they will present themselves before a committee, when each one's eligibility and knowledge of law will be thoroughly tested, and the four most promising candidates—two gentlemen and two ladies, who are preparing for the bar—selected for the contest, which will take the form of a mock trial, before an eminent judge and twelve smart lawyers to act as a jury."

"Oh! would not I like to be there to hear it all," exclaimed Alice, with gleaming eyes. "Would you?" inquired the judge, as he earnestly

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

## A HUMAN PLEA

By Charles Noel Douglas (Uncle Charlie)

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Oh, the children! Oh, the children! don't you hear their bitter cry  
From the mine and mill and factory, where the wheels of commerce fly?  
Do you see their wan white faces, as they toil amidst the gloom,  
Robbed of youth and joy and pleasure, swiftly hastening to their doom?  
Ah, what have these frail innocents e'er done that they should be  
Ground 'neath the heel of profit, sold into slavery,  
Then hurried by disease and want to fill untimely graves?  
Oh, for another Lincoln to free the poor child slaves.

Oh, our daughters! oh, our daughters! heed their cry of wild despair.  
It seems to freeze the coursing blood, and pierce the startled air.  
Unceasingly to heaven that anguished cry it rolls,  
Up from the loathsome haunts of sin, the cities of lost souls.  
And there our fairest daughters, like beasts in some vile pen,  
Are sacrificed to satisfy the lusts of bestial men.  
Ah, in their hour of torment, one thing the spirit craves,  
That Heaven will send a Lincoln to free the poor white slaves.

Oh, the mothers! oh, the mothers! oh, listen as they plead,  
For their eyes are wet with weeping, and their hearts with anguish bleed.  
For drink, the evil monster, has robbed them of the ones  
That best they loved in all the earth, their husbands and their sons.  
And now in ruined homes they sit, grim pictures of despair,  
And hear again the drunkard's step upon the creaking stair.

Somewhere there is a Lincoln,—God grant he soon may come,  
And break the thrall, for once and all, of vile destroying rum.  
  
List to the ceaseless murmur, now it breaks into a roar,  
Like the wild waves of the ocean dashing madly on the shore.  
"Tis the clamor of the masses, tired and weary of the strife,  
With frenzied voices pleading for a larger, freer life.  
They are fearing at the shackles which, through the ages long,  
Have made them hapless victims of privilege and wrong.  
On poverty's grim rack they lie, of greed and power the spoil,  
Waiting for a Lincoln who will free the slaves of toil.

Oh, the tramping! oh, the tramping of the mighty hosts of war!  
They are strewing death and ruin the smiling country o'er.  
There are brothers, killing brothers, while the clash

# How to Arrange for Spare Time

And What to Do With It, for Pleas-  
ure, for Profit and for Self Culture

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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**S**PARE time is something we should earn if we hope to enjoy it. The best philosophy of living includes plenty of work of the right kind and some leisure in which to prepare for the work. Life itself means something limited and to get into its span all of the things that thoughtful people think they should, necessitates a careful arrangement of time.

In most lives, system is the secret of achievement, just as failure follows the haphazard and the disorderly. A definite working outline is just as essential for life as it is for a theme.

The baby no sooner arrives than it becomes, or should become subject to rule. Its schedule is carefully arranged and any attempt on its own part to interfere is conscientiously checkmated by the doctor, the nurse and the mother, who form themselves into a benevolent trust for the baby's welfare.

A wonderful free school system makes education possible to all of the boys and girls in the country. Every big business concern depends for success upon the wisdom and the efficiency of its methods.

It is the men and the women who control their own time and do it badly that make up the sum of the world's failures. Not only does the world's work suffer through their inefficiency, but they themselves do not attain personal happiness. Many of these have no desire to obey the most insistent law of life which is work, but some of them realize their own weakness, deplore their own waste of time and with help could acquit themselves more worthily. To this class belong those who through the easy circumstances of their lives have too much leisure with too little responsibility.

There are also the schoolboys and girls who need a summer of rest and recreation but not one of idle drifting. What to do with them, the boys, especially, during the summer holidays is a question that many anxious parents ask themselves and are not always able to answer satisfactorily.

How one mother met and solved this problem may prove helpful to others.

Of one thing she was quite determined from the beginning: they must leave the city. Although her means were small she put aside the temptation to let the half-grown boys take any of the little jobs that offered and promised what seemed to them good pay. Most of the money, she reasoned, would go for small pleasures like moving picture shows, ice cream, chewing gum and soda fountain drinks. Meanwhile their companions could not always be of her choosing, their habits would be more or less beyond her restriction and most dangerous of all, the possibilities that they might obtain glimpses of knowledge of the seamy side of life, from which at their age they should be altogether protected. To keep them out of doors and give them natural, healthful pleasures was her idea. To this end she rented a simple farmhouse in a quiet farming neighborhood on the bank of a small river. The property belonged to an estate and the tillable ground which consisted of some fifteen acres was rented to the owner of an adjoining farm. There was no furniture in the house and this wise woman made no effort to supply it with any but a camping outfit. Canvas cots, bedding and a box of kitchen and dining-room essentials and a roll of wire screening completed her list of household effects. The boys' tool chest was not forgotten and at the end of a few days the house was screened and various benches and chairs of odd shapes and sizes had made their appearance, testifying to the practical value of mechanical training for boys in the schools and the varied uses to which packing boxes may be put by ingenious and economical people. Comfort and order had been established in the little home and the next step was to arrange their time for the things they had planned to do.

For the boys, of course, the river was the greatest thing in their summer, and for that matter, the mother wanted it to be, but she had no idea of sitting at home all day wondering where the boys were and half of her time terrorized by the thought that they might have been drowned in one of the deep holes of the river. So it was agreed that the boys should go to the river only within certain hours, morning and evening. This plan worked out most happily as the boys became more expert at swimming and their mother acquired more confidence in their ability to take care of themselves in the water. There were enough small perch quarantined in the big holes to provide some fishing, and the numerous mussels in the river proved an unexpected source of profit to the boys before the summer was over. Two strange men appeared on the river bank one day and began to collect and open the mussel shells. The boys were curious and deeply interested when they discovered that fresh water pearls were the game the men had in view. To avoid the establishment of a rival business, the men employed the boys to work for them and after their departure, the boys continued to search for the little treasures for themselves, meeting with some success.

But this mother wished her children to get something more than strong muscles out of the long summer days. She felt that there was also time for a little self culture. To accomplish this without letting the boys feel any of the drudgery of work, she put into her trunk, with a few other books, a botany, a book on birds and a star map.

Every day they spent two hours in the woods. The rule was made that they should devote themselves to one thing at a time. For instance, for a week, they would have eyes only for flowers and it was a prideful family when a patient pursuit of some common variety ended in its proper analysis and safe landing, scientific name, included, in their herbarium. This, by the way, consisted of a simple blank book into which the carefully pressed specimens of flowers were pinned with a description of each written on the margin of the page.

Bird days were perhaps the most popular with the boys. The silent stalking of the little feathered things, the breathless waiting and watching to get close to the wilder ones to snapshot them with the camera, brought them nearer to the mystery of life in the woodland.

For a guide and text book, they used the wonderful article which appeared last summer in the Geographic Magazine where pictures of the birds in their natural colors were given, making it not only possible but exceedingly easy for the earnest student of birdlife to distinguish the various kinds and become acquainted with some which he never knew before. The article was a reprint of a government bulletin previously issued by the Department of Agriculture. A description of the nests and their eggs were a further aid in their classification and nothing pleased the boy hunters so much as an investigation of the actual dwelling places of the birds with their occasional store of dainty speckled eggs. In addition to the knowledge of the flowers and little feathered friends of the woods, the trees and underbrush soon yielded their names and identity to this diligent trio of nature students and to them a walk through the woods became more and more a pleasure as their acquaintanceship with growing things increased.

Their evenings were short for they all began their days very early. There were always books and magazines and at times an especially interesting article would tempt someone to read aloud.

It was on the clear nights that the star map came into use. By setting its revolving rim for nine o'clock on the current day of the month, the map would show the exact position of the

stars at that time. And many were the constellations they were able to locate in the beautiful fields overhead. They came to have at least a speaking acquaintance with the more striking groups and it gave them a friendly feeling to sit on their front porch and recognize by name so many of the brilliant inhabitants of the skies. It was rather difficult at first to trace a big constellation by the tiny little pattern on the map, but frequent and careful inspection by lamplight of the one and the cultivation of an enlarged vision of the other, out of doors, eventually resulted in success.

New worlds arose gradually out of the east, to charm and delight them. By September, some of their first friends had disappeared and others had taken their places, but at all times the boys watched the wonderful procession of the stars with a growing interest that never flagged and which their mother hoped would some years later culminate in a special college course in astronomy.

With all of these new diversions added to their regular quota of games and sports, the end of the summer found the boys in splendid shape for their winter's work. Physically fit, they were mentally alert, their interest and ambition aroused in several new directions, yet everything in line with the study ahead of them. In addition to all that they had learned they had their treasured specimens and their collections of pictures to refresh their memories. Perhaps the most important of all the lessons they learned was that of the proper use of time.

The value of time is so great that it is astonishing how much of it we allow to slip away from us unmeasured and unappreciated. Most people use time as if they possessed it to an inexhaustible degree. To keep tab on it is perhaps the wisest method of learning not to waste it.

I once knew a girl who by reading Tennyson, Browning and Longfellow during roll-call at the school she attended, acquired an unusual knowledge of their works; also, I knew a woman who used her husband's dressing hour in the morning as a time to do the family mending and darning and to discuss with him the finances of their household. Rescuing such odds and ends of precious time from the general waste and putting them to some small practical use, sometimes bring in surprising results in accomplishment and progress. It is much like dropping one's pennies into a saving's bank instead of spending them, and presently finding yourself the astonished possessor of a substantial sum of money.

But the systematizing of your work and planning for time in which to do it is no more important than a proper personal preparation for its performance. To find yourself with plenty of time and work but with no initiative or capacity with which to take hold of it is an unfortunate state of affairs. Investigation will doubtless reveal the fact that your habits are bad. That you impair your efficiency as a working machine either by not doing what you should or following practices which you should not. The trouble may be any one of several things all equally simple and easily remedied, if discovered in time. It may be a wrong system of diet. You may take a heavy breakfast, although you could do better work on a lighter meal or else you may perhaps, need an ample breakfast with which to begin your day's work and instead, endeavor to get along on a simple orange or roll or other equally light fare. Then again it may be a case of nerves, and you over stimulate your already highly sensitive, nervous system with those household drugs—tea and coffee. Still, possibly you may deny yourself the one little morning cup that seems to serve as a starter for your mental machinery.

The question of sleep is a vital one. On how many hours do you thrive best? At what time do you feel most inclined for work? How long can you work before the quality of your work begins to be impaired? And when should you stop in order that your general efficiency as a working machine shall not be affected?

All of these matters should be decided for one's self. No one else can possibly know so well as you must, or should know under what conditions the inspiration for work comes to you. Nor to what extent interruptions distract you or whether you most need the quiet silence of the night or the stimulus of the daylight and sunshine with the hum of life and traffic for your particular task. Or, more especially than anything else if you happen to be a good worker, no one can tell you when you ought to stop the work pressure and go off fishing or lie down on the sitting-room rug before the fire and read Conan Doyle, or even just have your breakfast in bed and doze away the hours, until that jaded weary feeling is gone and you can return to your duties realizing that work is your salvation as well as your burden.

But be sure to take this recreation when your nervous system warns you that it is needed. Beware of the iron rule. Do not go to pieces on something you, yourself created for your use and benefit, not your undoing. There is danger, of course, in making a rule and deliberately ignoring it, but whenever plan of work ceases to meet your needs, it is much better to abandon it than to adhere to it as if it were a religious creed or a moral standard to be safeguarded against any possible change.

My husband opens his eyes early in the morning, while the stars are still bright, and before turning on his light to read or study, he carefully arranges in his own mind the program for his day's work. This is a good idea taken by itself. The mischief lies in the way it most frequently works out, for no matter how long the list happens to be, everything on it must be checked off by night. Unexpected interruptions unforeseen and important matters demanding immediate attention are not accepted as reason or excuse for leaving undone one single item on that schedule. The result is what even the stupidest person could have foretold a super-weary, overtaxed man every night in the year instead of one normally tired from a good day's work. The remedy, of course, is allowing the surplus to go over to the next day or the day after that. Mental order has an outward manifestation that is very attractive. It is no small virtue to have a definite place for everything, whether it be an important document or a tapeline. The woman who can find anything she has as easily in the dark as by day is a treasure to her family. This comfortable virtue may sometimes be pushed too far, as in the case of the housekeeper who always put the morning paper in the waste basket because she thought it made the house look disorderly to have newspapers laying about.

But it is doubtful if anything wastes more time in a household than chronic disorder. To need a thing and have to look for it all over the house means lost time and usually lost temper and frequently quarrels with the other members of the family, to whom you have probably appealed for help, in your wild search, and whom you have openly accused or at least strongly insinuated, are responsible for the disappearance of the hunted article.

I recall hearing years ago of a woman, who, instead of having a place for everything, changed the order of things and put everything in one place. This place was a large open umbrella suspended from the ceiling upside down. If this receptacle or catch-all failed to produce at the moment of need, father's sheep-shears, mother's thimble, the children's overshoes, and catechism or a serviceable dish-rag for the cook, the search was at once abandoned. At least, so the indictment of the woman's neighbors read. I always

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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**T**HERE had been a growing coolness between them for some time, but an open breach did not occur until the afternoon when Evelyn had busied herself preparing the list of guests to be invited to their fifth wedding anniversary celebration. She had completed the list, and, at Stephen's request, handed it to him. He scanned the names swiftly, and then, picking up a pencil, added one name and returned the paper to her. Her face crimsoned to the neck as she read the name he had inscribed—Mildred Jocelyn. A period of silence followed—shamed silence on her part, defiant silence on his. Then, in a pained but determined voice, she said:

"I cannot invite that woman, Stephen."

"Why not?" he demanded.  
"You know her character; I cannot afford my guests by including her presence at our anniversary dinner. Besides, Stephen—" she paused irresolutely, then, deciding that the disagreeable duty had better be over and done with, she continued firmly:

"You are probably aware that people have been talking about you—and her—recently. You have been seen much together; do you want to give color to the rumors which have been floating about?"

"On the contrary, I want to put an end to those rumors; that is one reason why I want you to invite her. When people see that she is here as your guest, by your invitation, they will realize what they should have done long ago—that our friendship is a matter of business aspiration on my part, more than anything else;—and on her part, an artistic interest in a man who possesses at least a small amount of genius in the field of architecture."

"Genius needs no patronage," replied Evelyn. "And you know her reputation, Stephen. She herself has been three times divorced, and has been the cause of the disruption of several homes. If I were a leader of society, perhaps I could afford to entertain a woman of her character; as it is, I cannot."

"There's gratitude for you!" said Stephen angrily. "It is due entirely to her influence, that I am now at work on the plans of the Waverly Club's new building; to her influence that I was selected to design the Spaulding Hotel; to her influence, that I am acquainted with some of the most prominent people in the city; and the least you might do, to express your gratitude, would be to invite her to our celebration, yet you sit there and talk to me about her character—her reputation!"

Evelyn looked at him calmly.

"Do you mean to say, Stephen, that you are really willing to progress in your work by means of this woman's direct influence? I admit that you have, through her, met wealthy and prominent people who might never have heard of you otherwise; but are they really the people whom it is desirable to associate with, these men of the Waverly Club, and the owner of the Spaulding? Do you want to look back, in after years, and say that all you have accomplished you owe to a woman of infamy—to Mildred Jocelyn?"

And as she spoke she slowly drew a blue pencil through the name.

The reproof stung, but Stephen Chappell was thoroughly angry now.

"At least she's done more for me than you ever have," he retorted. "What have you done to advance my interests? You might have worked your way into the swellest society in this city, if you had wanted to; you had the ability, but you left it to another woman to see that people worth knowing were made aware of my existence on earth. You could have made up that list of millionaires and their families, instead of the same old bunch we've always known, if you had a spark of ambition in you!"

"I am not a climber," she replied quietly. "Not a parvenu, Stephen. I am quite satisfied with the friends of our youth—yours and mine. I find them congenial—I doubt if I could say as much of the Spauldings, and the others whose patronage you so much desire."

He glared at her savagely. "A wife like you—seen to be doing your best to hold me back! With a woman like Mildred, a woman who takes an interest in a man's work—what couldn't I accomplish? I'd be five times a millionaire in a few years, but as it is, I suppose I'll go on to the end of the chapter on a few beggarly thousands a year!"

She rose and faced him calmly, though inwardly she was trembling. Her face was very pale, but her eyes glowed feverishly.

"Do I understand you to say, Stephen, that I am in your way—that you would be happier or more successful, with Mildred Jocelyn as your wife?"

"If you want to put it that way, yes!"

She tore the long sheet of paper in half, and then tore it crossways again.

"Then there will be no celebration," she replied. "I had been expecting something like this for some time—I wondered how long it could be delayed. I shall go at once and supervise the packing of my trunks, and this evening I shall leave for an extended visit with my aunt, at Cranbrook. Unless you want me, I shall not return. You can attend to the legal side of the affair; willful desertion—there need be no scandal of any sort, you know."

She left the room quietly, and though she paused a moment at the doorway, before dropping the portieres, there was no softening of the grim, angry lines about his mouth—no paling of the smoldering fire in his eyes.

"You comprehend what I have just said, Stephen?" she queried, in the same even tones she had used throughout the entire scene.

"Yes. Let me alone, will you! Go on and pack your trunks, if you're going!"

Up-stairs, a few minutes later, he could hear her crossing and recrossing the floor—the opening and closing of dresser drawers, the clinking of silver and china, as she packed her toilet articles carefully away in their respective cases—and instead of sorrowing, he was glad. Mildred—what a different woman she was! Vivacious, if sometimes undignified; jolly, "prancy," as the members of the Waverly Club expressed it—not dressed in dress, either; inclined to the wearing of

By Lydia M. D. O'Neil

much satin and heavy lace, and the conspicuous use of perfumes; but—she was interested in his work; she tried to advance his interests on every occasion; she never failed to speak of "my friend, Stephen Chappell, the brilliant architect." If she were the mistress of this house, it would not be so deadly dull. There would be lots of lively folk about—not the quiet, refined people in whose presence Evelyn delighted, but people who would make the house ring with loud laughter and singing—people with money to spend—people who were not strict-laced and narrow in their views, as Evelyn and her friends were inclined to be.

Mildred's character! What of it? If a woman was not happily married, wasn't it divorce the logical remedy? Wasn't Evelyn herself leaving him now for the purpose of giving him grounds for divorce? yet she dared to assail Mildred's character! Of course, the woman was not well-bred, but that was a trivial matter.

By and by he heard Evelyn descending the stairs, and was conscious that she had thrust the portieres aside, but he did not turn to look at her.

It was in her heart to speak to him—to tell him that she was sorry they had made such an unfortunate mess of things, and that she hoped he would win the success he craved, but realizing that it would be embarrassing to him, she turned away quietly and left the house. For a long time Chappell sat silent, after he heard the closing of the front door; then he rose and went to the telephone and called up Mildred Jocelyn's apartments, to inquire if she cared to attend the production of the Gay Girls of Gotham that evening.

Many months had passed by, and Chappell had sued for divorce. The case would soon be heard in court, and then—then he would be free to marry Mildred. Strangely enough, he felt no great joy as he thought of it, sitting alone in the drawing-room tonight. True, he still felt that much of his success in a business way was due to her—but he sometimes wondered if he had not lost as much as he had gained.

His friends—the people who used to call and

then, laying it tenderly down, he drew forth, one after another, the other articles which the "Chest of Golden Memories," as they had called it, contained. There was a dance program—his name inscribed on it; the first dance he had ever had with Evelyn; there was a pressed rosebud—one of a bouquet he had given her long ago; there were more valentines, dainty bits of lace and satin, fashioned by skillful hands into sweet tokens of a lover's thoughtfulness and devotion; then came a pile of letters, worn from frequent handling, tied with a narrow bit of ribbon; several photographs, both of Evelyn and himself; little souvenirs of their marriage—a piece of the wedding-cake, and a remnant of the material of which Evelyn's gown had been made. Then, tenderly wrapped in an envelope of white silk, he found a little photograph—that of the tiny morsel of humanity that had been given into their keeping on the second Valentine's Day following their marriage, only to be taken from them, back to the Heavenly Father's keeping, a few months later. The wide eyes of the pictured face gazed into Chappell's own, and his face reddened with shame and remorse. The mother of this beloved one—how had he treated her? Neglected her—discarded her—replaced her in his affection with a woman whose name was notorious throughout the continent!

Stephen could have wept, but he was a man to whom the luxury of tears was denied; so he sat, dry-eyed, his hands clenched tightly and his lips compressed, throughout the agony of the hour in which he realized for the first time the depths of his shame and degradation. Mentally he asked himself, was it too late? Would she return to him, if he begged her forgiveness and told her how much he missed her—how badly he needed her?

Raising his head, his eyes fell upon a calendar

that hung on the wall; the thirteenth of February! And tomorrow was St. Valentine's Day!

Again he summoned the man-servant. "Joseph, I want you to go to the post-office, to register a letter for me. No! Wait! I will go myself! Bring me my hat and overcoat."

"It is seven-thirty, Mr. Chappell," reminded Joseph.

"No matter! I'm not going to the theater tonight. Should anyone call, tell them I'm out—I don't want to see anyone tonight."

But as he was leaving the house, a carriage drew up at the curb, and a woman, radiant with jewels, alighted. He needed no second glance to tell that it was Mildred Jocelyn.

"Good evening, Stephen," she said, "Going out? You can give me a few moments, though, can't you?"

He opened the door and followed her into the room he had just left. He placed a chair, for her, but stood impatiently himself, without removing his overcoat or gloves.

"In a hurry, are you?" she began. "Well, I won't detain you long. I just wanted to cancel our engagement for the theater this evening—though it looks very much as if you had canceled it yourself, without notice to me—or forgotten it, perhaps."

He made an attempt at a formal apology, but she interrupted him with an impulsive gesture.

"Never mind! It doesn't matter in the least. I'm not going anywhere tonight. Yes," as he looked significantly at her gorgeous apparel, "I had intended to go to the theater and then to dinner with you, but I changed my mind, and now I'm going home. I leave for Europe tomorrow, and I want to do some packing."

"To Europe?" he said in surprise.

She nodded, watching him narrowly. Amazement was written on his face—but no signs of a broken heart, such as she had anticipated—no anger, or dismay.

"I hope it doesn't interfere with any of your plans?" she said.

"Certainly not; not in the least." Then, after a moment of silence, he continued: "Then you were simply amusing yourself with me?"

"Yes," she admitted shamelessly. "I had heard people say that you were an iceberg—wrapped up in your home and your work, and didn't care for anybody outside of that. I wanted to see if I couldn't make you care for me. I thought the best way to do it was to assume interest in your work—and I guess I did it. But I'm getting tired of it. I want to see all the gay cities of Europe that I've heard so much about, so I'm going away."

"That is very nice," he commented. "I hope you will enjoy the tour."

"Very nice! It was she who was amazed now. Actually, the man didn't seem to care whether she came or went! Had he, too, been simply amusing himself with her, without caring for her at all?"

"People say I broke up your home," she said. "Shall I say I'm sorry?"

"Not at all. People are mistaken. Mrs. Chappell will be home in a few days. This," and he drew an envelope from his inner pocket, "is a valentine that I am sending her."

He fervently hoped that he was telling the truth when he said that Evelyn would soon be home.

"It is I who am sorry," he continued; "sorry that I gave people an opportunity to say the things they did about you—and me."

"Oh, never mind me!" she said bitterly.

"I have to thank you for your interest in me," he resumed. "The interest which led you to introduce me to many influential people—which was of much assistance to me in my work."

She laughed mirthlessly. "I told you what inspired that interest, didn't I? And I know just as well as you do that I've hurt you more than I've helped you. But I'm not sorry. I'm not sorry for anything! I admit I'm surprised to learn that you've been just amusing yourself, the same as I have—but I don't care! Good by, Stephen—run along and mail your valentine!"

"Good by, Miss Jocelyn."

He saw her safely into her carriage—then turned and walked briskly toward the post-office.

The next evening the papers were filled with an account of the latest scandal—the elopement to Europe of Robert Hilliard, a prominent member of the Waverly Club, and Mildred Jocelyn, the notorious breaker of hearts and homes.

Evelyn Chappell carefully opened the registered letter that had arrived by the early morning mail, and drew forth its contents—a photograph, carefully wrapped, accompanied by a letter.

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She gazed wonderingly upon the pictured features of the little child whom she had cared for tenderly for the three short months that the little one had dwelt on earth. With tears in her eyes she unfolded the sheet of note-paper that lay beside the envelope.

"Evelyn my wife! St. Valentine memories have awakened me to a realization of what I have been—what I have done. No words can express my penitence, but—is my awakening too late?"

"For the sake of this little one whom we both loved so well, will you grant me another chance? Unworthily, but faithfully yours,

"STEPHEN."

\* \* \* \* \* Stephen Chappell's hand trembled as he tore open the little envelope brought him by a messenger, and extracted the telegram that it contained. Had his awakening been too late? What would her answer be?

A cry of joy escaped his lips as he read the four short words inscribed on the sheet of yellow paper:

"I am coming home."

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# TOUGHEY

**Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch**

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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**SYNOPSIS OF WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.**

"Toughey" is a true story in which the author narrates the actual exploits and adventures of her three children and her own experiences during a summer, some dozen years ago, happily spent in rusticating on her ranch in a remote and somewhat wild part of Texas, far from their city home. This large domain, known as Steiner Valley, was inherited by Mrs. Burleson from her father, Dr. Steiner, who as surgeon in the U. S. army served with distinction through the war with Mexico which added Texas and an empire besides to the territory of the United States.

In mentioning herself and her husband (now Postmaster General, but then member of Congress) in the story she has modestly assumed the name of "Deering," which our readers are at liberty to change to Burleson.

The ranch, which is several miles in extent, is in part cultivated as a cotton plantation and the rest is used as a range for Mr. Burleson's great herd of Hereford cattle. The plantation is worked entirely by convict labor supplied by the state in return for a certain per cent of the crop, and besides the manager's house and the owner's summer cottage there is a cluster of buildings called "the camp" occupied by the convicts and guards.

All this is new and of somewhat startling interest to the children who are accustomed to city life.

According to the habit of the family, the two younger girls, with only a year's difference in their ages and being fast friends and playmates, are classed together under the generic designation of "the children." The eldest daughter, who, though only twelve years old, is several years their senior and bears herself toward them with a patronizing air of elderly dignity and wisdom that at times is somewhat galling to the little girls, is nicknamed "Toughey." This pet name had been conferred on her in babyhood by a college girl aunt in admiration of the child's coolness, grit and self-reliance manifest even at that tender age.

Len, the manager's son, is a bright boy and proves a faithful and efficient guide and assistant on excursions and outdoor sports.

**CHAPTER V.**

BABY SQUIRRELS FOR PETS.

**T**HE protracted dry spell was bringing satisfaction only to the children. The monotony of clear days was no hardship to them. While their elders anxiously discussed the chances for rain, they sat contentedly in the shade of big trees, ate watermelons in the creek bottom, and fashioned playhouses in the thicket behind the house, heedless of the fatal dryness that was putting furrows on the Manager's brow and making the cotton crop the shortest in the history of its production.

Out of the little forms thrown off by the exhausted cotton plants and now to be found in melancholy profusion in the field, the children made nests and doll beds.

It is true they shared in the general excitement when a promising wind blew up a rack of clouds that threatened to end the drought, and they were active in dragging their playthings from the creek bottom safe from the expected flood, but there was no sorrow behind their exclamations that "there never was going to be any more rain!"

Time and again the clouds would rally to the relief of the simmering fields and parching prairie, now showing long heat cracks, and time and again they were vanquished by the brazen might of the sun.

Papa talked scientifically about the non-precipitation of moisture, the Manager referred gloomily to noted droughts in the past, reasoning that their recurrence at stated intervals was certain, and that a record-breaker was now upon them, while old Uncle Isum openly blamed the children.

"Shoo as hit fixes too rain, dem chilluns gyarans roun' and throws all de ole cans and trash what bin plin' up, into de creek bottom, expectin' de watah to kerry hit off, and by de time dey git everything ready, de rain is done skeert away."

And he would go off to his cabin grumbling about the way "white folks" would fly in the face of Providence itself.

But whatever the cause, one burning day after another continued to come until the fear that it would not rain changed into a dread of the rain when it did come. For the brazen skies, now so unhappily familiar, could hardly be replaced by gentler ones except through some mighty convulsion of nature, bringing with it a destruction equal to that of the drought itself.

Its growth effectually checked, the only hope for the cotton was in continued clear weather, which would permit the gathering of the crop, now almost dropping from the open bolls. A rain would knock it out, beat it into the ground, and make of it, where it could be recovered at all, hopeless "dogtail," a thing of scorn to the cotton buyer in the market, and a profitless crop to the planter.

One night the storm broke. It came up just after the children had gone to bed. A thick curtain of clouds spread over the sky from horizon to horizon, casting upon the earth a shadow of inky blackness. Now and then great sheets of lightning, without a note of thunder, would sweep over the entire heavens. An hour later the storm burst upon the Plantation with such a rage of wind and rain and hail, and such furious cannonading of thunder that even Mr. Deering wondered if the frail little house could live through it.

The children sat bolt upright on their pallets, with clasped hands and frightened faces, and then shuddered down under the blanket which the sudden cold made it necessary for their mother to spread over them, trying to shut out the terrifying voices outside. They lay awake for a long time as quiet as mice, and finally fell asleep exhausted by their own fears and lulled by the monotonous sound of the rain which subsided at last into a steady downpour.

Mamma did not disturb them when a new roar made itself heard and looking through the screened door she saw, in the glare of the lightning, a black, swirling flood racing through the creek bed. It was a fearful picture and her own heart quaked when she thought of the little girls playing day after day where now raced an irresistible torrent.

The next morning the children awoke to a world of magic. They did not see the torn and desolate cotton field, for between it and them lay a little stretch of prairie abloom with white lilles. These dainty, scented flowers are the children of the rain, springing up during the course of a storm and perishing at the touch of the sun. To the little girls they seemed the work of fairies, and before the early breakfast was ready bunches of the delicate blossoms were already fading in their hot little hands.

Another land of enchantment awaited them at the creek bottom, whither their eager pursuit of the lilles soon led them. The storm waters of the night had subsided, and in its place flowed a shallow, limped stream over the pebbly bed. Throwing aside their sandals they spent the rest of the day building dams and bridges, constructing lakes and canals, sailing boats and rafts.

Only when that evil Genius, Toughey, came to drag them away to their meals did they cease for a moment from their fascinating labors. The rubbers, which mamma insisted upon, were the single flaw in their day of perfect happiness.

By the following morning every trace of the brook had disappeared. Only holes and ditches remained to show where their lakes and canals had been. Their disappointment was great, but it led to an investigation of other storm products—

fallen trees. In one, a big pecan, which had been completely uprooted, they discovered a squirrel nest, a warm, soft, bag-like affair constructed of twigs and leaves, and containing three blind, ugly young squirrels with bare, rat-like tails. Their immediate adoption followed, and in return for Toughey's assistance in arranging suitable quarters for them and taking charge of the difficult task of feeding them on milk, the children gave her one.

The box serving for a nest was placed in the children's room, where the little animals became the object of so much unwise attention that Toughey threatened to return them to the woods or abandon the care of them herself unless the children would promise to let them alone. Either suggestion was calamitous and the children struggled hard against their restless affection for the little creatures, but with such poor success that one of Toughey's direct predictions came to pass no later than that same afternoon when the smallest squirrel died!

"Of course, the squirrel that died was mine," said Toughey calmly, but with the kindling eye of a prophetess.

"Of course!" agreed the children with such callous injustice that Toughey could not find words with which to reply. At feeding time, Toughey was as usual called upon to perform the difficult duty.

"My squirrel don't need milk, he's dead," said Toughey, lowering her book for a moment and then quietly continuing to read.

The children looked blankly at each other.

"All right for you Miss!" they finally stammered.

"All right," echoed Toughey indifferently.

Then followed a howl from the children which was met on Toughey's part by such a frozen exterior that a compromise whose terms gave her an equal share with the children in the remaining squirrels, and made her absolute dictator in regard to their management, was quickly effected. "We must name them," said Toughey, decidedly, when the children began to call them "squirrels"; "that sounds ridiculous, and besides it's too long and you couldn't tell them apart; they'd have the same name."

The children then suggested "Goldenrod" and "Sunflower."

"Why not call them 'Gum Drop' and 'Sugar Lump?'" asked Toughey in scornful amusement.

"Who ever heard of such names for squirrels! You must think of something suitable."

So the children tried again and again, but each name in turn was rejected by Toughey as quite out of place for just everyday, frisky little squirrels.

"Now, I've said that you may name them," said Toughey liberally, "but you *must* get something that fits them."

But it proved impossible for the children to please themselves and at the same time Toughey, too. They could not be won to her way of thinking the squirrels ordinary beings, nor from their own position that they were on the contrary the most extraordinary creatures that ever lived and entitled to the most romantic and beautiful names that could be thought of.

When it became evident that their differences were eternal, Toughey settled the matter in her most imperious fashion.

"They shall be called Tom, Dick and Harry," she said.

To the children's grieved protests, she answered uncompromisingly.

"I'm willing to let the dead one be Harry," I think," she added composedly, "it's a very nice name for him."

And so the question was settled.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## The Iron Cross Of Germany

**S**HORTLY after the outbreak of the pan-European war dispatches from Berlin conveyed the information that Kaiser Wilhelm had revived the Order of the Iron Cross and was decorating certain officers and soldiers who had distinguished

themselves on the French frontier with the insignia of the noble order. The militant crown prince was one of the first German officers to receive the coveted badge of honor. His father, who hitherto had tried to hold the crown prince's warlike tendencies in check, had deemed the son's activities around Metz, worthy of recognition.

To many the revival meant nothing, for it had never existed to their knowledge. There is little written about it. Nevertheless it is one of the oldest military honor legions in existence.

Although it is recorded that on March 10, 1813, Frederick William III founded the order of the Iron Cross, the origin of the legion dates back to the Crusades.

During the siege of Acre, in 1190, Barbarossa's army of crusaders was at a disadvantage in comparison with the Templars and the Hospitallers, as the English and French military orders were called. The latter had well organized corps for taking care of the wounded, sick or dead. The Germans did not. They fought without shelter, medicine, and with little food.

To relieve the situation, a company of ship captains, headed by a certain Walpot von Bassheim, citizen of Bremen, was organized to render assistance as they could to the fighting Teutons.

They used canvas tents for hospitals and went first under the name of "Knights Hospitallers of Our Dear Lady of Mount Zion."

This cumbersome title was later changed to the "German Order of St. Mary" or "Teutsche Ritter von der Marie-Orden," and finally abbreviated to "Teutscher Ritterorden."

The chivalric order then bound its members to fidelity and fortitude by a sacred vow. It became powerful through rich bequests until its main interests were no longer in Palestine but in Venice. Here its headquarters were transferred in A. D. 1210 by Herman von der Salza. The order was in great favor with the Pope at the time.

Sixteen years later the Crusaders, no longer having to prosecute their mission in the direction of Palestine, turned their attention to Prussia. Prussia was inviting the attention of the order by reason of the fact that it was anti-Christian. The bishop of Prussia was only titular; he dared not live in Prussia. He lived in Liefland, among the Bremen trading settlers.

The titular bishop, worrying over the anti-Christian state of Prussia, persuaded the order to come to Prussia and convert the Prussians by force. The work was carried out, the two races intermingled, and Prussia became thoroughly Christian.

Since the order had assumed the chivalry of chivalric orders, a symbolic emblem of a black cross was adopted for use on the white cloaks of the members. The black was supposed to represent the cross of iron, the metal which best represented the grim age in which they lived.

After a while the order acquired so much honor that the emperor allowed the members to add the imperial eagle to their arms, and St. Louis granted them the fleur-de-lis.

There was also a superior decoration of double size, called the grand cross. This was reserved for officers of high rank who had successfully carried out a campaign, won a decisive battle, or conducted a brave defense.

The insignia of the order as it now exists is a cross on the shape of a cross pattee, which is like a maltese cross or plus sign, except that the

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for the girl who expects a lot of sentimental mush. Keep right on being good friends with all and try to live each day so that you can feel that the world is a better place for your presence in it.—ED.

BUSHYHEAD, OKLA.

I have just been reading my October COMFORT and have been thinking for a long while. I would write but have put it off. I think COMFORT is about as good as it can be. Mother and grandmother both took it and now I am in my own home I take it. I get much good from the Sisters' Corner.

Nearly all describe themselves but as I am deformed with curvature of the spine, am neither tall nor nice looking, so will not describe myself.

I was married two years ago to a kind loving husband, and one year ago our home was blessed with a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

### Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

GRAND SALINE, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you permit a girl from this part of the world to join your merry circle? I am a very mischievous, noisy little country lass but I will promise to be quiet while I am with you married ladies and then I won't tarry long.

I have nut-brown hair, eyes of the same shade, a round face, a rosy complexion and everyone says I possess an amiable disposition.

My grandmother was of Irish nationality so I suppose I get my sense of humor and sunny disposition from her. I am the youngest of seven children, all married except me. I am very fond of small children.

I live almost a mile from town on a high hill. How many of the sisters have their homes named? Mine is named "Sunny Side," and I like and appreciate the place much more since I gave it a name. Try it and see.

I think girls should take an interest in church work. I attend church and Sunday school regularly and enjoy it.

We have six churches, no saloons and a population of three thousand five hundred. We have four salt plants, which employ a great number of hands and have an output of thousands of barrels of salt daily.

I like the idea of a person being cheerful in time of trials. "A person who faces the sun never sees his shadow." And then a sunny disposition will drive wrinkles from the brow.

Speaking of boys "sowing wild oats," I have known of the wildest boys making fine men. I believe a child reared under Christian influence will not depart from it when he is old even though he does "sow wild oats" in youth. But I will leave that subject for an older and more gifted writer. I do not approve of a girl being too much in love with the other sex. To accept a boy's attentions in a friendly manner, I deem enough for any girl. My mind runs to things of more importance than to get "ratty" about a boy, still there are some fine boys, and boys in general are as good as girls and some are much better than some.

I think COMFORT is just the grandest paper. I have had many helps from its pages and some of your good talks have brought out some of the best instincts of my nature and has developed many good morals within me that will never die. I enjoy reading and books like friends, have an influence; therefore we should exercise as much care in the selection of reading matter as in the choice of companions.

I pity those who live in great cities, shut off from the beauties of

# IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

## Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p. picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o. over, over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

## Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog., together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

## Woolen Outfit for the Winter Girl

Consisting of Knitted Coat Sweater, Crocheted Hat with Rolling Brim in Tam-o'-Shanter Stitch, Crocheted Scarf and Knitted Gloves

**T**Hese hand-made garments are light, warm and for every variety of open-air sport, whether skating or snow-shoeing, nothing could be more attractive, comfortable and sensible as they give entire freedom of movement. Any girl can knit this outfit in odd moments during the summer.

### The Coat Sweater

Materials.—Two pounds of Germantown or Saxony fourfold yarn, one pair needles No. 5 and six button molds, size of half dollar. A "needle" means only working once across the work. Two needles or forward and back make one row.

The sweater is begun at the lower edge of the back. Cast on 86 stitches and knit 18 rows plain for the border. Then for the dice pattern which forms the body, knit as follows:

#### Dice Pattern—One Design

1st needle.—K. 3, p. 2, repeat this 4 times, \* k. 16, p. 2, k. 3, p. 2, k. 3, p. 2, k. 3, p. 2. Repeat from \* to end of needle.

2nd needle.—K. 2, p. 3, repeat 4 times, \* k. 12, p. 1, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3. Repeat from \*.

3rd needle.—K. 1, p. 2, k. 3, p. 2, k. 3, p. 2, k. 3, p. 2, k. 3, \* p. 2, k. 16, p. 2, k. 3, p. 2, k. 3, p. 2, k. 3. Repeat from \* ending with k. 2.

4th needle.—P. 2, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, \* k. 2, p. 1, k. 12, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3, k. 2, p. 3. Repeat from \* ending with p. 1.

These 4 needles form 1 design. Knit 5 designs. Now decrease 1 st. at each end of needle, every 8th needle 5 times. Be sure to keep your pattern straight. Knit 22 designs to armhole. Now decrease 1 st. at each end of needle, every other needle for 5 times. Knit 32 needles to neck. Take 23 stitches from each end of needle for shoulder and bind off the center 20 sts. for neck.

Working on right front k. 2 designs on the 23 stitches for shoulder, then at neck increase 3 sts. each beginning of needle for 5 times. In neck beginning of needle at neck add 14 stitches for band down center front. The 14th stitch from edge is knit plain on the wrong side and purl on the right side of work, the other 13 sts. are always knit plain forward and back.

Knit 6 designs without increase, then at armhole increase 1 st. each beginning of needle for 10 times, in the next needle at armhole increase 10 sts. for under arm.

Knit 37 designs to lower edge of front. Knit 18 rows plain for border. Bind off loosely. Make other front to correspond. Sew up the under-arm seam.

### For the Sleeve

Cast on 30 stitches and carrying out the design (k. 3, p. 2 to end of needle) increase 1 st. at each beginning of needle until you have 60 sts. K. 28 designs, or until sleeve is desired length. Next needle k. 30, k. 2 together 15 times. Knit last 30. Then knit forward and back 20 rows for cuff. Bind off loosely. Sew up sleeves and sew into coat.

### The Pocket

Cast on 25 stitches, k. 8 designs, k. 5 rows plain for top pocket. Bind off. Sew in place.

### The Belt

Cast on 2 stitches and knitting plain increase 1 st. at each end needle every other needle until you have 12 sts. Knit forward and back until belt is length desired, then make point to correspond with beginning. Tack to coat on under-arm seams.

### Collar

Cast on 24 stitches.  
1st row.—K. plain.  
2nd row.—K. 8, turn, k. back.  
3rd row.—K. 16, turn, k. back.

Now knit plain forward and back for 68 rows. Make end to correspond with beginning. Sew shaped edge to coat, so that the edge of collar is in center of plain knit band down front edge.

Turn back to form revers and tack lightly if desired.

For the buttonholes, with medium hook make 1 s. c. in first 18 rows, \* ch. 9, sk. 9 rows, make 1 s. c. each in next 12 rows.

Repeat from \* until you have 5 buttonholes. With needle threaded with wool, buttonhole stitch over each ch. 9 or cover with s. c.

To cover buttons.—Make ch. 2, make 6 s. c. in first ch. made, next row using both loops at top of st. make 2 s. c. in each s. c., next row make 2 s. c. in every other s. c. with 1 s. c. between. Make 3 rows of 1 s. c. in each s. c., then sk. every 3rd s. c. until cover fits button mould.

### Crocheted Scarf

Material.—Four skeins any kind of medium heavy yarn. Crochet hook No. 4 or 5. Begin by making ch. 10 inches long, without stretching.

1st row.—1 d. c. in third st. and 1 d. c. in each of the others to end of ch., ch. 2, turn.

2nd row.—Pick up loop in 1st st. of first row, wool over and hook up a loop in next st. Wool over and pull through all loops on needle and ch. 1. \* Pick up loop in next st. of row, wool over needle and pick up a loop in next st. Wool over and pull through all and ch. 1. Repeat from \* to end of row. Ch. 3, turn.

3rd row.—Two short double crochet (wool over needle, draw loop through next st., wool over needle and through all three loops) in each space between clusters in previous row. Finish row with 2 s. d. c., after the last cluster in previous row.

Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows and again repeat 2nd row. Then repeat from beginning of 1st row until the scarf is four and a half or five feet long. Finish the ends with a heavy knotted-in fringe.

### Jaunty Crocheted Hat

Material.—Four skeins Germantown or Saxony wool used double, No. 4 or 5 crochet hook. The hat is very easily made as Tam-o'-Shanter stitch is same as single crochet excepting that you put the hook over the yarn to draw up the loop instead of under the yarn, and always use both loops at top of stitch.

Chain 2. 1st row.—Make 10 Tam-o'-Shanter stitches in the first chain made.

2nd row.—Widen by making 2 stitches in every other stitch with one stitch between. The widening is always made in the second stitch of the widening in previous row.

3rd row.—Widen in every 3rd stitch.

4th row.—Widen in every 4th stitch.

Continue this, making 1 stitch more between the widenings in each successive row until there are 13 stitches between the widenings. For each size larger increase 1 row more. Make 15 rows, making 1 stitch in each stitch. Now, widen in every 10th stitch for 4 rows. Make 5 rows of 1 stitch in each stitch.

KNITTED COAT SWEATER, SCARF AND GLOVES.



## COMFORT'S

## LEAGUE OF COUSINS

LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.  
To protect the weak and aged.To be kind to dumb animals.  
To love our country and protect its flag.

## CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

**W**HEN a child is born instead of being born a citizen of the world, it is unfortunately born the citizen or the subject or the slave of some particular country, and from its earliest years is given drums, trumpets and toy soldiers to play with. Often it is put into some military uniform and straddling a piece of wood, which represents a battle charger, your embryo hero dashes wildly around cutting off the imaginary heads of the hereditary enemies of his race, with his little toy sword. Of course by this time if he is a German he has been taught to hate the French and the Russians; if of French parentage he has learned to loathe the Germans; if American he has been taught that he can whip creation; if British he has been taught that he rules the waves. Nearly every child that is born sucks militarism and racial hatred in with its mother's milk. Oh, the horror of it, oh, the pity of it. In school for five days a week, the child reads history, and such history! In history you read of scarcely anything but the doings of kings and high mucky mucks, and the blood of battle is spewed over nearly every page you turn. Of how the masses of the people lived, of the simple annals of the poor, you learn nothing. Historians of the common people though are at last springing up, and when you read these works all the tinsel of military glory, all the sham and shoddy that cluster round the names of famous warriors and statesmen vanishes. The great and the near great become very ordinary people and those who have forced their way into the limelight of history, achieved their fame usually more by infamy than worthy acts. All the unpleasant facts are hidden from sight. Only one side of the story is ever shown. Our country is always right, the other fellow's country always wrong. If we shoot down Indians it's a great battle and a glorious victory, if the Indians round up our troops and wipe them out it's a "massacre." All American boys are taught to hate the British, for what the Britishers' grandfathers did, and especially for burning the Capitol at Washington, but they are not told as they should be, that this act was in retaliation for our twice pillaging the Canadian Capital of York, Ontario, now Toronto, and the destruction of its parliamentary buildings. We are not told that a century or two ago cruelty was the fashion and killing the chief business of men. The great truth that should be hammered into the head of every American child is, that the colonists English, Irish and Scotch, in fighting crazy King George, were fighting the cause of the British, their own people, who were not responsible for the trouble, and were possibly even greater gainers by the triumph of the colonists than were the colonists themselves. The crazy old half German King George the Third, got a lesson that a certain gentleman in shining armor might well take to heart, and British statesmen learned how colonies should be governed, with the result that the freest and most democratic commonwealths in the world today, Australia, New Zealand and Canada, came into existence.

The German people are very proud of Frederick the Great, but what did he think of them, and what do kings as a rule think of their subjects anyway? In royal eyes they are nothing but clowns and clodhoppers, flesh for cannon, meat for bayonets. A courtier once addressing Frederick the Great tried to impress on him that men were on the whole more good than bad, that the human race was improving, that the worst of individuals had some redeeming traits: "Ah," said the king with fine scorn, "my dear Muller, you don't know the damned breed." Now if all the people who are getting excited over this war in Europe, and maybe too some of those who get excited on the Fourth of July, would remember that hereditary kings, and too often industrial kings, still regard the masses of the people as the contemptible "d— breed," they would get less hot around the collar when discussing matters that are really more the concern of kings and a ruling class than any concern of their own. Before me lies a book entitled "The Workers in American History," and I would to heaven this and similar works could be read by the school children of every land, and the old drum and trumpet histories thrown out. Nations brag about the glories of the past, but as a matter of fact few nations have anything to brag about unless we elevate wholesale murder to a fine art and worship uniformed butchers. In what we call the glorious period of our history, white men were put on the block and auctioned off as though they were cattle. In one of these United States when a purveyor was released from the pillory, instead of removing the nails which had pierced his ears, they freed him by cutting off his ears. Half a century after the Declaration of Independence, which declared that all men are free and equal, the sale of white flesh still continued. But there, why quote history? In the memory of many of you black slavery lingers, and today we have white slavery in more or less acute degree in nearly every land on earth. Let not the spirit of mortals be proud. Let not the German shriek about his Kaiser, the Britisher about his king, the Frenchman about his president, the American about his republic. Not one of us has anything to brag about, and all of us have so much to be ashamed of that we had better hold our tongues when racial matters are discussed. If I had my way I would hypnotize the whole world, and burn every history in existence. When humanity came out of its sleep it would have a future but no past. It would have no racial animosities seething in its veins, no knowledge of past wrongs, past hates, past differences. Its future would not be mortgaged with the crimes of fool kings who lived generations ago; and it is wicked to saddle present day humanity and force it into the battle arena to settle differences incurred by a people of a bygone era. Shakespeare puts into the mouth of one of his characters these words: "What fools these mortals be." I wonder if those who stand in the water-soaked trenches of the old world ever repeat that remark to themselves. Nothing is too good for the soldier now, but when the fighting is over, those who have been lucky enough to survive the carnage will be treated with scant ceremony. Back they will go to mill, mine and factory, farm and workshop, to commence anew the old heart-breaking struggle with low wages, for a miserable existence. The Russian will return to his rye bread and hovel, the German to his ocassional sausage, the Frenchman to his thin soup, the Englishman to his bloter. Each too with a new heritage of hate to hand on to generations now unborn. Once more, what fools these mortals be!

The masses of the people, no matter whether French, English, German, Russian, Austrian or Belgian have no quarrel with one another. Ber-

nard Shaw suggests that the men in the warring ranks abroad shoot their officers and then they could all go home. Startling and repugnant though his suggestion is, the odds are if it were carried out the war would end abruptly, and the cannon fodder would go home and wonder why they ever left home, and what they had been fighting about. The great enemies of nations are hunger and want, privation and starvation and disease. These are the enemies that men should fight and not one another. Unfortunately for all humanity they turn their lives and their destinies over to a few men, and these men play with these precious human pawns as they play with pieces on a chess board, and with no more consideration than if they were chips of wood, and the poor boobs seem to revel in the glory of being slaughtered. Race hatred is kept alive and stirred up so that the ruling privileged class can saddle itself upon the backs of the masses of the people. Once more will the people never wake up!

If you haven't a set of Uncle Charlie's three wonderful books your home is not complete and you are not equipped for the full enjoyment of life. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers. All can be had free as premiums; the Book of Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers for a club of only two subscriptions. See full particulars at the end of this department. These three books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues.

Now for the letters.

RUMBERTS, S. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a girl of seventeen years. I am five feet eight inches tall. My weight is one hundred and twenty-three pounds. I live in the country with my auntie. This is my first letter to the cousins. I have a boy call and see me and the first time he saw me he wanted my ring, and he went home and wrote me a letter and told me how he loved me and asked me if I loved him. He is not my kind to go with. Must I answer his letter or not. (Certainly not, Uncle C.) He is not game enough to ask me to go to church with him, he sends someone else. I can keep house and do anything in the field. I will close bopping to see this letter in print. Your loving niece,

MARIE M. TRUESDALE.

Marie, your question had better been addressed to "Cousin Marion" as she gets all the money this side of Wall street tipping off the love lorn, but Cousin Marion being a nice respectable lady (some would call her an old maid) can only talk theoretically of love, while I know from a basis of actual experience more about love than any old geezer living. I know so much about love that in a frivolous moment I compiled a book about it, but what can one book tell about love? It would take a chain of books that would girdle the earth a billion times to tell what even I know on that delightful but often painful and harrowing subject. That boy who called on you was some swift to want to appropriate a lady's entire collection of jewelry on his first visit. It's a wonder he didn't ask for the family organ, the cream separator, the porch rocker and the kitchen stove. If I were your parents Marie, I would not allow you to wear such expensive jewelry. You can hardly afford a fellow for getting envious when with only three cents in his pocket, a susceptible girl springs on him a diamond that looks like the flashing headlight of a freight locomotive. Of course if you go around with a diamond searchlight on your finger people may ask you for it for fear of getting blinded. In my youthful days I never bothered to ask for a lady's ring. I wanted her whole hand or nothing. I remember once asking for a girl's hand and she presented it to me right in the eye. A little later her father, a very kind old gentleman, gave me his foot. Honestly I didn't know what to do with it. I told the old gentleman he was too generous, and as I didn't want to start an anatomical museum, and already had a couple of my own, I had no possible use for his foot. It was useless discussing the question. I got the old man's foot and after being in the air for two or three hours, I came to the conclusion that I didn't want to be an aviator again. It's never safe to ask for a lady's hand unless father's foot is in the next county. You should have invited that impetuous boy to have called the following evening Marie, and had your brothers or father drop a few pre-historic eggs on his classic brow and introduced him to a few buckets of water. It would have been a real charity to have done that, especially if other boys could have seen him wandering home in a half drowned condition. The greatest pest in all the world is a fresh youth, and the only thing that will treat these pests a lesson, and make them respect the girls of the community is to humiliate them in a way that will make them feel like three and a half cents with a hole in it. Even from the trashiest love stories you girls can learn something, but you don't. The hero in the cheap novel can't make good even with the worst low brow unless he woos the heroine of the story as a gentleman woos a lady, and that is not by football or rush tactics. A woman isn't a citadel to be waded and won by sudden and violent assaults. There are some women with enough of the primeval savage in them, the troglodyte cave dweller of old, to prefer being knocked down and dragged out, but they as a rule are not women of a high order of intelligence or any intelligence. Of course if a woman throws herself at a man's head, he may, if he wants her, grab her much as he grabs his dog, when he wants it to go back to its kennel, by the scruff of the neck. A man never thinks much of a woman who throws herself at him, because he knows mighty well that she doesn't think much of herself. She holds herself too cheap, and nobody thinks much of cheap goods, human or otherwise. It is in his wooing that a man betrays his true character, and it is in the way a woman accepts a man's attentions that she betrays her character. Many a foolish girl who has thrown herself at a man's head and been used as a toy and plaything for a few months and then discarded has had her heart broken by watching the man who mauled her as though she were a rag doll the first time he met her, treat another girl as though she were a precious piece of Dresden china that would break in a million pieces if he looked at her. For months she watches with anguish the delicate and assiduous attentions that are paid to her rival and notes the anxious look on her erstwhile sweetheart's face because he is

still uncertain as to whether he can win the object of his adoration or not. Whatever value girls, you place on yourselves, that same value men will place on you. If you act like thirty cents you will be treated like thirty cents, for most men are in the habit of handling thirty cent propositions and can get away with them. Now ticket yourself at fifty thousand dollars, and the first worth while man that comes along will add another fifty thousand to it, and though humanity does not care a rap for the cheap and shoddy, because that as a rule is all that it sees and has to be content with, it fairly prostrates itself at the feet of that which is classy and expensive. A woman does not need lands or gold to make her priceless in the eyes of the world for nature has endowed her with far more precious jewels, purity, sincerity, love, character and truth. It's the high-priced article that draws the crowd. Don't put yourself on a thirty-cent basis with a view to winning a three-cent man. If there is any leveling to be done, level up and not down.

BRIGHTON, R. R. 3, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I live on a farm among the hills and hollows in Tennessee. I am fifteen years old, five feet tall, weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. I go to school which is about one quarter mile from where I live. I like to read the cou-ins letters. My mother has taken the COMFORT several years. I think it just a fine paper. I like to read the advertisements and stories because COMFORT has such fine ones. I like to read the letters and the answers for some of them seem very comical, others are quite sad. I think my home is in a very beautiful place. I can play the French harp and guitar, but I like to play hymns best. I like gardening but not farming. I live on a farm of fifty acres. We have two cows, two calves, three horses and dogs, and chickens. I have a pet dog, he is a Scotch collar. I am quite fond of flowers, I am peacing me a silk and velvet quilt. I will ask some of the cousins to send me some silk and velvet peaces, if they be so kind.

Your niece, MARY E. DAVIS.

Mary, I am glad to hear you say you like gardening. Gardening as a business or rather a profession for women offers many attractions. Thousands of women in Europe make a good living by raising garden truck. Every plant received individual attention. Intensive or scientific gardening they call it. Plants have to hurry up and produce so that several crops can be raised in a year. Women can't afford to have expensive glass conservatories, but they have little individual conservatories, glass arrangements like bells which fit over one or two plants and which force and stimulate growth in a remarkable degree. Women working in these gardens are in their element. All creative work is interesting and inspiring and the absence of the inevitable boss makes life worth while. The world must eat and there is always a market for food. Of course the middleman will steal all your profits if you give him a chance, but if you are near your market there are lots of ways of fooling the middle man. I advise women to look into this field of endeavor. Men can't marry today and the number of unmarried men and single women is going to increase steadily. Women have got to live and as men can't provide homes, women will have to provide their own homes, and they will have to earn a living either by individual or collective effort. Don't forget the possibilities of gardening, girls, when factory, store or domestic work paths, and the twelve-dollar-a-week man can't afford to marry because he wants half his income for beer and cigarettes. You say you have a pet dog and he is a Scotch "collar." A dog that is a Scotch "Collar!" For the land's sake, Mary, what do you mean? A dog can't be a dog and neckwear at the same time. I've seen man collar a dog and put a collar round a dog, but I never saw a dog that was a collar, especially a Scotch collar. If you're a dog that's a fifty dollar bill you might send it on to me. That's the only shape in which a dog would prove acceptable by the way. The Goat and Maria both think that you have a dog that is a Scotch collie. I do hope the Goat's solution of the mystery is correct, though a Scotch "collar" has a good many advantages over a Scotch collie as it doesn't bite, bark, play in filth or have hydrophobia. As regards silk and velvet "peaces," Mary, there are no such things in existence, and if there were I should strongly advise that instead of be-

ing sent to you they be forwarded at once to Europe, for silk or velvet peace or any old peace is greatly needed over there. If you could only send a few square miles of velvet peace to wrap round Billy Hohenzollern's mated flat, maybe it won't burst so much when he Jabs it in our eye a little later on. Maybe too you might send that Scotch collar along with the velvet peace, and if he didn't accept the peace you could sic that new-fangled, dry-goods dog of yours on to him. He'd fix him, you bet.

PLOLA, WASH.

I live in the southeastern part of Washington at the foot of the Blue mountains on a grain and stock ranch. I like to ride after and handle stock better than work on the grain ranch, but I do quite a bit of both, and would rather do either than live in the city. Uncle Charlie I have taken homestead and am going to batch this summer and winter. My land is nearly all on a hillside but is good pasture. Just think, I'll stay there this winter in the snow and hunt coyotes and rabbits. Don't you think I'll have a good time? Well, everyone in this country is buying automobiles and there are some men that I think will have to scratch their heads when pay day comes. Uncle Charlie don't you think this is what rains lots of people? It looks that way to me, all that I can do towards buying an automobile is forty-five dollars, and I spent that for a saddle. But of course I figured that I needed the saddle as I have lots of riding to do, but as far as automobiles are concerned I think a team is good enough for me. I don't care to get there as soon as I start.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

dear baby girl and so now though we are "poor folks" and I, not very strong, we are a happy family.

Have not some of you wished you could make good pancakes sometimes when you had no sour milk? Well, I have many times, and a short while ago I run across a recipe in another paper and now we have cakes whenever we want them, milk or no milk.

One pint flour, one heaping teaspoon baking powder, one tablespoon sugar, a little salt, and warm water enough to make a thin batter. Beat it up good and pour, do not dip it, into your hot griddle. I make mine up in a pitcher, take the spoon out and I can pour out handy what I want.

When cooking turnips or potatoes that have a strong or bitter taste, if a little sugar, about equal to your salt, is added they will be good.

Well, baby has woken up and here come my chickens for their supper so I must run.

God bless all of you and the COMFORT staff. Your sister.

MRS. JAMES COLLINS,

RECTOR, ARK.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for many years, but have never made any attempt to enter with the great staff of writers. I dearly love every page of COMFORT. It is always looked for with eagerness by all my family.

I have three dear children living and two gone to Heaven. I can sympathize with all who have lost loved ones. We know our little ones are with Jesus and why should we grieve? I try to live daily so that when I am called I will be ready. I am not very strong. During the months of August and September I was sick seven weeks with the dreaded typhoid fever which left me with a cough and throat trouble. I have been very hoarse for five weeks and can hardly speak above a whisper. Have tried several remedies and also doctors' treatments, but have received little benefit. If any of the COMFORT readers can tell me of anything that will cure my cough, I will greatly appreciate the favor.

There are so many people talking "hard times" and "what will we do if things don't change?" Just stop and think what would we do if we were in Europe, living among shot and mobs. Think of the daily death list and people left homeless and starving while we are living in a free country, the good old United States of America.

We are not blessed with a fortune, but with a happy little home. We have been married ten years and we are still sweethearts. We always tell each other our secrets. I have heard so many women say, "I never know what my husband is going to do until the last moment; he never tells me anything." It may be that the wife is to blame; there are so many that can't keep a secret. I heard a man say once, "I can't tell my wife anything I don't want told for she can't keep a secret from you." That made me feel badly, not for the man but his wife. I am thankful I can keep a secret from my husband but from my neighbors. A tattler is always looked upon with scorn and forever having trouble with someone. I have lived in town seven years and never had any trouble with my neighbors. I never was quick to form acquaintance with strangers as I want to know them first. I always learn the ways of my neighbors before I visit. I may be wrong in my way but I was taught this while I was a child.

I am a dear lover of fancy work and have made several very pretty patterns of crocheting. If the sisters who have the misfortune to search their clothes while ironing will keep a bottle of hydrogen peroxide near by and saturate a cloth spread over the scoured place and iron with a hot iron she will find the scoured spot will disappear.

I always keep mending tissue on hand to mend husband's coat and pants for I am a poor hand at mending pants with a needle and thread.

I don't want to wear your good patience out but perhaps I will come again, when the roses bloom.

MRS. MOLLIE WINCHESTER.

Mrs. Winchester. What you say in regard to secrets is largely true but there are occasions when I think it is perfectly right for a husband to have secrets from his wife, or vice versa. By this I mean secrets of a professional or business nature. The man who tells his wife things along that line lowers himself in my estimation, as does the woman who asks for or listens to what cannot concern her.

In defense of my own sex,—admitting that women are prone to talk more than is wise,—we are no worse than a great many men.—Ed.

LAMPHOUSE, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:  
I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for many years, and would like admittance into your happy circle. I enjoy the sisters' page, and think it grows brighter and better each year. Our dear Mrs. Wilkinson is kind, noble and helpful to all. I also enjoy Uncle Charlie's letters to the young people. We have only one child, a girl of fifteen. I have the COMFORT sent in her name. She reads a great deal, and looks forward to each issue of COMFORT with delight. She says Uncle Charlie is simply grand. He is indeed marvelous. Just to think how long he has been an invalid, and gives to the world so much that is joyous, hopeful and beneficial. His writings bring sunshine to our little home. They are not only informing on all important topics, but uplifting as well, and interwoven throughout with whole-some humor, enabling one who is capable of enjoying innocent fun to be lifted in spite of themselves out of despondency and gloom. Long may Uncle Charlie live to cheer and help saddened humanity.

I cannot close these remarks until I express some appreciation of our noble editor, Mr. Gannett. His "heart-to-heart" talk in November issue was fine; but "the heart is not told" for my belief is that eternity alone will reveal the good he and his staff of editors are doing, scattering seeds of kindness, love and hope in the hearts and homes of the millions of COMFORT readers. I take several magazines, but none are so welcome as COMFORT. Its pages are filled with things of interest to one and all alike. The contributions from the able pen of Mrs. Adele Steiner Burleson, afford me much pleasure, especially her recent article entitled, "The Farmer's Wife of Today." It proves to my mind so clearly the real blessings, as well as advantages of farm life. Dear sisters, you that once lived in the country and are living now in the city, or like myself in a little town, does it not make you homesick, and I might say "hungry," to move back to the dear old farm? It does me—and I believe such a beautiful and true portrayal of country life by one who knows and loves such a life, is calculated to arouse the desire to answer the call "back to the soil." We have lived mostly in the country, and I am looking forward to the time when we can once more live "where the birds sing, and the cow bells ring." There is where all poor people should be but it is a blessing and luxury few are able to afford.

Well, sisters—I haven't taken any special subject, but if Mrs. Wilkinson sees fit to print these scattering remarks, I hope to write again.

I enjoy the letters on subjects like poultry raising and farming, child training and education, and especially on religion. Like Mrs. H. C. Crawford, I haven't much of this world's goods, but I trust a "heart full of love and sympathy for all," I think those who will live Godly in this world, meet with trials and temptations, and the promise is, if we are faithful unto the end will receive a crown of life. Sometimes the way looks dark, but as the sister said, "if we have Jesus for our friend and try to make others better and happier our lives will not have been in vain." I know how to sympathize with those who have given up loved ones. My oldest sister died Oct. 4, 1891. Just about one year after we came from Tennessee to Texas. It nearly broke our hearts as none of us were with her. She had married and remained in Tennessee. Then on March 10, 1910, our mother was taken. Sisters, you that have given up mother, know the sorrow and loneliness of such a separation. The sun has never shone so bright to me since my darling mother went away to be with God, but am striving to follow the worthy example of Christianity she left and have the comforting promise of meeting her pure soul in Heaven. My dear father is still living and lives with us part of the time.

My husband is afflicted with muscular rheumatism, also has stomach trouble. Will someone send remedies for same?

Mrs. Asaph Lee might get the books wanted by writing to Postmaster at Wellington, Mo. Thomas Lockhart, the author, lived there, but is now dead.

If Mrs. Ross Bryant of Baxter Springs, Kans., will send stamp I will send her the song requested, "The Ship That Never Returned."

Long may COMFORT's workers and readers live, and with love to each one of you, I beg to remain a COMFORT SISTER.

MRS. J. EDNA WHITE.

DIAMOND RANCH, DIAMOND, Wyo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:  
Here I come again but this time to answer the many inquiries about this country.

First I want to thank the many, many kind people who wrote me about teaching a small child at home. My little girl is learning wonderfully, can write and spell her name, also several small words, and knows quite a few numbers. Again I thank you all and will try and answer all the letters I received.

To describe land, country and work! The homesteads around here that can be farmed have all been taken and all farming is dry farming. Crops were not very large this year on account of the drought. Corn does not grow well here, as the seasons are too short. People are foolish to leave the East for a dry farm. Of course I don't say farming is all a failure in Wyoming, but it is not the best in the West either. A person who has not homesteaded before can take three hundred and twenty acres homestead land. As to work on ranches, I don't know much how it is on any other ranches but there are plenty of men here for the work on this place.

The weather in the summer is pleasant, winters are very severe, so many blizzards and lots of snow. We had a lovely fall, this year, and all are enjoying good health at present.

Now Mrs. Wilkinson, I want to ask your opinion on what some sisters have said of Christmas and Santa Claus. Do you think it a sin to tell children there is a Santa and do you believe in telling them the truth about everything when small. I, for one, think the happiest time in a child's life is when Santa comes. Why should we deprive them of that happiness? I know many children who were told there was a Santa, who have grown up good men and women. I don't call it lying or deceiving a child. Let us have some more sisters with their opinions.

For pneumonia in children take flaxseed, make a good hot poultice and spread it on flannel and change as often as it cools.

For rheumatism rub affected parts with common coal oil. This is a tried remedy.

I wonder if any of my girl friends around and in Salt Lake City will read this and remember Millie Rodgers. I'd like to hear from any of the girls or boys.

Wishing success to all with love to COMFORT's noble staff and all the sisters.

MRS. S. F. FRIDELL.

Mrs. Fridell. Here is where we get the benefit of other mothers' ideas on the Santa Claus question. Personally, I agree with you for I know I experienced more real pleasure from Santa Claus' visits, anticipated and realized, than I have since from any source. In a way it is deceiving a child, but it is such a pleasant way to be deceived that I hardly think children will lose faith in their parents for it, provided they are told the truth in other respects and I insist on the necessity of that. With the others I am glad your little girl is progressing so well in her studies.—Ed.

DYER FORK, Box 50 B., R. R. 2, VA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:  
If permitted by Mrs. Wilkinson, I will make a short call on you all in our dear and appreciated "corner." It is nearly two years since my last visit and much has happened to many of us since then. I wish I could send in as many helps as some do, but as I cannot I beg you to accept the good intentions for the dead.

I have been quite a shut-in for the last eight months or more, with that dread disease, cancer of the cheek. Have spent a large part of the time in the hospital. Have been operated on six times since January, 1914, twice for the cancer, and the other operations were to close the hole in my cheek (skin grafting) and dear sisters sympathize with all the afflicted ones for I too have suffered. I am feeling better than I ever at one time expected to feel, although my jaws are clinched or locked and the doctors say I will have to be operated on again in the near future to have my jaws unlocked. But somehow or other I feel that they will be opened without an operation, and I think my faith will be rewarded, so all of you please remember me. Still if I have to undergo another operation I shall not give up in despair, for I see many that are in a worse condition than myself. I am of a cheerful disposition and can always see the funny side of every situation even on the most solemn occasions, and I believe there is a silver lining to every cloud. No matter how dark the cloud I know the sun is shining.

Now dear sisters, a word of praise for my dearly beloved state, state old Virginia, the garden spot of the world to me. We have a delightful climate and no other state can raise a greater variety of things than Virginia and she can compete with any in severity and natural beauty of nature. It has to be seen to be appreciated.

Grandma, your letter in September number was grand.

Mrs. Schillier. Like you I think it would be pleasant as well as profitable for the sisters to discuss their favorite books and those they take the most pleasure in. I am a great reader and take a lively interest in a variety of reading matter. Though Rosa Nouchette Carey is my favorite author of fiction, I have read and have a great many of her books and have never read one but what is noble and grand indeed; yet told in a simple, easy style. Sisters, you who have never read any of her books have missed something good. Life. I have quite a little library but will never be satisfied until I have all of my favorite author's books. You need never be afraid to let any of your children read her books as there is nothing in them but what is noble and uplifting.

Try steaming your lamp chimneys, instead of washing them and see how much longer they last and give a much clearer, brighter light.

For inflammation of the bladder use water as hot as can be borne, once or twice a day and drink water that has been boiled. I have tried this and found much relief.

Sisters, my birthday is Feb. 18. I would enjoy and appreciate a shower or an avalanche of the white-winged messengers. Will answer all who wish if a stamp is enclosed, as my pocketbook is limited.

Won't tell you how old I am, will leave you to guess. I am under fifty and over thirty, and have no children living. Will call again if I am welcome. Yours for dear old COMFORT. MRS. E. J. STUTZ.

Mrs. Stutz.—Most assuredly you are welcome for we all admire courage and you seem to possess an abundance of that much-to-be-desired quality and I am positive that you will have the prayers of all readers for your recovery. Rest assured of mine. I, too, am an admirer of Rosa Nouchette Carey's works, though it would be hard to determine my favorite author. While I am deciding suppose we hear from other sisters as to their favorites and why.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

## How to Arrange for Spare Time

(CONTIN

# The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

## Bringing Down the Weight

**T**HIS fat girl! The girl who measures a little too much about the hips; who takes up her hand-mirror disconsolately to view the unpleasing cushion of fat just below the nape of the neck; whose gowns look too soft and shapeless across the bust, and who tips the scale at—but let's keep that a secret!

It is she to whom I mean to talk this month, for the burden of too much flesh is truly uncomfortable as well as unbecoming to one.

There are two royal roads to a slimmer, more graceful figure; one is diet; and the other, exercise.

I am quite aware that neither of these sound at all attractive to the girl who weighs too much, because if it had not been for her neglect of both she would not now be needing my advice. Yet I am going to assume that she is thoroughly in earnest in her desire to reduce her figure to normal size, and that she will therefore be willing to pay the price—which, in this case, means a little self-denial and some effort.

She must realize at the very beginning that certain foods make fat, and certain ones do not. Sugar, starch and fat produce fat in the body, and therefore should be eaten in very small quantities.

Under sugar come candies, cakes, rich sauces and puddings; under starches come bread, potatoes, rice; under fat come butter, cream, fat meat, gravies.

All of these that can be cut entirely out of our "fat girl's" diet, should be; and then others should be taken in minimum quantities.

It is easy to cut out all the articles I have named under sugar. "Easy to cut out candy!" cries Betty. Yes, easy, Betty dear, when you stop to think of what a graceful figure you mean to possess. But it is not as easy to omit sugar, itself, on oatmeal and fruits and in every other way. Try it, though dear girls, for this is the shortest road to reform!

Of course, fat meats and gravies you can cross off the list without a pang, but when it comes to potatoes—yes, I was sure Betty liked potatoes. How did I know? Why, the scale she weighed on told me! Nevertheless, Betty must stop eating potatoes for a time; eat only a very little butter; and if you can get along entirely without bread, so much the better. She can eat lean meats, green vegetables and fruit, but even here she must not gorge herself. If you were to put a big piece of meat on a plate, a saucer of string beans, and a helping of turnips, and some lettuce salad, and two dishes of berries, and a banana, and mix them all up, you would be appalled at asking any stomach to take them all at one time. Yet many Betties eat very much more than this, and don't think about it at all. Try to be moderate in the amount you eat, and eat only at the table. Do not drink while eating, but masticate every mouthful of food until it is practically liquid.

In the morning take the juice of a lemon in a glass of water on rising.

With these precautions as to diet, Betty will have taken the first step toward the goal of her desires.

The next thing for her to do is to exercise off some of those superfluous pounds which constitute her grievance.

The thing she must remember, here, is that perspiration is her most potent ally. The more she perspires, the sooner her pounds will flee away. Exercise will produce perspiration, and will help to burn up the superfluous tissue.

Almost any exercise will help Betty in her project, but the more arduous it is, the better will be the results. For this reason, the Beauty Crawl is perhaps the most effective. For this Betty should don bathing suit or pajamas—or even a union suit of underwear—and get down upon her hands and knees crawl around her bedroom as fast as her plump little knees will take her. Many a

slowly, let the heels sink very gradually to the ground again. Rise slowly and continue until the legs and feet begin to feel tired.

C. R. P.—There is no objection to your using the formulas in Comfort to put up creams, powders, etc., for sale.

A Southern Girl—Yes, the constant use of a strong astrigent is injurious to the skin. What are you using it for? If to close up open pores, it would be better to dash cold water on the face and to do this at intervals during the day. If you are using it to "reduce," it is not a desirable thing. Rather, cut down the amount of food you are eating, and omit fried foods and sweet things from your diet for a time. In answer to your question, the toilet vinegar is to be applied to the nose with a bit of absorbent cotton at night. If the skin is sensitive in the morning, rub in a little cold cream.

M. E. M.—You can buy toilet ammonia at your drug-store. Tell your druggist you wish to use it for toilet purposes.

Clarksville.—Aqua ammonia is obtainable at any drug-store and is diluted ammonia.

Blue Eyes.—You can remove hairs from the arms by anointing them with peroxide of hydrogen one day and aqua ammonia the next. If the ammonia irritates the skin, stop for a couple of days and resume again. Peroxide will bleach the hair and the ammonia after some months will kill the root.

M. F. M.—See answer to Blue Eyes. I am sorry it is against the rules of this department to express an opinion of proprietary articles such as you inquire about. Try the horseradish lotion for freckles.

### Horseradish Lotion

Horseradish root, one ounce; boiling water, one pint; borax, two drams.

Apply at night to freckles. If skin is sensitive, test the strength of this preparation on the arm before applying to the face.

Bessie L.—See answer to Blue Eyes. Blackheads are the result of letting the pores become clogged with dirt. To get rid of them scrub the face nightly with hot soapy water and a complexion brush, rinsing many times. Rub a little cold cream on the blackheads after scrubbing and use a comedone extractor to press them out. You can buy one at your drug-store for twenty-five cents. Then touch the pore with alcohol to close it up. Perfect cleanliness is essential to get rid of blackheads. For pimples, drink plenty of water, eat only at meals, avoid fried foods, greasy foods and sweets.

C. F. M.—Massage your nose nightly with a light pinching motion, beginning at the bridge of the nose and extending to the tip—the fingers being anointed with cold cream. This will help to reduce it.

Little Dove—If you will pay particular attention to your diet and to seeing that the bowels move freely daily, your brown spots may be improved. Drink, before breakfast, a glass of water in which has been squeezed the juice of one lemon without sugar. Eat fruits as much as possible—apples, stewed prunes, canned fruits (but the rich preserves), oranges, pineapple, etc. Pineapples either fresh or canned, would be good for you at least twice a week. It helps digest food. Take eight to ten glasses of water a day. Do you get plenty of exercise? You need it. Here is a good exercise to stimulate the liver:

Stand with your feet a little apart, arms extended above head. Then sweep forward with the body, extending the hands in which you may hold balls or dumb-bells as far back as possible between the calves, I would suggest that you take one or two tablespoonsfuls of castor oil once a month.

Just Twenty-six.—Your drawn skin and the fine wrinkles need some skin food and nightly massage. Use any good cold cream or the magnolia skin food (given below) and rub into the face thoroughly at night. Remember to rub the cheeks always away from, not toward, the chin, to massage around and around the eyes with the tips of the fingers, using very light touches under the eyes. You can use a rotary movement on the cheek, also, and always finish by gently and rapidly slapping the cheeks with the tips of the fingers. Do this every night. Every morning rub on cold cream, after washing and rinsing the face, but be sure to wipe the face, afterward very thoroughly with a towel. Are you being careful to eat plenty of good nourishing food and drink lots of water?

### Magnolia Skin Food

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; cocoanut oil, one ounce; tincture benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce. Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle, take from fire and add the benzoin and the orange-flower water, flusing it within an egg beater until cold.

Perplexed.—You will probably outgrow those freckles. If they are just under the eyes, I would not try to use a bleach on them, but just keep the skin well cared for with a complexion brush each night, and a good cold cream in the daytime. Then when summer comes again, be careful about wearing broad-brimmed hats or carrying a parasol.

For the oily hair try this: The night before shampooing use a medicine dropper or a small-mouthed bottle and drop olive oil all over your scalp. Spread it around the scalp gently with the finger, then put your hair up in a bath towel. In the morning, shampoo the hair thoroughly, and rinse many times. The olive oil will help get rid of the dandruff and in time help the oily condition of your hair. Shampoo regularly once in two weeks. Use a soap jelly instead of soap, made as follows:

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax, boil until mixture bubbles, then add two drops of geranium oil, put in covered jar and use as wanted.

Irene.—Yes, you weigh all together too much for your height. You need to lose at least fifty pounds, I expect you eat too many sweet things—now don't you?

You've simply got to cut out all candies, cakes, sweet puddings, sugar, and for a little while eat only very sensible things. You mustn't eat between meals—and, let me whisper, you should also reduce the amount you eat.

All you need for breakfast is an orange, two soft-boiled eggs and some crisp dry toast. Of course you ought to eat it without butter, but, if you think you must have butter it should be the littlest bit. For lunch—let me see, tomato toast and a dish of peas and a baked apple without sugar or cream, and no bread and butter; or a lamb chop and some string beans and some stewed prunes; or some other lunch which hasn't creamed things or gravies or sweets as a part of it; and for dinner you can have some lean meat, roasted or broiled, but no potatoes, some spinach or onions or stewed celery or squash; and for dessert, some pineapple or other fruits, or—just none at all! You see you're really got to work quite hard to get rid of these extra pounds. And you ought to join a gymnasium or a basket ball club, or a walking club or something else where you get a lot of good healthy exercises! Tell me just what you find yourself brave enough to do.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

### The Miracle of Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

I have learned to love him, but he is not going to tell me of it. I don't understand," and the thickly falling tears blurred out the stars and all thought of the beauty of the night, leaving only misery where there should have been light and peace.

The knowledge that two people love each other with all the intensity of their natures is as often the cause for tears as it is for radiant joy. And the woman who can understand the workings of a man's mind when she knows his love for her is strong as the "everlasting hills," has solved as large a problem, perhaps, as will ever be presented to her.

Jessie Lane could not understand and her days were full of questionings and her nights full of bitter weeping.

So the days slipped into the weeks and the weeks in turn became months.

Then one evening in the early winter he came to call.

Jessie was dressing to spend the evening with

some friends, when his card was brought to her. Stepping at once to the telephone, she explained that she was detained and could not join the group at cards.

When she entered the room where her caller was impatiently awaiting her, she seemed to radiate warmth and light and cheer.

In thinking of it afterwards, Fred wondered how much of it was due to her dress of soft rose pink.

Throughout the evening he was conscious, as never before, of her radiant personality. The very air of the room was charged with it. Every word she spoke, every tone of her voice was alive with this new quality. Her voice was a caress, her laughter full of contagious warmth.

He yearned to take her into his arms and hold her close, but he must turn the lock upon his heart and stifle his desire.

And when he was gone, Jessie threw herself upon her bed in an agony of weeping. How long she lay there she never knew but after a while she grew more calm. When she finally fell asleep, it was the deep slumber of sheer exhaustion. No dreams to disturb, no visions of delightful happenings—only a deep and restful sleep.

Those who have been under great strain of mind often wonder how they could have slept on with no restless dreams. But nature supplies her own remedies in our hour of extreme need.

The yearning for the woman he loved grew with the passing days, and as Fred sat, evening after evening, with his crippled sister it seemed sometimes as though he could never stand it. And yet how could he ask that peerless woman to take up his burdens? Ah, no! He would call once more and then efface himself from her life.

But what he utterly forgot was that the little atom called love often frustrates our best laid plans. Even Cupid is better to us than we deserve.

When Fred therefore was ushered into the cheerful living-room, Jessie was busy tying up Christmas packages which by now was only two weeks away.

"You are just in time, Mr. Bettinger, to help me," Jessie said gayly as she greeted him. "I wanted a good strong hand for these express boxes."

So they went to work, sorting out and wrapping up, and joking and laughing between times, and it was not until the table was entirely cleared and all the packages placed in an immense pile in the hall, that the two workers sat down to rest.

Something had been said about a gift sent to a bride who was to be married on Christmas Day, and Fred stated soberly, "That is something I must cut entirely out of my life."

"What is?" said Jessie, unconsciously aiding him in his determination to kill any interest in him which may have been awakened in his mind.

"Marriage," replied Fred.

"Marriage?" questioned Jessie in a dazed tone. Don't you ever expect to marry?" she asked a moment later with her heart beating wildly and her throat parched and dry with the effort she was making to keep her voice from betraying her emotion.

"No, I can never hope to marry," said Fred in a tone of sadness, "I cannot afford such a luxury. I should want to place the woman I loved in a home befitting her rare beauty. I would desire to take her on a wedding journey to some foreign land where she had never been, and my life is already full of burdens I could not ask her to share. Kathie needs all my spare time. Not since mother died have I had any vacation, but when Kathie needs me most I take a day or two off. My work is always planned ahead, so that if I am forced to stay at home, the business does not suffer in consequence. I am carrying a large life insurance, so if anything happens, my sister will never want for the comforts of life. My income is small and my expenses very large so I cannot get much ahead. I should desire to surround my loved one with every luxury and I cannot. No, the luxury of matrimony is not for me." Fred's tone had been growing stronger and his last words were uttered in a triumphant key. She knows everything now, he thought.

The fire had been burning low and Jessie arose to put on another log. No one ever touched the fire but Jessie. She loved to do it, she said, and others only made a bad matter worse. So Fred sat still and watched her as she worked over the blaze, until the flames shot up and the room was again full of light. He thought of course she had resumed her seat, and he was waiting to hear how she would receive his speech.

Suddenly he was conscious of a peculiar stillness. A stifled exclamation burst forth from his lips and he sprang to his feet.

Jessie was standing near his chair, though not touching it, and a wondrous beauty glowed in her features.

"You men seem to leave the woman entirely out of your reckoning," she began, in her sweet voice, "which is more than selfish, I think. You declare you will not marry or you will or will not do this or that, and you never seem to think the woman has any right to be heard. No, I am not a suffragette, only a woman who desires, as every true woman must, that in those things which make or mar her own happiness, she has a right to be heard. You say you will not marry. Yet you love me. I have known it for a long time. And I have learned to love you. How could I help it?"

Fred took an impulsive step forward but a gesture from her made him pause. He leaned his hand heavily on the table for he was still dazed by her opening words.

"And you very likely are aware that my greeting, when you call, is more than the mere cordiality of a hostess for her guest. Yet you calmly tell me that you will not marry, and forget that I have a right to be heard."

A little break in the sweet voice now and then, and a nervous pressure of the clasped fingers were the only outward signs of an intense inward emotion.

"You do not even ask whether or not I can put up with the conditions of your life. You deliberately and selfishly deny to yourself the home life you crave; you deny to your suffering sister another woman's love and devotion; and you deny to me, the right of choice. Oh, how blind and selfish you are!"

In her vehemence, she threw out her hands, and her voice grew firm, yet with the strain of an adorable sweetness undiminished.

"You think of marble palaces and grand wedding trips and costly jewels and rare treasures. They are not the essentials of life! They do not make happiness!"

Still gazing into the glowing fire, as she had done ever since she began, she continued in a lower tone. "Happiness is within you. There is no man or woman living who, having known the real joys of life, would exchange them for palaces, jewels, or any of the many non-essentials of our existence."

Fred still stood by the table leaning heavily upon it. Although still dazed, his mind was alert to every word uttered by that sweet voice. His eyes never left her face made radiant by her own high ideals. Tall and straight with her head carried proudly, she needed no support save her own moral courage.

"Shall I tell you what a woman considers essential and from what conditions of life she draws her happiness? First the home life, whether it be in her father's house or in the home of the man she loves. The life of serving those she loves, kind deeds and merry laughter, cheery words to those who need comfort, the hands that help, the lips that smile, the voices of prattling little ones, the tender ministrations to those who suffer, and the loving care of the aged. Self-sacrifice, self-denial and duty. The faith that draws its supplies from the inexhaustible mines of the Infinite, and the love, mercy, justice, truth and character which are the natural results. These are the things which make for happiness; these are the essentials of life."

"There is a line of an old song which reads, 'Home is where the heart is,' and it is very true. It is for the home in all its deep and sacred meaning that we women plead, for it is there that our truest happiness is found."



## 148 Pages of Styles

By Martha Lane Adams

Again I offer you my Style Book—my new Spring Book. It pictures 1,000 coming styles—the styles I like the best. It shows the new fabrics in colors. It tells all the news about dress. It quotes you

**Suits—Coats—Dresses—Waists  
Skirts—Hats—Shoes—Underwear  
All that Women and Children Need  
Also 300 Kinds of Piece Goods**

It shows you the savings I make by good buying and by selling direct. It quotes you prices which will average one-third less than elsewhere.

It tells you how I fit to measure and guarantee the fit. How I send all goods on approval, charges prepaid. And how I help you by my good advice.

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I open charge accounts with every customer. There is no red tape. I will open yours when you write for my Style Book, and will mail your credit card with the book.

Then you may order on credit. You may have things sent on approval. You may pay in seven payments 30 days apart, which means all-summer credit.

## Home Dressmaking Hints

### Forecasts for Mid-Winter Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



**F**ULL and flaring as personal taste desires, or long or short, with straight lines are the winter coat models. This season's modes are unusually smart in style. New surplice basques are shown, with plain or bishop sleeves. There is also a new redingote known as the "chemise" redingote, that is excellent for slender figures. It may be worn over a blouse of net and skirt of self or contrasting material. One sees sleeveless evening bodices, and some with just a touch of drapery at the arm-scye. With the snug-fitting evening basques, one sees in "quaint" style, full flounced skirts of lace, net and other soft fabrics.

Princess effects are noticeable and there is a possibility of short-waisted styles in the near future.

Fur-trimmed waists, tunics and wraps are shown, and braid in abundance is used on gowns of every character.

Skirts are becoming shorter and fuller, with extra width gained by plaits, gathers or circular shaping. Then too there are other models in plaited effects flaring out in bell-like forms. These plaited styles are usually hung from yokes.

Moyenage gowns are smart for young girls for evening wear.

Popular long-waisted dresses for little girls have gored or plaited skirts.

#### Pattern Descriptions

**ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH  
Unless Other Price Is Stated**

**1164—Ladies' Coat.** This design will look well in any of the many new coat weaves, in reversible plaids, cheviots, astrakhan cloth, caracul and similar cloakings. The coat is cut in redingote style, with flaring skirt sections. The sleeve is set in the arm-scye.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires four and one half yards of 34-inch material for a 36-inch size.

**9886—Ladies' House Dress** in raised or normal waistline, with long or shorter sleeve. This design would be pretty in figured lawn or dimity, or in a neat percale pattern.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and one quarter yards of 40-inch material for a 34-inch size.

**1157—Ladies' Waist** with or without chemise, and with long or short sleeve. For a trim, neat and becoming style, nothing quite equals a smart tailored shirt-waist. It lends itself so well to most dress materials, and is ever comfortable and desirable. The sleeve in either length effect is stylish, and the pattern provides a chemise for high neck effect.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires three and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

**1169—A Simple Up-to-date Model.** The lines of this attractive design are simple and it is easy to develop. The closing is in coat style. The model will be equally suitable for charmeuse, satin, velvet, lace, net, madras, linen or flannel.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size.

**1168-1117—A Simple Dress of Quiet Elegance.** Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1117. This smart model is comprising Ladies' Waist Pattern 1168 and good for serge, velvet, corduroy, cashmere, crepe or voile. The waist is in simple shirt style with a new collar and coat closing. The skirt is trimmed with a tunic portion over the back, that forms a bounce at the sides and front.

The waist pattern is cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and the skirt in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires seven and one quarter yards of 40-inch material for a medium size. Two separate patterns, 10c for each pattern.

**1148—Boys' Russian Blouse Suit and Knickerbockers.** This trim little suit is splendid for serge or flannel, and equally good for galatea, linene or gingham. The blouse is finished with a "Dickens" collar, and the sleeve is plaited at the wrist.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires two and seven eighths yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

**1144—Ladies' Apron with Princess Front.** This desirable model has shoulder straps that extend over the front and form deep convenient pockets. The model is good for gingham, sateen, cambric, lawn, percale or dril.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires four and seven-eighths yards of 27-inch material for a medium size.

**1160—Ladies' Skirt with Yoke.** For broadcloth, cashmere, serge, satin, poplin, or crepe this model is equally desirable. The front and back portions are stitched in tuck effect over panel sections. A shaped yoke is added, that may be omitted.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires four and one quarter yards of 4-inch material for a 24-inch size.

**1145—A Practical Comfortable Apron.** This attractive model is cut with raglan sleeve portions to which the back and front portions are joined. The pattern is good for percale, lawn, seersucker, gingham, drill, alpaca or sateen.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large, and requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

**1167—Girls' Dress** in high or square neck outline, and with long or short sleeve. This style is equally good for serge, cashmere, corduroy, messaline, plaid or checked suiting, challis, voile or wash materials. The back laps over the front at the shoulder, where it forms pointed tabs, that may be omitted. A deep plait in panel effect outlines the front and forms part of the skirt, which has plaits also at the sides and back.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three yards of 44-inch material for an eight-year size.

**1160—Girls' Dress with Sleeve** in either of two lengths. Plaid suiting, serge, voile, poplin, wool mixtures or neat Shepherd checks, are equally appropriate. The skirt a three-piece model, has a lap tuck in front.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size.

**1158—Ladies' Costume for Maternity or Invalid Wear.** This design is graceful and effective. It is made with surplice front and yoke portions to which full sections are added. The large arm-scye is most comfortable, and a good style feature. The plaited tunic is joined to the waist, and the entire garment is so arranged as to give ease and comfort and also to admit of extending the waist size. The underskirt is a two-piece model.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five yards of 44-inch material for the waist and tunic, and two and one half yards for the skirt for a 36-inch size.

**9881—Girls' One-piece Dress in Balkan Style.** This design is effective for linen, chambrey, ratine, voile, crepe, seersucker or percale. The sailor collar and simple bishop sleeve are popular style features.

Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

**1146—A Comfortable Negligee or Lounging**

Robe. The shaped yoke is cut with the sleeve combined, and is joined to the body portions. Flannelette, silk, lawn or organdie are all suitable for this design.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large.

**9882—Ladies' Shirt-waist** with long or shorter sleeve. Lingerie materials, madras, crepe, flannel, satin, silk, velvet or corduroy may be used for this design, which shows some new style features.

It requires five and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for the medium size, in full length style, or two and one half yards of 36-inch material for the medium size, in sack length.

**9881—Ladies' Shirt-waist** with long or shorter sleeve. Lingerie materials, madras, crepe, flannel, satin, silk, velvet or corduroy may be used for this design, which shows some new style features.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for 36-inch size.

**1163—Ladies' House Dress**, with sleeve in either of two styles, and in raised or normal waistline. This garment is cut on simple lines, and

requires five and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for the medium size, in full length style, or two and one half yards of 36-inch material for the medium size, in sack length.

**1168—Ladies' House Dress**, with long or shorter sleeve. Lingerie materials, madras, crepe, flannel, satin, silk, velvet or corduroy may be used for this design, which shows some new style features.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for 36-inch size.

**1169—Ladies' House Dress**, with long or shorter sleeve. Lingerie materials, madras, crepe, flannel, satin, silk, velvet or corduroy may be used for this design, which shows some new style features.

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## Jokes and Anecdotes of Abraham Lincoln

### Lincoln's Letter to a Little Girl

A MONG the stories that never fail to please the patriotic American boys and girls is one of the President of the United States carrying a trunk on his shoulder to the depot, for a little girl whom the cab driver had forgotten and who was about to miss her train.

Another equally pleasing is that of this same great statesman, Abraham Lincoln, letting his whiskers grow to please a child who wrote asking him to do so, suggesting that she thought he would be better looking.

Recently visiting a friend in Delphos, a small town in central Kansas, I was very much interested when my hostess told me that Grace Bedell who wrote this letter, lived in Delphos, the wife of Mr. Billinger, the banker of that town, and that Mr. Lincoln's reply was still in her possession.

So, before leaving, I went to see this lady, hoping that she would show the letter to me, so that I could tell all the boys and girls about it what the children's page.

Mrs. Billinger was very courteous and answered all my questions as politely as if I had been the first person that had visited her home on this mission, although I was told that hundreds of people call on her every year.

It was during Mr. Lincoln's first campaign she told me, that, when a child of twelve years, her father, a radical Republican, brought her a picture of his favorite candidate. It was a coarse exaggeration, of a type common at that time, and certainly anything but handsome.

Two Democratic brothers twitted her unmercifully on the homely face of her choice for the presidency.

"I was both grieved and annoyed," says Mrs. Billinger, "so I finally decided to write to Mr. Lincoln and tell him that I thought that he would be better looking if he would let his whiskers grow. Adding that if he would do so I would try to induce my two brothers to vote for him. Can you imagine anything more ridiculous?" laughed this lady pleasantly. "Then, thinking that he would have no time to bother with me, I told him to let his little girl answer my letter. My triumph, on receiving a reply in Mr. Lincoln's own hand, knew no bounds. But this was not all. When, as president-elect, he passed through our home town, on his way to the inauguration, he asked a man who accompanied him, whose home was also at Westfield, if he knew our family. He told of my letter and said it was so different from the multitude of letters that came to him daily—asking for office or threatening assassination—that it was a real pleasure to receive it.

"Mr. Lincoln made a short speech at Westfield and at its conclusion, he said that he had a little friend in the town and asked for me. Of course there was a great crowd present but kind friends helped me through the multitude and lifted me on to the platform.

"Mr. Lincoln, touching his whiskers, said: 'You see, I am wearing these for you Grace. Then he shook my hand, heartily and kissed me.'

Mrs. Billinger also told me that so many people had requested to see the letter that it was in danger of utter destruction. So she had had it framed and hung in the window of her husband's bank, in full view of the public, so that all who wished might see it.

"Did you succeed in inducing your brothers to vote for your candidate?" I asked as I was leaving.

Mrs. Billinger laughed pleasantly.

"No, I did not," she replied, "but you may be sure in after years they wished that they had. So I had my revenge after all."

We found the much sought souvenir, whether we had been directed, in the bank window. Of course I made a copy of the letter to show my boys and girls. Here it is:

"SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Oct. 19, 1860.

"MISS GRACE BEDELL:  
"My dear Little Miss:—Your very agreeable letter of the fifteenth is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons, one seventeen, one nine, and one seven years of age. They, with their mother, constitute my whole family. As to the whiskers, having never worn them, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affection if I should begin now?

"Your very sincere well-wisher,

"A. LINCOLN."

### Lincoln and the Bible

His intimate friend, Judge Joshua Speed, who was skeptically inclined, says he once called on Lincoln and found him reading the Bible.

"Yes," said Lincoln, "I am profitably engaged in reading the Bible. Speed, take all of this book on reason that you can, and the balance on faith,





# Edna's Secret Marriage

By Charles' Garvice

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Weston, old and wealthy, knowing he has but a few days to live, sends for Richard Burdon, his lawyer. Remembering a debt he owes Charles More, he revokes a will in favor of a younger brother's child and makes a new one, disposing of the lives and hearts of two, and leaves it for Mr. Burdon to carry out his bequests. The banker is found dead the next morning. Sixteen years later Sir Cyril More with wealth squandered and no aim in life, finds himself at Lucerne, Switzerland, where he meets Edna Weston, who has only Aunt Martha. Edna inquires of Sir Cyril if he knows Richard Burdon. Her father, on his death-bed charges her to go to him the first of the following September. Edna and her aunt board at the Pension, a Swiss boarding house and Sir Cyril leaves the Grand for the Pension Petre.

CHAPTER III.

DINNER AT THE PENSION.

**I**T is the dinner hour at the Pension Petre, and on either side of the long table the hungry boarders are awaiting their soup, some chattering, some silent, but all impatient.

At the head of the table sits madame herself, arrayed in a black bombazine—why do all keepers of boarding houses, English or foreign, run to bombazine?—and affably anxious.

Behind her and about her generally sit the six maid-servants, and the one manservant, Adolphe, the ubiquitous, also is here, there and everywhere, and is now ladling out the soup.

It is rather a motley crew—the long lines of men and women who have put up at the comfortable Swiss Pension, and not unworthy of some modern Leech; but attractive as their viva and humorous modern characteristics were, the eye of the person who should be fortunate enough to enter at the moment would have been drawn and riveted to the face and figure of Edna Weston.

Pure and maidenly and beautiful as only a good-looking English girl can be, she sits at the center of the table facing the door, calmly sits listening to the babel around her, and at times turning her shapely head to speak to a white-haired, handsome old lady who sat at her side.

Swiftly and impartially the soup is served; Adolphe, hot and breathless, is prepared to stand at ease, at least for a moment, when the door opens and in walks—with that inimitable air of self-possest nonchalance which is the birthright of the English aristocrat—no other than wicked Sir Cyril.

Madame Petre sees him and nods to Adolphe. "The gentleman, Adolphe—you have a place reserved? That is good."

Adolphe whisked his napkin over his arm, makes an elaborate series of bows, and amidst a dead silence and under the direct and most inquisitive gaze of sixty pairs of eyes, conducts the English gentleman to a seat next Miss Weston.

Edna looked up with a smile as he entered; she looks up at his face now with the same smile, full of calm, maidenly pleasure, nothing more. Instantly the soft eyes focus themselves upon her. "You see," says Cyril, unfolding his napkin and taking up his spoon; "I have come."

"Yes," she says; "I hope you will be comfortable."

"There is no doubt of it," he responded; "I have seen my room, I have stood upon my balcony, and I am content."

Edna smiles again, then turns to the old lady by her side.

"This, aunt," she says, "is the gentleman of whom I spoke to you yesterday; he was not comfortable at his hotel, and has come to try the Pension Petre."

Aunt Martha peers at him amicably and nods.

"Very comfortable here, my dear Edna—yes, very comfortable. I hope Mr. ——"

There is a moment's pause, Cyril has his spoon to his mouth—both pair of eyes, the old and young, are turned to him. Why does he not answer? What is the matter with him? Has he forgotten his own name? It would almost seem so, for when he does speak in answer to the looked inquiry, he says:

"Mr. Harold—Harold Payne."

"I think you will be comfortable, Mr. Payne," says Aunt Martha; "have you been in Lucerne before?"

Mr. Harold—Mr. Harold Payne—replies that he has not, and a conversation, geographical and discursive, ensues between them, and Edna sits and listens, so, it must be added, do almost all the rest of the people. Presently Edna is conscious that Aunt Martha has relinquished him, and that he is speaking to herself.

"Now that I have come I hope you will play the cicerone, and throw the light on some of my fellow pensioners," he says.

Edna smiles.

"Oh, you must learn to know them for yourself; they are very well worth knowing—some of them."

"I don't doubt it," says Cyril, looking down the table. "Who is that stout gentleman at the end—by Jove! he is never asleep!"

"No, not quite, only almost," says Edna; "but pray be more reverent. That is a baron—a real, live German baron. Oh, we are very proud of him, and indeed, he is very wise, when he is awake, which is not often excepting at meal times."

"And the lady next him?"

"An authoress; she wrote 'The Tears of Hermione,' a volume of poetry—do you know it?"

"No," says Cyril. "Can't say I've read much poetry. Has she written anything else? I should like something more cheerful. 'The Groans of Clytemnestra,' or something of that sort, more in my line."

Edna represses a smile; she is not ill-natured, but is blessed, evidently, with a keen sense of the humorous.

"Please go on," says Cyril, and she runs through the *dramatis personae*, English, French, German.

"That is so-and-so, and those two young ladies are the Miss Robinsons; they are very nice, and so very clever. They paint, and sing, and play anywhere and everywhere."

"They look up suddenly; he is shutting out their light; and Aunt Martha smiles a welcome."

"Is that you, Mr. Payne?"

Cyril is almost guilty of a start. That beastly name!

"Yes, it is I, Miss Weston. I mayn't come in, I suppose?"

Aunt Martha smiles, and makes room for him; and he is about to fling his cigar away when she stops him.

"You are not used to continental ways, Mr. Payne; anybody may smoke anywhere in Switzerland."

"You do not mind—you are sure?" he says, and then sinks on to the seat, the picture of both contentment and laziness. "You are both very busy," he says, watching, with a subtle kind of reverence, Edna's little pink fingers as they ply the needle.

"Playing at being busy," remarks Aunt Martha. "You see, we cannot smoke like you gentlemen, I sometimes think it is almost a pity."

"It's not too late to learn," says Cyril, and the speech does not sound impertinent, as it would coming from most men.

Edna looks up for the first time.

"The Polish countess who lived opposite us in Geneva smoked cigarettes all day."

"You have been living in Geneva?" says Cyril,

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he does not know, and he lives at—at Shooter's Hill—yes, Shooter's Hill."

Cyril sighs.

"Where is that?"

Edna laughs her soft, usual laugh.

"You ask me that! You, a Londoner; and I know nothing of it!"

"I forget," he says, "but upon my word I don't know where it is. Shall we ask him?"

"Not on my account," says Edna; and he fancies that there is a slight touch of color on her cheek, and the fancy makes his next glance across at the young donkey a more marked one. But Cyril bites upon the truth at once.

"That young idiot of a shop boy has been trying to make himself agreeable, and she has resented it. Serves him right."

The descriptive catalogue, however, is brought to a close; several other people have cut in and taken his conversational prize from him, and wicked Sir Cyril goes on with his dinner.

It is not a bad dinner, he is compelled to admit

It is more cheerful than the table d'hote at the Grand, with all its silver plate and solemn funeral waiters: there is a charm about it that he does not understand or account for, until the little maiden beside him rises, gives him a quiet, graceful little bow, and leaves with the rest of the ladies. Then he understands it, and although he has half a bottle of excellent Pontet Canet still left, the charm has gone. There remain behind to console him, however, the baron, two English clergymen, an Italian priest and Mr. Howley Jones. Babel, for a time silenced by the immovable courses, is now arisen again; but above all the chatter—French, German, Swiss and English—rises Mr. Howley Jones' "Haw, haw! my guy's place at Shooter's Hill, my friend Lord Bottley, my gun, my horse, my daws!"

Cyril looks across at him with quiet amusement and curiosity. He has seen this kind of young gentleman, the mock "swell" only at a distance hitherto, and he decides that at a nearer acquaintance he is entertaining—yes, decidedly entertaining—for a time.

Cyril finishes his bottle and strolls out, cigar in hand, into the garden.

It is a delightful spot, all green and shady, a series of beehived terraces running down to the road that stretches along the hill above the lake, which lies beneath him, glittering in the sinking sun, with that peculiar greenish sheen which belongs to Lake Lucerne and no other.

Cyril lights his cigar, and strolls backward and forward. For the first time since he can remember, for, oh, a very long time back, he is not bored. What a charming, innocent little child-woman she is—what a pure, truthful—then, at reflection, he pulls up short. Yes, she is truthful enough, but what about himself? He is conscious, as he asks himself the question, of feeling uncomfortable. He has given them a false name. It was all very well to give the name of Harold Payne at the Grand; there was a fair reason for the concealment of his right one there. His name

curious and interested in anything pertaining to them.

"Yes," says Aunt Martha, with a little sigh; "we have been living in Geneva for years. I sometimes think that I have forgotten England."

"Aunt!" exclaims the girl, with the color in her cheeks and a soft, indignant light in her eyes.

"Well, that England has forgotten us; and yet we used to be well known, Mr. Payne. Perhaps you may have heard of the Westons?"

As she speaks, one of those odd flashes, indistinct and fleeting, cross his mind. The Westons, the Westons—where has he heard of them? The name seems familiar. But, after a moment's struggle, Cyril, whose memory is terribly bad, and whose eventful career has served to blot out his earlier years from his mind, gives it up as a bad job.

"I don't think I can remember, though I seem to have heard the name," he replies.

"Just so," says the old lady, with a resigned sigh; "we are forgotten. Yes, Mr. Payne, we have been living abroad for a very long time—as long as Edna can remember. Her father was a great student and a recluse, and shunned his fellow countrymen. Give him his books and leave him to his quiet, and always Edna, of course, and he was happy."

Cyril listened with an interest which was deeper than he had ever experienced before, with an interest that surprises him; he glances at the sweet, thoughtful face and feels quite uncomfortable at the sight of the one little tear that rolls slowly down her cheek. It may be safely asserted that it is the first woman's tear that has ever touched him.

"Edna," continues the old lady, "told you something of our mysterious return to England, I think—"

Cyril inclines his head respectfully.

"She is but a child in the ways of the world," resumes the old lady, who for all her years is quite childishly unsuspicious and ingenuous.

"I ought not to have wearied Mr. Payne—bored—that is the word, isn't it?"

"You did not bore me," says Cyril, earnestly, his brows as grave as a judge's. "Don't think that; if I could be of any service to you—"

"I thank you so much," says Aunt Martha, warmly, but I do not think anyone can help us, excepting this Mr. Richard Burdon, and he will not do it—we cannot ask him until the first of September. My brother was a strange man, very reserved; he knew a great number of well-born people in England; we are not lowly-born ourselves, Mr. Payne—"

"My dear aunt," breaks in Edna, blushingly.

"My dear Edna, you are quite right. Mr. Payne need not be afraid I am going to give him our family pedigree. I merely say that there may be some strange history awaiting us concerning other persons as well as ourselves; well, well, I am an old gossip. Mr. Payne, with a legitimate secret to chatter about. Edna, have you any more cotton?—no, dear. I will fetch it myself; indeed, I have a letter or two to write."

Edna rises also, but glances at the lake below her wistfully. It is a shame to leave the open air—the grateful shade of the green arbor for the hot room. She looks at her aunt, and the old lady quite innocently says:

"Don't stay out after the tea bell has rung," and disappears.

Cyril, who has been stretched on wires for the last minute, heaves a sigh of relief and satisfaction as Edna sinks back into her seat. But Aunt Martha seems to have taken all the conversation with her, for there is a profound silence.

Now is the time, thinks Cyril, to make his confession, and, if possible, to gain forgiveness and condonation.

He looks up at her, it is scarcely necessary to say that he has got his long limbs into a comfortable position, almost reclining on the rustic seat. Cyril never sat upright in his life where it was at all possible to lie down. He looks at the pure face, so serene in its unsuspecting innocence, so full of that dignity which purity alone can give, and he hesitates.

He who hesitates is lost. Before he has time to form another resolution to be broken, voices make themselves heard close at the back, in another arbor, in fact, and Cyril puts off the confession to a more convenient season.

The newcomers are of the male sex—that is evident, for if there had been a woman her voice would have been heard, and before a few minutes have passed, one voice, which Cyril recognizes as Mr. Howley Jones', is above the rest, and silences them.

"The garden seems a general rendezvous," says Cyril.

"Yes, it is pleasant here," replies Edna; "one can see the lake so plainly, and it is always beautiful. And it is shady; these arbors keep off the sun."

"Yes, they are sun-proof enough; it's a pity they are not sound proof, also."

Edna looks up and smiles.

"Ah, yes, one can hear very plainly."

"That is Mr. Howley Jones' voice, if I am not mistaken?" says Cyril, interrogatively.

Edna listens a moment.

"Yes, that is Mr. Jones. He is rather fond of talking."

"So it seems," says Cyril. "I never could understand what fellows who are given to chattering have to talk about."

"Their experiences, perhaps," says Edna; "most people have some more or less varied. Mr. Jones is recounting some of his now."

"I don't doubt it," acquiesces Cyril. "May I light another cigar?"

Cyril inclines her head, and he strikes a light. As he does so, Mr. Jones' voice, complacently confidential, comes distinctly through the leaves, and a word or name, falling on Cyril's ears, causes him to raise his head, and almost drop the match; not quite, however, for Cyril has admirable command over his emotions, and is seldom guilty of revealing them.

He lights his cigar, leans back into his old attitude of repose, and listens. Edna listens, too—there is nothing else to be done, and there is no eavesdropping in it, for Mr. Jones is only too grateful at all times for an attentive audience; and that he has an attentive audience now is only too palpable, his listeners are profoundly and interestingly silent.

CHAPTER IV.

QUESTIONS AND THE QUESTIONED.

"Know Sir Cyril More?" Mr. Jones is saying. "I should rather think I did! Why, Cyril and I are old chums. We are never apart when I'm in town. I wish he was here now, dear old fellow!"

Cyril leans his head upon his arm and looks languidly toward the back of the arbor.

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# GENERAL MARION

Famous Night Rider and Dreaded Raider who was a Scourge to the British Invaders and Terror to the Tory Traitors in the Revolution

Who Made Good His Motto  
"LIBERTY OR DEATH"

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**F**RANCIS Marion was born at Winyah, near Georgetown, South Carolina, in 1732, the year of Washington's birth. His grandfather was one of the French Protestants who, like the Pilgrims, fled to America to escape persecution for their religion. His father was a farmer, and Francis followed the same calling. Soon after coming of age he established himself on a plantation of his own in Bell Isle, near Eutaw Springs, S. C., and made it his home through life.

As a young man he served, like Washington, in the French and Indian wars in which he gained distinction for bravery and acquired the military experience which fitted him to cope successfully with the most skillful British officers in the Revolutionary War.

One of his earliest exploits, in which he displayed the conspicuous skill and gallantry that marked his career as a citizen soldier, was leading a small party of picked men in a forlorn-hope charge against a large body of hostile Indians. He was a young lieutenant when selected for this service so extremely perilous



that there was little expectation that he and his companions could come through alive. Keeping under cover he stealthily crept near to the savages unobserved, then he and his men rushed on them with such suddenness and fury that their enemies were thrown into confusion. This gave the rest of our army the desired opportunity for a successful attack which resulted in the defeat of the Indians.

As a member of the South Carolina legislature, after the battle of Lexington in 1775, he cast his vote in favor of the resolution for that colony to join the New England colonies in the war for liberty which they had started against the oppression of the mother country.

He helped recruit, and was commissioned captain in one of the first three regiments raised by South Carolina for the Revolutionary War.

His company composed a part of the gallant little garrison that successfully defended Fort Moultrie against the first attack of the British fleet and saved Charleston from capture at that time. And as the defeated ships were retiring after a fierce battle of eleven hours, with his own hands he fired a parting shot from a cannon so well aimed that it raked the British commander's ship killing two officers in the cabin and three sailors forward.

For some time after this battle he continued in command of Fort Moultrie, but saw no more of the enemy while he remained there.

His next service was under General Lincoln in the siege of Savannah which ended in the desperate, though unsuccessful attack of the American and French forces against

the British army that held the city. In the fore front of the assaulting column Captain Marion bravely led his men and charged through a storm of shot and shell to the very mouths of the enemy's cannon, where, after a terrible sacrifice of life in the attempt, it was found that the fortifications were too strong to be taken by assault.

The French then sailed away in their ships, and General Lincoln, deprived of their support, had to abandon the siege. So he led his army to Charleston to defend that city against the

Among those who earned a hero's name on the battle-fields of the Revolution there was no braver, truer or more devoted patriot than Brigadier-General Francis Marion.

He was a unique character, and his exploits have a tinge of romance and savor of daring that make them more interesting than those of most of the generals of that war.

His achievements were as important as those of some who attained higher rank and greater renown.

Because the troops that he commanded were rarely numerous enough to be called an army, historians have not given his name the prominence that it deserves on the scroll of fame.

He labored and fought under the most trying conditions and discouraging difficulties, and accomplished results that in proportion to the forces and means at his command are unsurpassed.

It is good to draw inspiration from his noble character and splendid career.

second British attack. Marion went with him and but for a strange accident would have fallen into the hands of the enemy when Lincoln, after stubbornly resisting until his ammunition and provisions were exhausted, was compelled to surrender the city with his entire army to a largely superior British force.

#### *His Aversion to Liquor Cost Him a Broken Leg but Saved Him from being Taken Prisoner*

The curious incident, which providentially saved him for his country's service, illustrates Marion's abstemious habits and strength of character.

Soon after his arrival at Charleston Marion, with some of his brother officers, was being entertained by a convivial resident of that city who set out a plentiful supply of liquor and then locked the doors, refusing to permit any of his guests to leave the house until they had partaken liberally of his exhilarating refreshments. From principle Marion was a total abstainer from intoxicants and, to escape the unpleasant predicament of this occasion without offending his host, dropped quietly from a second story window, but in so doing broke his leg. This ended his usefulness for the time being, and so he was sent to a place of safety in the country before the British forces had completely surrounded the city. Thus he was in retirement, still suffering from the effect of this accident, when the surrender of Lincoln's army left Georgia and the Carolinas at the mercy of the British until the arrival of General Gates's army from Virginia. Meanwhile British detachments raided the southern country in every direction, and Marion barely escaped capture by taking refuge in a swamp until he recovered.

When able to get about again, he raised a volunteer troop of twenty horsemen, each man providing his own horse, arms and equipment, which latter was indeed pitifully scanty. With this squadron he set out to join General Gates's army which was on the march coming from Virginia. Marion and his men, with their rough clothes and irregular equipment, were ridiculed by the army and scoffed at by the vain and conceited Gates. Yet if the latter had kept Captain Marion with him as a guide and adviser he would have been spared the crushing

#### "LIBERTY OR DEATH" His Motto

Gates was a major-general commanding a Continental army by commission from Congress, while Marion served as captain of militia under a commission from his native State.

Marion's absence from this fatal field is due to the fact that shortly before the battle he had been promoted by the governor of South Carolina to the rank of brigadier-general of militia and given command of the volunteer cavalry which was being enlisted at Williamsburg. His personal popularity and military record were such that he easily enlisted the men to serve under his leadership although the State was unable to provide funds to arm and equip them. They wore no uniform but were clad in homespun shirts, buckskin breeches and leather caps, and each man brought from home his trusty hunting rifle, knife and powder horn, and many of them provided their own horses. They had no sabers except such as some of them made out of sawmill saws. They were destitute of blankets, tents and baggage but rode the faster on that account. They knew little of military drill or maneuvers but were expert woodsmen and sharpshooters, which were the best qualifications for the desultory kind of warfare required of them in that wild, rough region. Their medicine chest was scantily supplied and rarely was a surgeon with them; consequently in many cases their wounded died for lack of surgical treatment. They were hard riders, dashing and bold fighters. They volunteered for the defense of their State, their families and their homes which were threatened by merciless foreign invaders and by treacherous and more cruel Tory neighbors. By their valiant deeds they exemplified the famous motto "LIBERTY OR DEATH" which their commander wore inscribed on a silver crescent on the front of his leather hat. General Marion was clothed as coarsely as his men and wore little if any visible insignia of his rank.

To this band of heroes fell the responsibility and hopeless task of holding back the victorious British armies and suppressing the uprising of the Tories that threatened to conquer the Carolinas after the surrender of General Lincoln, at Charleston, and the practical destruction of General Gates's army at Camden.



LIEUTENANT MARION LEADING THE FOLORN-HOPE CHARGE AGAINST THE INDIANS.

defeat that soon befell him and nearly wiped out his army in the battle of Camden. But General Gates was so puffed up by his capture of Burgoyne's army in the north, the credit for which was due his subordinates, that he would not take counsel of his officers in this campaign and blundered into the trap the British had set for him. Marion, had he been there, undoubtedly would have given his life in battle, as did the brave DeKalb, fighting desperately to save the panic-stricken remnant of Gates's routed army from annihilation.

Our armies in the northern and middle States having all they could do to hold the enemy in check in those sections, the South was left practically defenseless, at this time, with all our southern coast cities in undisputed possession of British armies and no adequate American force at hand to oppose their march into the interior where the Tories were plotting and preparing to rise and join our foreign foes.

#### *A Word about the Hated Tories*

Not all the inhabitants of the United Ameri-

can colonies were loyal to the cause of liberty. More or less of the people in every section of our country sided with the British in the war for independence, and these were called Tories or royalists because they favored the King. The Tories were troublesome everywhere, but in the South they were so numerous and active as to be dangerous. In the North vigorous measures had suppressed their activities or, as in New England, had driven them to take refuge in Canada. The Tories assisted the British by every possible means, some enlisting in the King's armies; but these were less dangerous than those that remained at home to act as spies or where sufficiently numerous, as in the South, organized themselves into bands to ravage the country with fire and sword, pillaging and even murdering their patriotic neighbors. The Tories were more intensely hated than the British, and not without reason, for they were more cruel and wantonly destructive when opportunity offered.

Thus threatened by British invaders and by Tory traitors in their midst the southern



CAPTAIN MARION ESCAPES FROM BOOZY FRIENDS.

patriots were near to despair, and for a while Marion and his men were all they had to depend on.

#### *His Bold and Skillful Strategy in Withstanding Superior Forces*

In numbers, arms and equipment they were so fearfully overmatched by the veteran British armies fully provided with artillery and all the best war material of the day, that it would have been disastrous for them to encounter the full strength of their enemies on the open field of battle.

Knowing this full well, General Marion resorted to strategem to take the enemy at a disadvantage by sudden and unexpected raids, night attacks and skillfully laid ambuscades.

His spies kept him informed of every movement of the British troops and every attempt of the Tories. When least expected, from ambush he would strike the British on the march, inflicting heavy loss and dashing away with prisoners before they could rally for resistance, or would charge into their camps at night like a whirlwind of destruction and do his deadly work before they could recover from their surprise, and if they dispatched a detachment from the main force to ravage the country or organize the Tories he was sure to waylay it and capture or drive it back in confusion. Thus he impeded the activities of the British and so awed the Tories that they dared not attempt much organized or open hostility when he was within striking distance.

The narration of his many gallant and almost incredible exploits would make this sketch too long so we must be content with the description of a few which will give our readers an idea of his untiring energy, hardihood, resourcefulness, quickness of action and courage.

#### *"Ball," His Superb Horse Won from a Tory*

His first mount was unsatisfactory, but he soon found a horse exactly to his liking and, being owned by a Tory, he appropriated it to his own use as spoil of war. This superb animal, strong, tough, spirited and swift as the wind,

was also daring and intelligent. When on night raids the horses of his troopers balked on a river bank and could not be urged into the deep, dark water. "Ball" (the Tory prize) would boldly dash in and swim across with his rider and then all the others would follow his lead.

Marion's first expedition was against a large camp of Tories enlisted in the British service at Butler's Neck; and on this occasion he gave his men a foretaste of the arduous kind of service he expected of them. Riding all night he came on the enemy in the early morning and charged with such suddenness and fury that the terrified Tories fled.

An incident of this attack illustrates the daring spirit that pervaded Marion's men. A trooper named James (later Major James), who rode a swift horse, made a dash at Major Gainey, the Tory commander, and chased him at such speed that he soon left his companions far behind and out of sight. He was gaining on the Major and at the end of half a mile had nearly overtaken him. Leaning forward with sword outstretched and eyes intently fixed on the object of his pursuit, he did not notice the company of Tories, that had rallied to the rescue of their commander in the road before him, until he was so close upon them that it was too late to turn back. Death or capture at their hands would have been his fate had he not succeeded in working a bold bluff which he had the presence of mind to attempt. Without slackening his impetuous outset, he brandished his sword in air and, casting a backward glance as though he was charging at the head of a whole troop, shouted: "Come on boys; here they are!" The Tories were deceived by the ruse and fled precipitately to escape the dreaded sabers of his imaginary followers.

In Marion's brigade were five James brothers, all gallant and sturdy patriots, and we wonder if some of our readers may have the honor of tracing their ancestry to one or other of them.

After resting his men and horses, Marion pushed on in search of another large body of Tories, but when he found them they were in too strong a position to be attacked successfully. So he concealed his troop in ambush until the unsuspecting enemy came out and marched by his hiding place when he attacked so unexpectedly that they became panic stricken and scattered in every direction. He delivered this blow without losing a man.

#### Desperate Situation after the Defeat of General Gates

Soon after this he heard of the calamitous defeat of Gates at Camden, and learned from his scouts that a British detachment bringing American prisoners from the battle-field was coming down the Santee River. By a hurried night march he reached a narrow defile through which they would pass and there, at daybreak, attacked in front and rear so hotly that the guard fled after firing but one volley. By this bold stroke he captured twenty-four British soldiers and liberated a hundred and fifty Americans.

Marion and his rough riders were the only force then remaining in that section of the South to resist the overwhelming power of the British; yet were they not dismayed but rather spurred to more strenuous exertions by the dangers and difficulties that beset them. Avoiding battle with the main army of the enemy which would have put a disastrous finish to his career, he so harassed the British and impeded their operations by attacking their outposts, ambushing their detachments on the march, cutting off their supplies, breaking up their recruiting and foraging parties and dispersing the Tories, that Lord Cornwallis, enraged at such interference with the execution of his designs, ordered General Tarleton with

along his line of march. These cruelties, however, resulted in bringing out the country militia for the defense of their homes. At this Marion returned, and gathering recruits on the way resumed his night attacks on the Tory camps, in one instance defeating a force double the strength of his own, and in another riding into a camp at midnight and taking the party prisoners before the bewildered sleepers could rise. He played hide and seek with Tarleton, at times being hard pressed and having some narrow escapes, but always leading his pursuer a merry chase through swamps and thickets until the latter gave up in disgust and called off his men, saying, "Come boys, let us go back; the devil couldn't catch this damned swamp fox."

#### Marion's Camp at Snow's Island

At this time he established a permanent camp on Snow's Island in the Pedee River and fortified it as best he could. He destroyed all the boats on the river except those gathered at his island. His pickets guarded the approaches through the forest while his scouts and spies scoured the country and reported every move of the enemy. From this wilderness retreat he would dash forth on his raids like a lion from the jungle. Potatoes and hominy were the chief of his diet and water with vinegar his favorite drink. Sunset was his usual hour of setting out on a march and he sometimes led his men sixty miles before morning. Most always short of ammunition, he was fortunate if he had buckshot, and sometimes had nothing larger than swan-shot, and not enough even of that. Frequently he went into battle with only three rounds of ammunition to each man. His men always gathered what muskets and cartridges they could from their dead and wounded enemies on the field of battle.

At Snow's Island considerable reinforcements arriving raised the strength of his force to the proportions of a real brigade and enabled him to engage in larger operations.

"Light-Horse Harry" (father of General Robert E. Lee of the Civil War) joined forces with Marion, which raised the strength of his little army sufficiently to enable him to begin an aggressive campaign. Soon after this Congress sent General Greene, the ablest of Washington's Generals, to take command in the South, and he led a Continental army into the Carolinas. Unlike General Gates, he appreciated Marion's services and immediately wrote him an encouraging letter.

#### Colonel Washington's Successful Bluff

An amusing incident of this campaign shows Colonel Washington to have been as resourceful as he was brave, resorting to fine strategem when victory could not be won by valorous attack. He set out with his cavalry to capture a British outpost commanded by Colonel Rugeley, but on reconnoitering the position found it too strongly fortified to be attacked successfully without artillery. So he set his men to hew a pine log into the shape of a cannon and, mounting it on cart-wheels, had it dragged into position and aimed at the fort. Then he sent a demand for immediate surrender. The British commander was completely fooled by the trick and, judging it useless to defend against such a formidable appearing gun, yielded without firing a shot. Imagine his chagrin on discovering, after he and his men had laid down their arms and marched out as prisoners of war, that he was the victim of a huge joke. This brilliant exploit added to Colonel Washington's renown but prevented poor Rugeley's promotion to the rank of brigadier-general which he was expecting.

#### A Patriotic Woman's Sacrifice for Liberty

The patriotic women of South Carolina were quite as willing as the men to make sacrifices for the cause of liberty, as instanced in the siege of Fort Mott. General Greene had sent Marion with his cavalry and one six pounder field piece to capture this fort which the British had constructed by surrounding the large and elegant mansion of Mrs. Mott with a ditch and an earth parapet. As these defenses were too strong to be taken by storm, Marion began regular siege operations against them. It was an important post and a large British force under Rawdon was hurrying to its relief while General Greene was marching as rapidly as possible to reinforce Marion, and sent him

just to all and magnanimous to his conquered enemies. His conduct was always governed by a high sense of duty. Devoid of avarice he fought without pay, nor did he seek glory, and he had no ambition for power. The one thing he valued was honor. No general of the Revolution served more nobly than Marion, or accom-



GENERAL MARION IN ROUGH-AND-READY FIGHTING TRIM.

plished greater results in proportion to the small forces and scanty means at his command.

Marion's men were good, true and brave, for when he called for recruits it was the men of his own stamp that responded from farm and mountain-side to fill his ranks.

With an affectionate farewell he disbanded his faithful followers when peace with liberty had been won, and returned to his plantation to take up the work of repairing the desolation which the ravages of war had wrought.

The seven years of war had left him poor, and now, at the age of fifty, he bravely faced the problem of beginning again with nothing but his land.

But soon our sturdy hero who thus far had escaped unscathed was to yield to the blind little conqueror who shoots true to the heart and numbers in his train more captives than all the lords of war. A lady fair and wealthy, too, fell in love with him, though through modesty on her part he was a long time discovering it. But when he did, he proposed as gallantly as ever knight of old. They were married, and very happily they lived together on his plantation. The difference in their ages was not great, their tastes were similar and their companionship at all times most congenial. In the hot summer months he went camping in the mountains and she always accompanied him.

He died at the age of sixty-three, beloved and mourned by all. His honored memory is a glory to his State.

Paul Revere's night ride to call out the minutemen of Concord and Lexington to strike the first blow for American Liberty has been immortalized by Longfellow in those ringing verses that are familiar to every school child, and Bryant has sounded a no less worthy note of praise of the devoted services of the hero of many night rides in his

#### Song of Marion's Men

By William Cullen Bryant

Our band is few, but true and tried,  
Our leader frank and bold;  
The British soldier trembles  
When Marion's name is told.  
Our fortress is the good greenwood,  
Our tent the cypress-tree;  
We know the forest round us,  
As seamen know the sea.  
We know its walls of thorny vines,  
Its glades of reedy grass,  
Its safe and silent Islands  
Within the dark morass.

Wo to the English soldiery,  
That little dread us near!  
On them shall light at midnight  
A strange and sudden fear:  
When, waking to their tents on fire,  
They grasp their arms in vain,  
And they who stand to face us  
Are beat to earth again.  
And they who fly in terror deem  
A mighty host behind,  
And hear the tramp of thousands  
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release  
From danger and from toil;  
We talk the battle over,  
And share the battle's spoil.  
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,  
As if a hunt were up,  
And woodland flowers are gathered  
To crown the soldier's cap,  
With merry songs we mock the wind  
That in the pine-top groves,  
And slumber long and sweetly  
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
The band that Marion leads—  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds,  
Tis life to guide the fiery barb  
Across the moonlit plain;  
Tis life to feel the night-wind  
That lifts his tossing mane.  
A moment in the British camp—  
A moment—and away  
Back to the pathless forest,  
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
Grave men with hoary hairs;  
Their hearts are all with Marion,  
For Marion are their prayers,  
And lovely ladies greet our band  
With kindlest welcoming,  
With smiles like those of summer,  
And tears like those of spring.  
For them we wear these trusty arms,  
And lay them down no more  
Till we have driven the Briton,  
Forever, from our shore.



TROOPER JAMES, SINGLE-HANDED, CHARGES A BUNCH OF TORIES.

his famous cavalry legion to pursue Marion and get him at all hazards. This compelled Marion, whose command had now dwindled to a hundred and fifty, to retreat into North Carolina. Tarleton followed with a largely superior force, burning the houses and devastating the country

orders to capture it, if possible, before Rawdon arrived. While the fort was still holding out and General Greene was yet at a distance Rawdon's camp-fires were seen on the other side of the river. At the juncture Marion appealed to Mrs. Mott, who was stopping at a neighboring farmhouse after the British had taken possession of her home, for permission to burn her mansion as a means of forcing the enemy to surrender at once. This brave lady cheerfully consented and handed Marion an Indian bow and arrows to assist in executing the project. These arrows were wound about with inflammable material and shot blazing to the roof of the house within the fort; there they stuck and set the dry shingles afire. The British soldiers climbed to the roof and tried to extinguish the flames, but Marion drove them down by well-aimed shots from his one cannon, and the house burning furiously made the fort so hot that the garrison were driven out and compelled to surrender. That night General Greene arrived in camp and congratulated Marion on his success.

Later on Marion was with General Greene's army at the bloody battle of Eutaw and gallantly led his South Carolina militia into action.

We have mentioned only a few of General Marion's many daring and successful exploits which give him a high place among the heroes of the War for Independence.

#### Marion's Personality and Character

This sketch would not be complete without a brief description of Marion's personality which in some respects was remarkable. His personal appearance was not prepossessing. He was a very small man, not only short but extremely thin. His complexion was swarthy, his countenance solemn and determined with a poetic expression in his dark eyes that marked him as an idealist. Plain in dress and manners, reserved, silent and thoughtful, chary of conversation, he spoke his thoughts, when necessary, in few and simple words. While these peculiarities made an unfavorable impression on strangers, they added to the influence he held over his followers who knew his strength of character and force of mind, the uprightness of his motives. They admired his courage and resourcefulness, relied undoubtedly on his judgment, and stood by him unflinchingly in every emergency. He had no vices; apparently devoid of passion, his self-control was perfect and he was cool and collected on all occasions. He fought for principle with no feeling of hatred or revenge in victory or defeat. He was



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#### Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

Well cousins, I have belonged to the C. L. O. C. nearly a year now and like to read the letters of the cousins from different states. My League number is 38-639. I am five feet, eight inches tall, have dark hair, blue eyes and weigh about one hundred and forty-five pounds. I am twenty-two years old.

GUY WEATHERLY.

Guy, about that automobile question. Getting into debt is the easiest thing in the world, getting out of debt and being in debt are akin to what Sherman described war as being—hell. I'm mighty glad however to know you farmers are getting automobiles, for if there is anything that will relieve the monotony of country life, annihilate distance and make the farm thirty miles out, practically a suburb of the city, the automobile will do the job. An automobile under certain circumstances ought to get a man out of debt quicker than it gets him into it. Of course it all depends what kind of business you are in. Time and space though are great factors in nearly every business, for time is money and wasted time on a long road is mighty expensive. To be able to cover in two hours, the distance that would take whole day ought to mean money to any man whose time is worth while. Automobiles too are getting cheaper and cheaper every day. One firm I note advertises a little car brand new for two hundred and ninety-five dollars. That car ought to bring pleasure, health and profit to many a man and some women, though the automobile has been a powerful factor in promoting vice as well as health. The girl who accepts an invitation from a strange man to take a ride in his car is whisked within an hour thirty miles or more away from her home, and the farther a girl gets from home and the protection it affords, the greater her danger. Our city streets are full of prowling fiends in expensive cars, who use their high power dragnets to scoop in the poor little boobs of girls who find the appeal of the beautiful car, male society, a dash into the country, irresistible. But they pay an awful price for the ride. These prowling devildoers should be boiled in oil. Keep away from the automobile girls, unless you have known the men who drive them all your lives. And unless the chauffeur is a member of your own family, I would not advise you to go more than five inches away from your home with him. If a car ride is good for you it is also good for mother, so take mother along, even if she has to run behind or sit on the tires. People in the country want cars to get into the city, people in the city want cars to get into the country. The country people have all the advantage as regards the automobile as they usually have plenty of space in which to store it and have no garage expenses. What people living in rural communities need even more than pleasure automobiles is the big auto truck that will gather up their produce and rush it to market. If there is any market within a reasonable distance. Such trucks could be owned collectively. The auto truck has brought prosperity to many an isolated region. Everyone eventually will have an automobile. Why not when one firm alone can turn out a thousand a day? Better get to a place before you start than never get there at all, and don't forget that the man who contemplates buying an automobile should first see that his grocery bills are paid, his account at the general store settled and all other debts cleared up. The sight of a man rolling along the highway at fifty miles an hour with a car for which other people have paid, a man who is in debt up to his ears, a road hog who pushes the farmer's buggy into the hedge and carries away a couple of its wheels as souvenirs is a sight to make the gods weep. Better go on foot with your bills paid, than be flying around putting on a lot of lugs and owing everybody.

FLORENCE, NEBR.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a young woman just past twenty and have been married four years to a good man, though we have had a hard time almost ever since we were married. A little over a year ago I became ill and we tried ten different doctors, one said one thing ailed me and one another and still I do not think one of them to this day knows what was the matter with me. On the fourth of July they took me to Omaha and placed me in a hospital. My ailment was in my right knee. They kept me there a while and hung an eight pound weight on my foot so as to draw my limb down, as it was drawn up to my body. Then they took me to the operating room and put a plaster cast on my limb from my hip to my ankle. Then they sent me home to my mother at Florence and in a week I was suffering so from the cast that we had to have it taken off. Then they took me to a lady doctor who adjusts the spine. I was there two weeks and she did me no good. Then they took me to the hospital and cut my leg six inches below the hip joint and the doctors were promising me I would soon go home, when two weeks later they took me back to the operating room and cut off two more inches of bone and the good doctors had not understood their business or just wanted to graft a little more and afterwards sent us their bill for two hundred and fifty dollars. Then it seems I had to have an artificial limb and that cost one hundred dollars, so you see Uncle Charlie, we have been put to plenty of expense. Our doctors' bills amounting to five hundred dollars in all with our hospital bills.

I know this world isn't right by any means, when people have to be robbed of everything, and we hope some day to see things different, perhaps they will never be so for us but maybe for our little son.

My husband is a good man and doesn't chew, smoke or use liquor.

Wishing you good luck and health. Your friend,

MRS. CHARLES ELLIASSEN.

Poor Mrs. Ellasen, you certainly have had a hard time of it and it is no joke to have to go through life, hard as life is today, with the loss of a limb. You are however a little hard on the surgeons who attended you. Two hundred and fifty dollars does seem a lot of money to pay for an operation, but there is another side to that matter. That operation saved your life, and if there were no good surgeons you would have had to die. Of course there are surgeons and surgeons, just as there are singers and singers. Some surgeons are inexperienced butchers and ought to be locked up for life where they can do no harm. There is positively no man on earth who is quite so dangerous as the man who attempts to perform a major operation (that means an important and risky operation) without the necessary skill, ability and experience, and this experience can only be acquired in our best medical schools and big hospitals. In the country a doctor has to do many things on account of the isolation of himself and patient, that he would not do if he were in the city. The country doctor has to be an all-round man, and it's hard to get men who are equally expert at surgery and medicine. The only men who are really competent to perform serious operations are those expert surgeons who are constantly operating from one year's end to the other in our big city hospitals. Constant practise gives skill and confidence. The skillful surgeon is to my mind almost, if not quite, the most important social asset we have.

You didn't realize when the doctor was operating on you that he might have been up the best part of the previous night, operating without charge on two very urgent appendicitis cases, for every minute counts in appendicitis. The surgeon is at times intensely fatigued and one slip of his knife may mean a tiny wound on his finger with blood poison and death to follow; yet he must go on with his work for delay may mean the loss of a life. There were five operating surgeons in the big hospital in which I spent eighteen months, and two of them, men of great reputation, died from blood poisoning contracted while operating. Crippled and poor as you are, if you could live the life of one of these men for one day only, you would be glad to lay his cross down and take up your own. Two hundred and fifty dollars does seem a lot of money and is a lot of money, but there were four years when the doctor was working and studying the four best years of his life, when he got nothing. Then again to every operation for which a doctor receives two hundred and fifty dollars, he usually performs four or five for which he gets nothing, and at all times he is risking his life

and always has to be at the public's beck and call. Surgeons are seldom rich men. The great specialists make comfortable fortunes, but their incomes are trifling compared to those of great lawyers and men who run our profit making business machines. The surgeon has to work for himself. The man who does his own work seldom makes much money. It is the man who sits back, does nothing and makes others work, who is the wealthy man, the Rockefeller, the Carnegie. Now as regards that second operation. That was hard on you, but it was done for your good. A surgeon always wants to save as much of the human body as he can, and to disfigure it as little as possible. If he could have saved that extra two inches of limb, it would have meant a great deal to you in the way of comfort and therefore health. After the operation they doubtless found that the limb would not heal properly, and there was still an infected portion that needed removing and so that there might be no diseased flesh or bone necrosis left to do its work of destruction, they operated again so as to be doubly sure that all was right. If you had lived in New York you could have been operated on in a number of big hospitals absolutely free of charge, and you would have been given just the same attention in the operating-room at least, as though you were a millionairess. Out of that two hundred and fifty dollars, the physician who gave the anaesthetic would probably receive twenty-five dollars, so you were not so badly treated after all. Of course you were very foolish to allow anyone to manipulate your spine with the idea that it would heal a diseased knee. They might as well have manipulated your shoe. They however, did succeed in successfully manipulating your pocketbook, for they can all be trusted to do that. There are more charlatans and humbugs, fakirs and rascals in the medical or so-called medical business than in any other line of effort on earth. Of all professions in the world there is not one that is so necessary to remove from the sphere of tainted commercialism as that of medicine, surgery and all other healing arts. To commercialize the work of conserving health, preserving life and preventing suffering is a sin. The government will tell you how to cure a hog if it is sick, and send an expert to see you do the job properly, but if your baby is dying from pneumonia, Uncle Sam has nothing to suggest, no relief to offer you. This is not exactly your Uncle's fault. There are two warring medical factions in this country, as there are in all countries. One medical cult does not want the government to officially recognize the other cult. They would rather see everyone in the boneyard than admit allopathy was better than homeopathy or vice-versa. Outside these two great bodies are thousands who want to die or get well after their own fashion, either by manipulation, electricity, hypnotism, prayer, incantation or any other bug, that the individual bug happens to be obsessed by. I speak with some authority on this topic for in order to promote business, please sympathetic friends and complete the ruin of a depleted pocketbook, I've tried everything in the healing-line that science can invent, craft devise and greed suggest. We should all contribute something to a national health fund so that in time of sickness, as is done in Germany and England, we could have medical treatment free of charge and a weekly allowance in case of sickness, an allowance that is continued all one's life if one is chronically ill. In Great Britain if you are in the employing class and have a hired girl, every week she pays a few cents, the employer pays a few cents. These payments entitle the employee to free medical attention. Drugs too are supplied free. At the birth of a child the mother receives quite a neat little sum as well as free medical attention. To have the masses of the people under skilled medical care means a vast improvement in the health and well being of the people as a whole. Prevention is better than cure. Soon we shall be sensible enough to allow only healthy people to get into the world and it is along the lines of preventive medicine and eugenics that the salvation of the race depends.

NORWAY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
I am a little girl nine years old. I live in Norway. I go to school. I like to read the column in the **Com-roar** very much. My sister and I had a bannie last summer. We named her Betty. She had a white face. We called her very pretty. First we broke her to the halter. Then we broke her to a harness. Then we broke her to one of papa's wagons. We drove her all over the fields and most everywhere. My sister and cousin was out riding in the field and they came to a clover patch and a bee stung Betty and she gave them a merry ride for a rod or two. We had two lambs last summer. One was my sister's, and the other was mine. We had lots of fun with them until one of them got ugly and we had to sell them. I like to slide very much and skate. I think that you made up a good rim about Texas. I would like to have you make a rim about Norway.

THELMA ROBBINS.

What a pity Thelma, you didn't tell us the name of the state you live in. There is a Norway in Europe, and nine Norways in the United States, so I'm afraid you'll be denied the pleasure of receiving any letters from the numerous admirers who will want to write to you. I could not decipher the postmark of your state, it was illegible as most postmarks are, so I cannot locate you. I have printed your letter just as it was written, and it is a very dandy letter for a little girl like you. You say you named your cow "Betty" and called her "Very Pretty." What was the good of naming her Betty if you were going to call her Very Pretty? I'm simply astonished at the way you treated poor Betty. I've heard of people breaking up housekeeping, but I never heard of anyone breaking up a cow, the way you broke up poor Betty. You have her go broke three times, and after you get her shattered all to pieces you make an automobile of her and chase her in all directions, and to add to the poor thing's misery, you let a bee sting her. It seems



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to me that Betty deserves a pension for all she has gone through. She must look like a pocket edition of Belgium, and that's going some. You say that Betty gave sister and cousin a merry ride for a rod or two. I wonder how much of a ride she'd have given them for an umbrella or two or for a dollar or two. I've a good deal of sympathy for anything that goes broke, even if it is only a cow. I've been broke so many times myself and I

## Little Stories about George Washington

### Washington Addressing His First Congress

**A**S President Wilson has, after these many years, and for the first time since the days of our Great Washington, gone back to the practise inaugurated by him, of reading his messages to Congress personally, it will be of interest to note the account given in an old record of the manner and dress of the first President addressing his Congress.

A spectator has left the following description of the scene and of how it impressed him.

"I stood before the door of the Hall of Congress in Philadelphia, when the carriage of the President drew up. It was a white coach, or, rather of a light cream color, painted on the panels with beautiful groups representing the four seasons. As Washington alighted, and ascending the steps, paused on the platform, he was preceded by two gentlemen bearing large white wands, who kept back the eager crowd that pressed on every side. At that moment I stood so near I might have touched his clothes; but I should as soon have thought of touching an electric battery. I was penetrated with the deepest awe."

"It pervaded, I believe, every human being that approached Washington; and I have been told that even in his social hours, this feeling in those who shamed them never suffered intermission. I saw him a hundred times afterward, but never with any other than the same feeling. The Almighty, who raised up for our hour of need a man so peculiarly prepared for its whole dread responsibility, seems to have put a stamp of sacredness upon His instrument. The first sight of the man struck the eye with involuntary homage, and prepared everything to obey."

"At the time I speak of, he stood in profound silence and had the statue-like air which mental greatness can bestow. As he turned to enter the building, and was ascending the staircase to the Congressional hall, I gilded along unseen, almost under cover of the skirts of his dress, and entered into the lobby of the House, which was in session to receive him."

"At Washington's entrance there was a profound silence. House, lobbies, gallery, all were wrapped in deepest attention. And the souls of the entire assemblage seemed peering from their eyes as the noble figure deliberately and unaffectedly advanced up the broad aisle of the hall between ranks of standing Senators and members, and slowly ascended the steps leading to the Speaker's chair."

"The President, having seated himself, remained in silence, and the members took their seats, waiting for the speech. No house of worship was ever more profoundly still than that large and crowded chamber."

"Washington was dressed precisely as Stuart has painted him in full-length portrait—in a full suit of the richest black velvet, with diamond knee buckles and square silver buckles set upon shoes jappanned with most scrupulous neatness; black silk stockings, his shirt ruffled at the breast and waist, light dress sword, his hair profusely powdered, fully dressed, so as to project at the sides, and gathered behind in a silk bag ornamented with a large rose or black ribbon. He held his cocked hat, which had a large black cockade on one side of it, in his hand, as he advanced toward the chair, and when seated, laid it on the table."

"At length thrusting his hand within the side of his coat, he drew forth a roll of manuscript which he opened, and rising, read in a rich, deep, full, sonorous voice his opening address to Congress. His enunciation was deliberate, justly emphasized, very distinct, and accompanied with an air of deep solemnity as being the utterance of a mind conscious of the whole responsibility of its position, but not oppressed by it."

### Washington's Laughter

The assertion that Washington never laughed arose from his habitual reserve.

"There," said John Adams, as he gazed for the first time on Stuart's portrait of Washington, "is a man who kept his lips shut—which this old fool never could."

On one occasion, however, Washington laughed immoderately. This was when his friend Van Horne tried to catch a pig.



It might be roasted for dinner. The boy was chasing the pig as Van Horne came on the scene. The pig, not wishing to be roasted, refused to be caught. "Stand aside, you awkward boy," said Van Horne, at the same time throwing off his coat and hat; "I'll show you how to catch a pig." After many twistings and turnings, which amused the negroes, Van Horne caught the pig, and, holding it up in triumph while large drops of perspiration ran down his face, exclaimed in a voice that was heard above the squealing of the captive: "There, boy, that's the way to run down a pig!"

As he spoke, he turned around, and there was Washington, who, with his suite, had entered the yard. Van Horne, with a ludicrous expression of surprise and confusion, tried to speak to the General, but was thwarted by the kicking, squealing pig, while Washington's sides shook with laughter.

### Washington's Love for His Slaves

One of the most touching anecdotes of Washington is told by Bishop Meade of Virginia. The smallpox broke out among the slaves. Word reached him from the plantation late at night. He started on horseback and rode until morning, stopping only at a church by the way. There he prayed to God for the lives of the poor creatures dependent on him.

### Washington Exports a Slave

Observation and reflection gave Washington ideas on slavery far beyond his century in sagacity and morality. He owned slaves and was very kind to them. Nevertheless he exported one of them to the West Indies for sale because unmanageable in spite of good treatment, as shown by the following extract from a letter of Washington's:

"With this letter comes a negro, Tom, whom I beg you to sell in any of the (West India) Islands, for whatever he will fetch, and bring me in return for him one bbd. of best molasses, one ditto of best rum \* \* \* limes \* \* \* tamarinds \* \* \* mixed sweetmeats, and the residue, much or little, in good old spirits \* \* \* This fellow is a rogue and runaway."

He evidently never exported another negro, but sold this up as a warning to his other slaves, who doubtless pushed to the extreme his consideration for them.

### Washington's Religious Nature

Rev. Lee Massey, for many years a rector of Washington's parish, and an intimate acquaintance of the latter, says: "I never knew so constant an attendant on church as Washington,

His behaviour in the house of God is so deeply reverent that it produces the happiest effect on my congregation and greatly assists me in my moralizing labours. No company ever held him from church. I have often been at Mount Vernon on the Sabbath morning when his breakfast table was filled with guests. But to him they furnished no pretext for neglecting his God, and losing the satisfaction of setting a good example. For, instead of staying at home out of false compliance to them, he used constantly to invite them to accompany him."

### Washington's Veracity

Washington's truthfulness was a marked quality in his boyhood. There is a story told that is not apocryphal, illustrative of this. Among the plantation horses there was a span of grays of which Mrs.

Washington was particularly proud. One of them had never been broken to the saddle. Some of George's young visitors proposed, one afternoon, to try the dappled gray on horseback. But the spirited animal set them at defiance, until at last, young Washington himself succeeded in mounting. The frightened animal dashed off at full speed, but George, who was a fearless rider, gave the gray full rein, and never stopped until the bloodied beast fell beneath him in utter exhaustion.

He had conquered, but the valuable and highly-prized gray was severely, perhaps fatally, injured. He knew that his mother would be angered as well as grieved at the loss of her favorite; but, true to his nature, he immediately hastened to her, and told of the tragedy, just as it happened.

The mother's reply reveals to us the influences which formed the character of her son: "I forgive you, George," she said, after a moment's pause, "because you have had the courage to tell me the truth at once. If you had deceived me, I should have punished you."

### Washington's Belief in Providence

The words of Washington when elected to the Presidency touch the greatest heights of sublimity. He said: "When I contemplate the interposition of Providence, as it was visibly manifested in guiding us through the Revolution—in preparing us for the reception of a general government—and in conciliating the good will of the people of America towards one another after its adoption, I feel myself oppressed and almost overwhelmed with a sense of Divine munificence."

Upon his assumption of the Presidency we find these words, uttered by him: "It would be peculiarly improper to omit, in this first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, that His benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States, a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes."

### Washington Applying a Dream

One of the best anecdotes of Washington concerns the mysticism of the youthful George when his mother endeavored on one occasion to explain to him that it was God Almighty and not his earthly father whom he was to thank for blessings bestowed.

After Washington's success in reducing Ft. Duquesne and dispersing the savages, we find the mother of the young officer who had suddenly sprung into such prominence, recalling a remarkable dream which she had had years before. In it she saw George battling with the flames which were rapidly destroying a fine large house and reassuring his mother with, "Oh, ma! don't be afraid; God Almighty will help us, and we shall soon put it out."

### Washington's Dislike for Profanity

In the summer of 1781, a man who was plowing in a field near the Fishkill road, became very impatient with some difficulty in his work, and began to pour forth violent oaths. Just then three horsemen in military undress, who were riding by, paused, and one of them asking for information concerning the road, thanked the plowman for his answer, and added: "My friend, I am older than you, have many times been placed in positions of danger and difficulty, and have had many things to perplex and annoy me; but I have always found that it did no good to get angry, and that neither broken plows nor anything else can be mended or made better by the use of profane language." As he made a bow, the speaker rode on. It was Gen. Washington.

### Washington's Advice to Louis Philippe

When Louis Philippe, afterwards King of France, was an exile in this country, he was for a long time a guest of Gen. Washington at Mount Vernon. One morning the Frenchman arose earlier than usual, and found Gen. Washington riding over his estate. Louis Philippe said: "Why, general, you are an early riser." "Yes," replied Washington, "I rise early because I sleep well. I sleep well because I have never written anything which I care to recall. Young man, remember that."

### Washington as a Schoolboy

When a boy at school he never fought with his companions, "for," said he, "a man should not conduct himself like an ill-conditioned dog."

At the age of thirteen he drew up for himself a set of rules, one of which was, "To labor to keep alive in my breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

When he was an officer in the army, he insulted a young man, one of his companions, who struck him in the face. Washington's language was, after the blow, "strong and offensive." The other officer waited that afternoon for a challenge; but, to his astonishment, Washington came himself the next morning to call upon him, and made a full apology, and frankly acknowledged that he was much to blame.

### Washington the "Daddy of His Country"

Intelligence may be made to stand for a great many things for which they were never intended.

An old negro servant who had noticed "Washington, D. C." stamped upon envelopes received by his mistress, said one day: "I jess like to know, Miss Hannah, w'y dey allus put dem letters D. C. arter de name ob Washington, on dem envelops?"

"What do you suppose they stand for?" inquired the mistress, who always enjoyed the old man's answers.

"W'y," said Sambo, after a moment's reflection, "I'se been t'inkin' dey mos' likely stood fer 'Daddy of his Country'; but I wa'n't 'xactly shuah an' sartin' but w't dey might mean some udder ting; fer Washinton he was a great man, an' pears like dere's a monsous deal to be said about him."

### Lafayette's Love for Washington

During the darkest period of the Revolution Washington had become unpopular, and Congress appointed a "Board of War," the object of which was to appoint General Gates, hero of Saratoga, as Commander-in-chief of the army. The plan of

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whiskey, Judge Hill said: "It is a hydra-headed and remorseless monster, which with a ceaseless and tireless energy, wastes the substance of the poor, manufactures the burdensome taxes for the public, monopolizes the time of the courts, fills the jails, penitentiaries and asylums, destroys manhood, terrorizes helpless women and innocent children and mocks the law. Answering its inexorable demands, each new born new widows mourn, new orphans cry, new wrongs strike heaven in the face." Judge Hill is a very competent man and the people know it.

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I am always on the look out for new things, those out of the ordinary, something different, something new. Exceptionally big and meaty. Just like a beefsteak. That's why I introduced it. In 1915, I introduced it. I will now my customers some of this seed. Write to me for special proposition and beautiful premiums of new seeds. Galloway Bros. & Co., Waterloo, Iowa.

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We want you to try Young's Victoria Cream which we guarantee will remove Pimples, Freckles or Brown Spots, also cure Eczema and all skin diseases. We will send enough for 20 days trial on receipt of this advertisement and 10 cents in silver to cover cost of mailing. We will also send sample of Powder. One lady writes that she will ever bless the day when she sent for the trial package of this wonderful cream. It will do as well for you.

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## AGENTS

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Selling the New Improved MONITOR Self Heating FLAT IRON. Positively the lowest priced and fastest selling iron made. Over 650,000 in use. Evans, N. Car., sold 2 dozen on Sat. Mr. Nixon, Vt. sold 8 first half day. No experience needed—sell itself. Every home a prospect. New terms. Binding Guarantee. Exclusive territory. Sample free to workers. Write today. The Monitor Sad Iron Co. 645 Wayne St. Big Prairie, O.

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Writed today for our big free sewing machine catalog ad read our greater offer to send you any of our famous light running sewing machines. All kinds, new and machines (about 20 styles) at 35% to 50% off on 30 days free trial. No money to go in advance; try the machine 30 days, if it outlasts the money, if not, return it and get your money back. Actual cost covers full delivery and makes ordering as easy as that a child can order with perfect safety. Write for catalog assure.

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**23 RUBY \$35 GOLD WATCH**

Here is the watch you have always wanted, sent to you on approval without paying sending and returning postage. Just a deposit. When it is paid, we will send this twenty-five year, fully guaranteed, thin Ruby American watch. Completely waterproof for free examination and tests. 100% are satisfied with it and are sure it equals a \$50.00 gold watch. Pay no more than \$3.50 and the watch is yours. Write now. Durst Jewelry Co., Dept. 211, CHICAGO

**AGENTS—MAKE \$100 to \$300**

With your own money, selling Triphala Saussa Paste, Cooking utensil for 3 different foods on one burner, 400 Spec. Gold Wire Brooches, 15c. Warranted 10 years. Handsome premium free with order from this ad. AMERICAN ALUMINUM MFG. CO., Div. 5 57, Lemont, Ill.

**Great Special Bargain**

Beautiful birthstone ring for any month, guaranteed forever; send us the names and address of three friends then only 25c and we will send ring for them. Order direct by mail today. State month and size. Arden Watch Co., Dept. 522, Chicago

**ANY NAME** not over 7 letters in Gold Wire Brooch 15c. Warranted 10 years. Handsome premium free with order from this ad. GREELY JEWELRY CO., Dept. 3, Portland, Maine

**FREE** Violin Outfit for selling 20 pictures of 30 post cards at 10c. Order your choice. Dept. 625 Chicago

**FIVE-PIECE MANICURE SET**

French Ivory Finish For A Club Of Six

Illustration of a five-piece manicure set including a nail file, cream jar, powder jar, and buffer.

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THIS complete manicure set comes in a handsome white box which does not show in illustration. It consists of cuticle knife, nail file, cream jar, powder jar and buffer. Each piece is full size and has the popular Parisian Ivory finish. While this set is not as large as some manicure sets yet it contains all the necessary articles for the proper treatment and care of the finger nails. We know that every woman or girl who receives one of these sets will be highly pleased with it. We are giving it away as a premium on the terms of the following

**CLUB OFFER** For a club of six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 80 cents each, we will send you this handsome 6-piece Manicure Set in a white box free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7016.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

MONUMENT, COLO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you please sit over and make room for a Colorado sister?

So many of the sisters seem to think they must neglect the home and family to vote that I will tell how I spent election day. In the forenoon I did my regular family washing, scrubbed my kitchen and prepared dinner, waiting on a sick husband the while. After dinner I tidied the entire house, live rooms, and at three o'clock was ready to cast my vote for prohibition. While at the City Hall I saw the saloon men bring in three weak-minded boys and, of course, they cast their votes for whiskey, for the ruin of your boys and girls as well as mine. I was gone from my home just one hour. Is that neglecting duty? Sisters, let us value ourselves above weak-minded men and drunkards and help to make the laws. You don't need to quarrel with hubby. Listen to his advice, then when the time comes to vote, vote as you please.

A few words about the training of children. Teach them to obey from babyhood. I have two little girls, Lola Alice, aged twelve and Anna Vione, aged four; both dear, sweet little girls. Sometimes I have to punish, but oh, mothers, how much better that is than to hear them say in after years, "Mother neglected her duty, or I wouldn't have had to suffer so." Sisters, do you realize that there are now a hundred hundred girls to one in our grandmothers' time? Why? Because grandmothers taught their children to obey. My oldest girl has been reared in a small town, about the worst place on earth, and still she is a pure-minded girl. She is never allowed to play on the street but comes home from school, and never was out at night without mother. I never deny her anything without giving my reason and I believe in teaching nature. They learn it at school and it is much better for mother to tell them in a pure way. Teach your boys to be pure and half the evil of the world will cease.

Will some of the COMFORT sisters give my little girl Lola Flimble, a post-card shower March 14, her twelfth birthday?

Wishing all success, MRS. NELL FIMBLE.

EKALAKA, Box 342, Mont.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Is the "corner" large enough, or can you make room for one more sister, and a young bachelor girl at that?

First I will describe myself and then you will have a faint idea of what kind of looking person is talking.

I am five feet, two inches tall, weigh one hundred pounds, have brown hair, dark blue eyes, a complexion that varies with the seasons, and as to age, COMFORT is older than I am.

Now for my home. I live in Fallon County, which was just two years old the third of November, on a claim joining that of my parents. We are about three miles from Medicine Rocks, which was a favorite meeting place of the Indians to mix their medicines, etc. Many names from all parts of the country, as well as pictures, are engraved upon them. One may spend more than one day exploring the caves, running about, under and over them and then not see all the different isolated ones, some of which are called "Odd Fellows' Castle," "Devil's Saddle," etc.

Our nearest town is Ekalaka, which is fourteen miles from us, but when the county gets the new road completed, it will be only ten miles.

About twenty miles away, where we get wood, posts, poles and logs, are large government reserves of pine timber. The government gives the timber free to cabin holders. It also gives the coal, all one has to do is dig and haul it. The mine where we go is only about four miles from here.

Mrs. Englehardt. When I was a child my folks lived in Meostar County, Michigan, just north of Lakeview, and found it much different than your country. It was pine stump land and very sandy. Dry weather was the usual thing. I am glad though that it is different around your town.

Mrs. H. F. of Nebraska. I certainly feel sorry for you. Living in a thinly settled country, twenty miles from the railroad. Why my friend we live forty miles from the railroad and to hear the train even whistle would be a treat, and last winter we lived a month at a time without seeing a neighbor. As to narrow-minded people I believe we could have welcomed a "feeble-minded" person just for a change and called life exciting.

Most of the settlers in this section are married folks. I depend mostly upon letters for my pleasure as it is sometimes very lonesome.

I enjoy reading the sisters' letters and would be pleased to hear from them. I will answer all letters received. If anyone would like to hear more of this country I will be glad to answer any questions they care to ask.

The next time I write, if this is not refused space in the corner, I will try and describe my little home and some of the advantages and disadvantages of this part of Montana.

Your sincere friend and sister, RITA CROSSLAN.

TOPEKA, IND.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

COMFORT is certainly rightly named. As I have not written before, you'll all want to know what I look like. I am five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred and seventy pounds, have blue eyes, dark hair, am twenty-three years old, have been married nearly three years, and have a dear little baby girl, Ethel Fern, eighteen months old. She is healthy and cheerful from morning till night. I have a good husband which means a good deal. What would a home mean without love and peace.

We live on a farm of one hundred and forty acres, which we have rented, and raise peppermint, corn, wheat and oats.

Maybe some of you do not know how peppermint is raised. It can be planted in the fall or spring. The first year it is planted in rows and cut with the scythe and distilled and the produce is oil, the next year it is plowed under and when it grows up it is cut with the mower and distilled again; the oil is worth one dollar to three dollars and fifty cents a pound.

Hope to hear from some of the sisters. My maiden name was Beulah Herschberger.

With love to Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters,

Mrs. AMOS L. SCHROCK.

CLIFTON, OREGON.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND MRS. WILKINSON:

Just keep your seats everybody, as I haven't time to stay very long. I want to ask a favor. Will the sisters who live in Oregon and Washington, who know of homestead land near their homes, please write to me and describe it and tell me of the climate there and also what crops are raised in that locality? I will return the favor any way that I can. We want to take a homestead this spring if we can find one.

I am twenty-five years old. Have been married six years to a dear good "Tom." We have one sweet little girl who is five years old. In regard to punishing them. But I do not believe in continually "spanking" them. But I do think that a healthy spanking when they deserve it, will "work wonders." Don't punish them when they tell the truth. Tell them it will be all right this time "but don't do it any more."

At bedtime every evening my little girl tells me everything she does during the day. I tell her where she does wrong and that she must not "do that any

more." She very seldom repeats the same offence. Best wishes to COMFORT sisters, Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Charlie.

Would be glad to hear from old schoolmates if they see this in print. Mrs. DELLA (HADDIX) CHAPMAN.

O'NEALS, CAL.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you permit a California sister to join your happy circle? I am one of the many readers of dear COMFORT and think it a grand old paper.

I am the mother of a dear little baby girl seven months old and I find COMFORT Sisters' Corner helpful in many ways, especially on rearing children.

My husband and I have a homestead in the foothills on which we raise grain and some stock. We are surrounded by rolling hills, timber and plenty of rocks. The timber is mostly of white oak, live oak and the bull pine. The pine trees bear lots of pine nuts every year which are grand eating, although they are hard to get as you have to climb the trees which are full of pitch. Have any of you sisters eaten any? They grow in large cones about the size of a five pound lard bucket. The oaks also have lots of acorns which are fine for fattening hogs.

We raise our own meat to kill every winter, which is big help.

Wishing all COMFORT sisters God's blessing,

Mrs. CLAUDE SELLARS.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To remove paint from hands or wearing apparel, wet in kerosene and wash at once.

Mrs. H. R. GODEY, McKeltuck, Mo.

When washing glasses, a bit of bluing in the water will add to the brilliancy.

INA MAY CROOK, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.

Glycerine will remove iodine stains.

Use your accumulation of common white wrapping twine to crochet table mats on which to place hot dishes.

Fasten a clothes pin to a stick and place cloth in the clothes pin, for use in water too hot to place the hands in.

A cloth book cover to your cook book gives two excellent pockets in which to place recipes cut from COMFORT magazine, where they will be handy for you to refer to them.

A horseshoe covered with cloth makes a good thing to keep the door open, as it stops the door from blowing either way. Sometimes the door is high enough from the floor to require two horseshoes bound together.

Mrs. ABBIE SCHILLER, Browning Ave., Ignacia, Colo.

It is well to remember that a bottle of pennyroyal oil uncorked in baby's sleeping room will keep mosquitoes away.

For removing rust or iron stains from any wash fabric, wet spot well with juice of an onion and sprinkle with salt. Place goods on warm (not hot) fatiron and pat gently. The spot will disappear.

Oil of sassafras sprinkled on shelves, etc., will drive away ants, cockroaches and flies.

You can make your old silver look new if you will apply the following: One half ounce salve, one half ounce alum, one half ounce cream of tartar and two quarts of water. Stir frequently until dissolved, bottle and shake well before using. Apply with soft cloth, let dry for about ten minutes, then polish with chamomile skin.

If the kettle in which syrup is being boiled is greased with butter two inches down from top, it will not boil over.

Mrs. F. J. SCHULY, Melrose, Mont.

## Remedies

Used in water as a daily gargle, borax keeps the throat healthy and is good for cleaning the teeth. It disinfects and prevents decay.

Miss CLARA HODGES, 115 Lancaster St., Albany, N. Y.

FOR WORMS.—Give children twenty to thirty pumpkin seeds once a week for two months. This cured my children when other things failed.

Mrs. CHLOE SHONK, Spencer, Ind.

STINGS OF INSECTS.—Apply Hartshorn or water of ammonia to part.

Mrs. BENTON ZIEGLER, Junction City, Kans.

WHOOPING COUGH.—Take equal parts of honey, sweet oil and vinegar; simmer together over the fire a few minutes, then bottle for use. Dose, teaspoon as often as necessary.

FOR KIDNEY trouble make a tea of mullein leaves, strain and add a tablespoon of whiskey to keep it from souring. Dose a wineglass three times a day.

Mrs. A. BRADSHAW, Jerseyville, Ont.

RHEUMATISM.—Cook Irish potatoes till soft, leaving peelings on. Mash and bind to affected parts. Renew when cold.

R. A. CLARK, Stephenville, Texas.

SCALIC RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO.—Rub the painful part with very warm, green or yellow sweet oil (olive oil). Rub it with hand in the skin, a downward stroke. Sit before an open fire and let it burn in, so to say while you are rubbing it on and in, until the skin is dry.

Mrs. PETER C. JACOBSON, Palestine, R. R. 5, Box 94, Texas.

COTCH REMEDY.—Get a quart of good whiskey, and take Indian turnip root about size of an egg, cut in small pieces, and put it in the whiskey, let stand a day and when you have a cough take a good sup three or four times a day. If cough is very bad, take oftener, every two or three hours. It is believed to cure consumption if taken in time. Ten cents' worth of Rock candy may be added, it sweetens the whiskey and is good for cough.

Mrs. MAUDE CRAFT, Thaxton, Va.

## Requests

Mrs. R. Wells, Bridgeville, Cal., wants poems, "When the Sunshine Comes Again," and "If You Love Them, Tell Them So."

**Poultry Farming for Women**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

E. McC.—I am taking the privilege of asking you a few questions. I was one of COMFORT's subscribers who took advantage of COMFORT's offer of Plymouth Rock eggs as a premium. I received the eggs in fine shape: not one broken. Hatched eleven chicks. They took white diarrhea. Having never had the disease among my chickens, I knew nothing about the trouble, but have raised four fine pullets and two cockerels. Now, it is about those cockerels I want your advice. The one is a long-bodied, long-legged, long-necked bird, feathered out first, crowded first, has smaller comb and wattles. His legs are strong and thick. The other is a beautiful bird, with shorter and broader back and fuller breast; good stocky legs and lovely neck and saddle feathers; larger comb and wattles than the other; in fact, he is beautiful. Which bird is better to keep for breeding? If you will kindly inform me I will be very grateful.

A.—I should keep the heavier cockerel, as he seems much the better bird. Am glad you had such a good hatch from the eggs COMFORT sent you, and I hope that this spring you will be able to raise a good flock from the pullets.

A. G. M.—Please tell me in the next issue of COMFORT, are White Leghorn chickens champion egg producers? (2) How do the White Wyandottes compare with the Leghorns in egg production?

A.—Leghorns are generally supposed to be the greatest egg producers. I prefer the White Wyandottes, especially in parts of the country where the winters are severe.

M. J. C.—I always look for your articles in poultry and enjoy following them. I enjoyed the article on caponizing, and had a good laugh about how clever you were to escape the instruction. Now I should have been right on the job—as the boys say—for I graduated from a training school and then worked fifteen years, and I say to my friends when they wonder how I can draw square, that in nothing in comparison to seeing a person sick or suffering. I have pigeons, and try to raise chickens, and try to get my hens to lay, but they seem more content to just sing. I have thought I would try caponizing sometime. If I ever got a start. Can you give me some pointers on dry picking broilers? I have the most trouble with the two and a half and a half pound size. I am so slow about it, and the skin does tear so easily. I can hardly pick four in an hour. I tie the legs and hang on a nail, then slip a salt bag up on the body, over the heads. That prevents them from breaking the wings, which I did have a great deal of trouble with when I looked the wings. I can pick square quite rapidly, but the broilers get me. I am simply a rag when I get one dozen picked. I still have about 100 broilers to sell—have sold over 100. If you can help me I shall appreciate it very much. I winter about 150 hens, am trying turkeys; have only five—my first trial. Have a pair of white guineas, and about 600 pigeons. I wish that I might know you personally.

A.—I am afraid I can't teach you how to dry pick, on paper. It is one of the cases where practise makes perfect. Thanks for saying you would like to know me personally. I have had the pleasure of meeting many of our COMFORT readers at poultry and agricultural shows throughout the country, and it is like meeting an old friend. I enjoy it greatly.

F. C.—There are a few questions I'd like to ask concerning my chickens. It was through your columns I decided to keep some. I got one dozen hens and a cock from a friend (Brown Leghorns) last summer ('13). I set two hens a man down the street loaned me, and got 17 pullets. They started to lay Nov. 23rd; hatched June 21st, so they did well. I crossed these this spring with a full-blooded R. L. cockerel (Nutley's strain), and now my troubles begin. I had one with a sore eye come out of the house one morning, closed up tight; I washed it with peroxide, swabbed out the mouth, and kept her in a small run. There was a small canker sore on one side of her mouth. I kept her two days and then killed her. I was afraid it might spread. Three days after there was another, sister to the others. I treated her the same way. She recovered, and has just laid her first egg. I gave all of them some raw remedy for a week, see there is no sign of any more, all doing well and starting to lay. The reason I ask you about this, I saw an article in the October number relating to sore eyes. You answered the party and said it was caused by improper feeding. Now I have thirteen and was caused by improper feeding. Now I have thirteen and one cock and a young cockerel hatched in May. I want him for next season. He is of a different strain from the cock (also Nutley's). I killed off all the old hens I had at first, also the R. L. cock. I have the seventeen B. L. from last year; six pullets of the crossed breed; nine pullets R. L. R. of eggs I got from the party I got the cockerel from. I have nineteen cockerels, but fattened them for the table and killed them. Now my house is eight by ten. I have three roost sticks, two windows. One I have covered with muslin. Attached to this on the south and west side I have an extension of glass. West sixteen feet, south eight feet, and six feet deep. The glass shants so the sun shined in all day. I put in a litter of straw and hay sweepings from November 1 until March. After that I feed in the dirt and take out glass. I whitewash every two months until Nov., and then I spray with disinfectant. The litter is changed every two weeks. I keep tobacco stems in the nests under the hay in winter, and use sand all summer. The dropping board I clean every morning, while they eat, so can tell if they clean up all the feed. While the weather is good they go out on range. I have six acres of weeds and sod. (It will be a building site company.) There is lots of clover and when it freezes over, I feed cabbage, beets, and any other vegetable I can get. My method of feeding (summer): One quart scratch in dirt, 5 A. M., one quart bran, corn-meal, middlings meat scrap, dampened because they can't scratch it out noon, one half to two quarts scratch or cracked corn, 3:30. Winter: One quart scratch in litter, 6:30 A. M., according to light; one quart bran, corn-meal, middlings. Atlantic meal and one pound fresh ground green beans, noon; one head of cabbage or other vegetable, 2 P. M. I feed in a two-inch wire mesh doubled over and nailed on wall, and the hens pick it out on the wires. Two quarts whole corn at 4 P. M. Now, what I want to know is, whether to feed meat when giving the bone. The party I got the eggs from said not to feed both, and do I give enough or too much, and did the sore eye come from the feed, or is it aroup?

A.—Our method of feeding and care for your chickens is all good. I think the trouble was due to cold only. Examining the house: there may be some knothole or crack which causes a draft which strikes the birds when they are on the perch. You checked the trouble so soon that I hope you have avoided all serious difficulty. Green bone and meat scraps should not be used at the same time. I use green bone in winter, when it is easy to keep, and dried meat scraps in summer.

Mrs. J. M.—Will you please tell me why my hens do not lay? I have ten from last year, and twenty that were hatched the first of April this year. I only got one or two eggs a day from old hens and none from young ones. I keep houses and yards clean, plenty of fresh water. I feed warm mash of bran and meal mornings, cracked poultry food at dinner, and corn and oats at night. They have plenty of green feed, such as grass, cabbage and sprouted oats. They are in a quarter acre lot and have plenty of grit. They seem to be perfectly healthy and are not lazy. I have fifteen pullets that were hatched first of June. They are large as hens. When ought they to begin laying? My chickens are S. C. Rhode Island Reds. They took the prize at the county fair this fall.

A.—From your description I fancy the old hens and the twenty pullets hatched the first of April commenced laying soon after you wrote me. The others, hatched in June, should have commenced laying in December. Unless forced from babyhood, Rhode Island Reds rarely commence to lay before they are seven months old.

R. R.—Will you please tell me through your paper how old a Dark Brahma pullet has to be to breed from?

A.—Brahma and Cochin, and all such heavy breeds, should be over nine months old when used in breeding pens.

M. B.—I want to know if any of the sisters can tell me a remedy for sore head in poultry, and what causes it. My poultry are bad with it now; what can I do to prevent it?

A.—I fear your birds have roup, or at least a severe cold bordering on the roup condition. It is safe to treat all bad colds which show no swelling at the head or eyes as roup, for, if neglected, a cold is liable to develop into that dread disease, and it is safer to take immediate steps to prevent such a calamity. Remove all such birds from the flock and confine them in small, dry coops, which may be kept in a shed, or some dry place, far removed from the general roosting place. Dissolve a teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium flakes in one pint of water. For use, dilute one tablespoonful of the mixture with two of water. Moisten a small piece of cotton in the lotion and bathe the bird's face and eyes with it. Then, if you have a medicine dropper, fill it, and squeeze ten or twelve drops of the lotion down the bird's throat, and two or three drops into each eye and the nostril. If you have no medicine dropper, use a clean wine feather. Feed lightly on mash food. Repeat the treatment twice a day for a week, and unless the bird shows unmistakable signs

of improvement at the end of that time, kill it and burn the carcasses.

H. O. S.—Something is the matter with my hens and pullets. One side of their head swells and eye swells shut and is that way for about two weeks or longer. It is very hard and yellow, but gradually goes away. It must be catching, for it has affected four now. They just drop around, but I have lost none with it. Their quarters are clean, dry and well ventilated.

A.—The condition you describe suggests a tumorous growth, but as four birds are affected, I think it must be the result of cold. Open the bird's beak, and notice if there is any disagreeable odor to the breath. If so, the case has developed into roup. But if there is no odor, it may be only a case of canker, which is only mildly contagious. In either case, I advise you to disinfect the chicken-house, feed and water dishes. For method of treating birds, please read answer to M. B.

No Name or Initials.—I keep my chickens in a pen about fifty by one hundred feet. The young chickens get to be nearly grown, and then their wings drop down, and their feathers all puff up, and they sit around and die. Sometimes they will eat good, and sometimes they won't eat at all, and they just seem to sleep till they die. I thought at first it was the hot weather, but now it is cold, and they die just the same. I feed them oats and wheat in a litter, and then I feed mash with Prussian tonic. Nearly all that die are roosters—some pullets. I hatched nearly three hundred and I have lost nearly all. I have the Plymouth Rocks, mostly. I give them carrots and Alfalfa meal to eat also, and oyster shell. I have tried nearly everything, and I can't find anything that will stop it. Can you tell me? Sometimes their heads turn dark before they die.

A.—The hens must be constitutionally weak, or else the ground of the henyard has become foul and the birds are infected with intestinal worms. As soon as the weather will permit, scatter freshly slaked lime over the ground and after twelve hours have it plowed, harrowed and sown to oats, or to some quick growing crop. This will kill infection, and sweeten the earth before the birds are let out on it in spring. Try not to keep old and young stock together. Go through the flock and try to clean it up now before the breeding season starts. Remove a few birds at a time to a small coop, the bottom of which should be made of slate one inch apart, and the coop should rest on short legs, so that the droppings can fall through out of the imprisoned birds' reach. Withdraw supper after the birds are put into the small coop, and early the next morning give them a small quantity of mash, made by moistening ground grain with Castor oil—about half a teaspoonful for each bird. Feed so that you can be sure that each bird gets a fair portion. Clean up all the droppings about every two hours and burn. About midday the birds can have another light feed. Keep them on short rations for two days, and then repeat the oil mash once more. When the whole flock has been dosed in this way, add a little nux vomica and tincture of iron to the drinking water, to tone up their systems.

W. J. D.—Will you tell me what was the matter with my ducks, and at what age do they begin to lay? I have ten; five hatched off the 14th of June, and five more the 26th of June. When they were about two months old they got something wrong with them; couldn't walk; would fall over on their backs and some of them would crawl along. It seemed to affect their throats, as some of them can hardly quack. I gave them Pratt's Poultry Food, and rubbed their joints with a liniment. They eat hearty all the time. Will it affect them in breeding, and how can you tell the drakes from the ducks? My ducks are Indian Runners.

A.—Indian Runner ducks should commence to lay when from five to six months old. Leg-weakness is usually caused by overfeeding of grain. Mash for young ducks should be made of equal parts of ground oats, corn, and double the quantity of wheat bran. You can distinguish the drakes from the ducks by the two small feathers that curl up on the tail of the drake.

E. W. S.—I noticed in the Poultry Dept., an item about turkeys. I, too, raise turkeys, and I think if G. K. and J. L. J. will try giving their turkeys raw linseed oil, they will find it a great benefit in their trouble. I have always had trouble with turkeys dying at the time when they "shot the red." G. K. described my trouble with turkeys as well as I could myself, and this treatment is all we ever found to do any good. I give a very young poult one tablespoonful of the oil, and a poult after it is two months old and on up, until it is grown two tablespoonsful. If they are not better by a day or two, I repeat the dose. I have also found this the only cure for bumble-neck in chickens. I give a young chick a tablespoonful, and an older or a grown chick two tablespoonsful. I think it safe to say this will cure nine out of every ten cases if given at the start. I have not lost a sick turkey since I was told of this remedy. I hope this will be of value to others in trouble.

A.—The above is a letter from a subscriber, which I am sure will be appreciated by many of our readers. I have never tried raw linseed oil, but as Castor oil is a very useful remedy in many poultry ailments, I can understand that the linseed oil may be just as serviceable.

P. R.—Please tell me how old pigeons have to be before they commence laying and nesting? I read in COMFORT that a pair of pigeons require a box two feet long, one foot high, and the same wide, with a partition through the center. Please tell me what the partition is for.

A.—Young pigeons pair and commence to lay when about five months old. You ask, why put up a partition through the nest box. It is done to divide the two nests necessary for each pair of breeders. The female pigeon lays a second clutch of eggs and commences to set when the squabs in the first nest are about two weeks old, and as this double family goes on all through the breeding season, the two nests are nearly always occupied. If there was no partition through the center of the box, the young squabs would bother the mother bird while she was sitting. The male pigeon feeds and takes care of the half-grown squab, and often feeds the female while she is sitting.

H. H. Y.—I have read several times different articles about using artificial light in henhouses for the purpose of making hens lay more eggs by giving them more hours of light for working. I supposed the articles were true, but some of my neighbors say not. As you are an authority on chickens, will you please answer me on the feed, or is it roup?

A.—Our method of feeding and care for your chickens is all good. I think the trouble was due to cold only. Examining the house: there may be some knothole or crack which causes a draft which strikes the birds when they are on the perch. You checked the trouble so soon that I hope you have avoided all serious difficulty.

Green bone and meat scraps should not be used at the same time. I use green bone in winter, when it is easy to keep, and dried meat scraps in summer.

Mrs. J. M.—Will you please tell me why my hens do not lay? I have ten from last year, and twenty that were hatched the first of April this year. I only got one or two eggs a day from old hens and none from young ones. I keep houses and yards clean, plenty of fresh water. I feed warm mash of bran and meal mornings, cracked poultry food at dinner, and corn and oats at night. They have plenty of green feed, such as grass, cabbage and sprouted oats. They are in a quarter acre lot and have plenty of grit. They seem to be perfectly healthy and are not lazy. I have fifteen pullets that were hatched first of June. They are large as hens. When ought they to begin laying? My chickens are S. C. Rhode Island Reds. They took the prize at the county fair this fall.

A.—From your description I fancy the old hens and the twenty pullets hatched the first of April commenced laying soon after you wrote me. The others, hatched in June, should have commenced laying in December. Unless forced from babyhood, Rhode Island Reds rarely commence to lay before they are seven months old.

R. R.—Will you please tell me through your paper how old a Dark Brahma pullet has to be to breed from?

A.—Brahma and Cochin, and all such heavy breeds, should be over nine months old when used in breeding pens.

M. B.—I want to know if any of the sisters can tell me a remedy for sore head in poultry, and what causes it. My poultry are bad with it now; what can I do to prevent it?

A.—I fear your birds have roup, or at least a severe cold bordering on the roup condition. It is safe to treat all bad colds which show no swelling at the head or eyes as roup, for, if neglected, a cold is liable to develop into that dread disease, and it is safer to take immediate steps to prevent such a calamity. Remove all such birds from the flock and confine them in small, dry coops, which may be kept in a shed, or some dry place, far removed from the general roosting place. Dissolve a teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium flakes in one pint of water. For use, dilute one tablespoonful of the mixture with two of water. Moisten a small piece of cotton in the lotion and bathe the bird's face and eyes with it. Then, if you have a medicine dropper, fill it, and squeeze ten or twelve drops of the lotion down the bird's throat, and two or three drops into each eye and the nostril. If you have no medicine dropper, use a clean wine feather. Feed lightly on mash food. Repeat the treatment twice a day for a week, and unless the bird shows unmistakable signs

# Have You Confidence in the Publisher of "COMFORT"?

Of course you have. For W. H. Gannett, Publisher of COMFORT, not only holds the key to over a million and a quarter of homes, but to the hearts of his readers as well.

The fact that you have such a high regard for the publisher of your favorite paper is all the more reason why you will be doubly interested in a letter we have recently received from his wife, Mrs. Gannett himself says that the helpfulness and good cheer that radiate from the pages of COMFORT have much of their inspiration from her.

Here is her letter, word for word, just as we received it:

**Mrs. W. H. Gannett, Wife of the Publisher of COMFORT,**

Writes that She Would Not Take \$1,000 for Her 1900 Washer

AUGUSTA, MAINE, Nov. 9, 1906.

The 1900 Washer Co., Binghamton, N. Y.  
GENTLEMEN—I tell my friends I would not part with the 1900 Washer for a thousand dollars. It works to perfection; washing my clothes as white and as clean as possible and doing my washing very easily and quickly. It happened the machine came one of the hottest days of the year, and as my wash woman was late that day I thought it was a nice time for me to give it a good trial. I was certainly very happily surprised to find how quickly and easily a large washing could be done without my getting so very tired. Thus I was able to do my washing, hang out my clothes and visit my friends out of the City all in the forenoon. At another time I arrived home at ten o'clock Monday morning and as the washer I had engaged to help me was ill at home, the 1900 Washer again came to my rescue, and I was able to get the washing all done before noon. The more my servants use it the better they like it, and we could not keep house without the 1900 Washer. It has saved the price of the machine many times and there is no wear and tear on the clothes washed in this way.

I am voluntarily writing you this letter hoping it will be the means of helping other housekeepers to overcome some of the difficulties and drudgery of wash day, for if they will only TRY the 1900 Washer I know they will always use it, as it works just as well washing small linens as it does for heavy wool blankets, or bed spreads and table cloths. Hoping you will be able to place a 1900 Washer in every home in the land, I am,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) MRS. W. H. GANNETT

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This Washer has a whirling motion and moves up and down as it whirls. No paddles or machinery inside. Yet it takes the dirt out so quickly that a tubful is washed in six minutes! Washes anything, from rugs to daintiest laces. Does it better than is done by hand or with any other washer. And actually pays for itself.

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We ask no cash in advance—no deposit—not notes. The trial is absolutely free. It you keep it, simply pay us a little each week, or each month, out of what it saves for you. It, after a full month's free trial, you decide not to keep it, simply notify us to send for it. We will take it back without a word of complaint. The trial will not cost you a penny and will not place you under the slightest obligation.

through your columns in COMFORT and oblige.

A.—It is quite true that some of the larger poultry plants have installed electric lights in chicken-houses, and use them for a few hours during the short and dark days to enable birds to feed from 5:30 until 6 o'clock, as they do in summer. When artificial light is used, it is turned off gradually, so that the house becomes slightly dusk, which drives the birds to the roosts as naturally as the sun sinking drives them to bed during the summer.

O. B.—Will you please tell me what ails my chickens? I am almost worried to death about them. The disease is going through the country, and several neighbors have lost nearly all their birds. Nothing we do seems to do any good. They look perfectly healthy when the disease strikes them, and eat heartily till they get so blind they can't find anything. The first signs are small knots or bumps coming around the eye, and just keeps coming until the entire head is covered with a mass of feverish corruption, and seem feverish all over, but some are red till they are almost dead; then turn yellow. They run on range, and eat mostly rice in hull. Feed some corn once in a while. Never had any trouble before. I am sending a stamped and addressed envelope, so if you can tell me what to do, please answer by return mail if possible. Have only lost one so far, and one more sick. They get plenty of good fresh water, and have a good house, but lots of mites. I am an old subscriber.

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## A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

**T**HIS is the month in which we do well to celebrate the birthdays of the two greatest and best men that America has produced—and it is difficult to find their equal in all history. At this time when more than half the world is engaged in the most horrible and destructive war that ever was we should study with especial care the deeds, the character and the teachings of these two men who, though they abhorred war, shrank not, each in his time, from conducting our country through a great war because it was necessary to the establishment and perpetuation of national liberty, unity and peace.

The whole world honors them because they were men of peace yet preferred war to dishonorable peace, who made war as a last resort and effective means of abolishing intolerable conditions inevitably productive of strife and under which no honorable or lasting peace could be reasonably expected.

While I enthusiastically support the movement in favor of universal peace and the settlement of international disputes by arbitration I realize that that this object cannot be obtained through treaties so long as the spirit of militarism and the ambition for conquest permeates the people and dominates the policy of certain great European nations. And I feel it a patriotic duty, under these conditions, to point out the danger of following the lead of those who are urging that the United States should set the example of disarming now, and relying solely on an appeal to humanity's sense of justice for the protection of our national power and rights when threatened with attack by an envious and aggressive foreign power.

While robbers, thieves and murderers exist we must have police for the protection of the lives and property of peaceable citizens, and so long as there are robber nations that maintain immense military establishments with a view to taking what they want by force we, as a nation, must maintain an army and navy strong enough, not only to protect our land, our resources, our wealth and our commerce, all which they covet, but also to make them afraid to attack us.

It is costly to maintain a well-equipped and efficient army and navy in time of peace in order to avoid war, but this is far cheaper and immensely preferable to having war forced on us because of our unpreparedness.

If unprepared our advocacy of peace may be disclaimed and misjudged as due to our sense of weakness, while if known to be prepared for war our appeal for peace and arbitration will command due attention and respect.

The lesson of the present war, in which Belgium has been destroyed and a large part of France ruined because they were not prepared for effective defence when suddenly attacked, should teach us to act on Washington's advice to avoid war, but in time of peace prepare for war as the best and surest means of maintaining peace.

I hope you will all read the interesting story, in this issue, of the exploits of General Marion, the South Carolina hero, whose motto was "Liberty or Death," which he wore inscribed on a silver crescent on the front of his hat.

This month I am telling you how to make some more things to occupy your spare time indoors this cold weather.

### A Table Trick

Sometimes at a party or any social event when conversation lags you can make yourself agreeable by introducing a trick. Place four glasses in the form of a square and just far enough apart to make it impossible to place a knife so that its handle will rest on one glass and the end of the blade on another. Then propose to the company that you can so arrange the knives, without moving the glasses, that they will rest upon them, each handle touching only one glass. Some of the guests will say that you cannot others will want to try it themselves. After they have all given it up you can accomplish the trick by arranging them as shown in the picture.

### Peculiar Gloves

Doctors who perform operations or work in hospitals where they attend persons afflicted with poisonous wounds must be very careful not to get any poisonous fluid on their own hands or they in turn would become patients. Rubber gloves are usually used as a protection against such dangers but they are quite clumsy for the very delicate work the surgeons are expected to do. A new glove for doctors is put on by dipping the hands in a solution of gutta percha which might be called "liquid rubber." The doctor's hands appear to be covered with ink or some thin stain when he removes them but in truth they are coated with a very thin film of rubber which resists the poison should he happen to come in contact with it. When he is through working the gloves are washed off with another solution.

### Can You Do This?

Stand in an upright position without leaning against or touching your hand to any object and raise the left hand and left foot or the right hand and right foot, it matters not, to the position shown in the picture. Now try to turn or revolve each in opposite directions. I think you will find it quite impossible to do this but trying it will yield you much amusement and many hearty laugh. Look at the drawing and the direction the arrows are pointing.

### Deep Sea Monsters

At the bottom of the sea there exist many terrible monsters that never leave their dark abiding places. One of these called the "black swallower" devours other funny creatures ten times as big as itself, literally climbing over its victim, first with one jaw and then the other. Another species is nearly all mouth and having no power of motion, lives half buried in the soft ooze at the bottom, its awful mouth alone protruding.

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ready to engulf any prey that may wander into it. There is a ferocious kind of shark resembling a large eel. All of the monsters are black as ink. Some are totally blind, while others have enormous goggling eyes. No ray of sunlight ever pierces their dwelling places. Each species is gobble by the next in size for there is no vegetable life to feed on.

### Windmill

Here is about the simplest windmill possible and I publish it for beginners with whom I wish to get acquainted.

For the wheel you need a piece of tin shaped like Fig. 2 and of any size. Punch two holes in it and put a metal rod or hard wood stick through them. Next make the framework shown in the picture and bore a hole one inch deep in the bottom or lower horizontal piece for the end of the shaft to turn in, under the pointed lower end of this shaft place a piece of tin to reduce the friction and make it turn more easily. Stick the windmill up any place and if there is any wind it will buzz around at a merry clip. You are privileged to write me on any subject you are interested in and if you take the trouble to inclose a stamp I will certainly reply.

IT WILL TELL THE WIND'S DIRECTION.

**A Puzzling Experiment**

Here is one of those baffling tricks which we are willing to swear we can do until we have tried and failed. Extend the right hand at full length and bend the thumb into the position shown in the lower drawing. Be sure that the top of the thumb is pressed firmly into the palm of the hand. Now, retaining the thumb in the position explained raise the hand and press it as far under the arm as you possibly can, as illustrated in the upper sketch. While the hand is still under the arm straighten the thumb out and try to replace it. I believe you will find it quite impossible to replace the thumb in its original position. If there be any reason for this it is up to some skilled surgeon to explain it.

### African Waterfalls

Americans like to think that Niagara is the largest waterfall in the world but such is not the case. There are several African cataracts which surpass our great wonder both in grandeur and magnitude. Niagara Falls has a sheer drop of 168 feet but the Zambezi river plunges 400 feet. The crest of the Victoria Falls is a little more than five times as long as the American Falls at Niagara. One fact must be mentioned however, the crest of our falls is unbroken while the Victoria is broken up by small islands the largest of which is about 600 feet across. To go back to the Zambezi, just before it takes its plunge it is joined by the Kwando river and spreads out into a veritable lake. Strange to say the surface of this lake is very smooth and its banks are perpendicular and straight. Beside it our great Niagara would look small for it is a whole lake and not merely a river that sweeps over the precipice.

### Aeroplane

Here is a little paper flyer that you can make yourself. First you want a thin stick like a silver of an old basket or butter-dish, or a piece of cardboard will do. It should be six inches long and one half inch wide. Get a piece of stiff letter paper or thin cardboard and pierce it with the stick in the center like "T," then a smaller piece for the tail like "W." Now you hold it so high as you can read an let go. Instead of dropping right to the ground it will float across the room. Notice the way the paper parts are curved and make yours accordingly.

### A Candle Power Boat

In older times lads were content to make little models of boats merely for the looks of the thing but nowadays boys are fond of toys that will move. It keeps me busy getting those moving models down to a simple enough basis for ten-year-old lads to make but even the dullest will have no trouble with this boat. A piece of shingle whittled to a pumpkin-seed shape is the beginning. In the center force a piece of stiff wire and bend it over at the top with an eye or loop in it as shown in Fig. 3. Mark a piece of cardboard or tin as shown in Fig. 2. Cut on the solid lines and bend on the dotted lines. For an upright shaft use hatpin with the ball at top. The point is threaded through the loop in the wire and through a spoon. It rests upon a small piece of tin so it will not sink into the wood. The spoon is fastened tightly to the pin. Light the candles and the heat waves rising up will cause the wheel at the top to turn. The spoon will also turn thus winding up the thread and causing the boat to be drawn back to shore.

In March I shall have something more to tell you about the Boy Scouts that should be very interesting as well as instructive, for it will describe how to take care of yourselves and make strong, healthy active boys of you. Till then be good boys. Good by.

UNCLE JOHN.

## VIOLIN FREE



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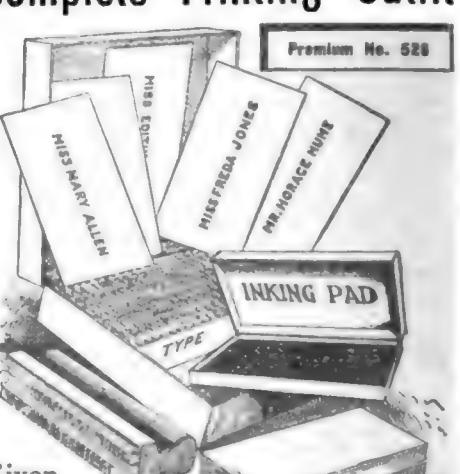
IN COMMEMORATION OF EXPOSITION.—The Senate has authorized the coining of ten, five, two-and-a-half and one half gold pieces to be commemorative of the Panama-Pacific exposition to be held in California in 1915. The coining of some 50-cent pieces is also provided for.

### GREY HAIR

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### Complete Printing Outfit



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ALMOST everybody has use for a good printing outfit like the one illustrated above. The boys and girls get lots of pleasure and valuable instruction from it because it is great fun to print cards, address envelopes, etc. and they also learn a great deal about the art of composition, type setting, correct use of capitals, abbreviations, etc. This outfit is also just what every woman needs with which to mark her linen with indelible ink. It consists of a six-foot set of rubber type, or in other words, six of each of the letters in the alphabet with the exception of some more important letters which have eight and a few others only four such as Q, X and other letters which are not used so often. This outfit also contains a double set of numerals, commas, periods, slugs (spaces to separate words) — in all about two hundred separate pieces of type and there is a two-line type holder, a pair of nickel pinchers (to pick up the type with) and an everlasting ink pad in a metal case. We also send you a wooden type case and complete instructions how to set type, how to print, etc. We will give you this complete printing outfit exactly as described if you will accept the following.

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We Are Giving Away All Free a Beautiful Sweater,

for men, women or children, to anyone selling only Six of our 25-cent Oxien Porous Plasters. We send the Six Oxien Porous Plasters to your address with-out money from you.

you sell them for 25 cents each you return us the money, \$1.50 in all collected and the Sweater will be sent you. We do this to advertise our Wonderful Oxien Porous Plasters that have for a quarter century prevented and relieved thousands of ills including Rheumatism, Lambe Back, Coughs, Pneumonia, Sprains, Kidney troubles, Weak Heart and Stomach disorders.

The sweater we send you is perfect fitting, closely woven of high-grade yarns.

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Instant Relief from Gas, Indigestion and Pains  
Quickly Comes from the Use of  
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## FREE SAMPLE PACKAGE TO ALL.

Feeling in the stomach is not natural. When you know you have a stomach it is time to help it. Gas, fermentation, foul breath, etc., indicate this. Accept the warning and act at once.

There is no occasion to suffer from indigestion or any similar stomach trouble when you can so easily get Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

There is scarcely a well stocked drug or general store in the United States but what considers these tablets part of their staple stock.

Do not suffer in silence. Try Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and do so quickly so that you may become your old self as soon as possible.

The reasons why Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are such a widely used remedy are very easy to understand. These tablets contain almost the same elements as the gastric juices of the stomach. And when your stomach is sick and not working just right, it does not give out enough of the natural digestive juices to properly take care of the food you eat. So if you will only give the stomach a little help by taking a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet after meals you will relieve the stomach of its chief duty and allow it the rest it needs to recuperate. One grain of the active principle in a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet digests 3,000 grains of food, whether you place it in a glass jar with cooled food or in your stomach after you have taken the food.

All druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and once you try them you will never again wonder what to do for a disordered, weak, sour and gassy stomach.

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Send coupon below today and we will at once send you by mail, a sample free.

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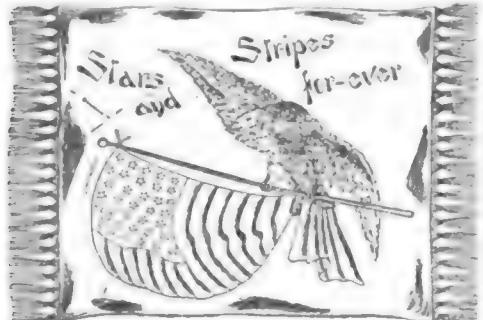
F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich., send me at once, by return mail, a free trial package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## A Thorn Among Roses

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

estly scanned her animated face. "How would you like to become an applicant and try for the prize?"

"Why Judge Ashburton, surely you are laughing at me, or you would never propose such a thing!" said Alice, flushing. "New York is three thousand miles away, and the trip would be out of the question, even if I were competent to undertake such a debate."

"I am not afraid to have you take your stand with the brightest of them," said her friend, with an air of mingled pride and confidence. "I am very proud of my pupil, and as for the trip—that could be easily managed."

Alice answered him with a skeptical little laugh, but her cheeks were scarlet, and she was saying to herself, with a feeling of intense yearning:

"Oh! If I could have an opportunity to try my wings, just once!"

"But I mean it, Alice," said the judge, earnestly. "To tell you the truth, my friend, who has written me of this—I've made my boasts about you to him a number of times—dares me to bring you to the front, and show him what you can do, and he is to be one of the jury. So you perceive that I am especially interested in this matter. Now, I have a proposition to make you. We will spend the next few days in studying up the questions involved in this coming contest; it will be capital practise for you, even though you should not succeed in being selected as one of the favored four. Then we will go over to America, taking May along to be company for you, and show my skeptical friend what Judge Ashburton's student is capable of in the way of argument, and in meeting and sustaining points of law. If you will do this for me, Alice, I will bear all the expense of the journey and promise you two girls a good time, besides."

"Oh, Judge Ashburton, you are too kind to me," Alice began, tears starting to her eyes in view of the enchanting project held out to her by her good friend.

"Tut! tut! Just put it the other way, and you will come nearer the truth," interposed the old gentleman. "To be perfectly frank with you, as soon as I read this letter from my friend, Judge Allen, and the papers relating to the contest which he sent with it, I at once set my heart upon having you try for this prize. Of course, I don't claim that you are going to win it, for I know that there are other smart folks in the world besides Miss Alice Weston, but I do claim that, if you will enter the list, you will give the others some hot work to win it away from you, and the fun I shall get out of the affair will more than repay me for the small matter of the expense of the trip. What do you say, will you go?"

"I shall have to think it over and consult mamma," Alice thoughtfully responded.

"Of course, that is right. Put up your work, take a holiday and go do your consulting at once," said the judge, smiling, "and be sure you tell your mother that I make it a condition that May is to go along too. I know it will be a little hard on her to take both her treasures away at once, but I believe she will take a sensible view of the matter and make the best of it. Now, get your things on and be off, for I am as eager as a boy to have this affair settled."

Alice was thankful that he gave her the day, for this proposition had so excited her that she was wholly unfit for work, and she readily obeyed him, donned her hat and wraps and started at once for home.

Mrs. Weston was no less amazed than herself at the project, and, at first, was inclined to oppose it; but May was almost wild over the prospect of crossing the ocean and seeing the sights on the other side of the world, and would not listen to a word of objection from anyone.

"Why, mamma," she exclaimed, "it is such a wonderful opportunity, we would be crazy not to make the most of it, and then, just think! If Alice should win the prize, what a feather in our caps."

They all laughed at her eagerness, and the possessive case she had used, but it was finally agreed that the "wonderful opportunity" was one that must not be ignored, and Mrs. Weston gave her consent to the project, although somewhat reluctantly.

The judge was well pleased with her decision, and immediately set about coaching Alice for the approaching contest with all the enthusiasm which he had been wont to manifest in his more youthful days when preparing himself to defend a difficult case.

Alice was no less ambitious to do him credit, as well as herself, and threw her whole heart into the work, and before the day of sailing arrived, she was as eager for the fray as the veriest old war horse that scents the battle from afar.

Judge Ashburton told no one save Mr. Fletcher of his plans, for he did not wish to arouse any gossip over the matter.

In speaking of his contemplated journey to America to the other members of the family and to Lady Marchmont, he merely explained that business which necessitated his amanuensis with him called him to America, and, out of consideration for Miss Weston, he had invited her sister to accompany her.

Thus the middle of March found our friends on their way across the Atlantic.

The voyage was a somewhat tempestuous one, but they arrived safe and well in New York, where they were met and warmly greeted by Will, who had come on from New Haven to meet them.

They took apartments at the Metropole, and, while awaiting the day set for the examination of applicants for the contest, Judge Ashburton managed to give his young charges a pretty good idea of the geography and topography of the great metropolis.

Finally the great day of examination dawned, and out of the two hundred aspiring barristers who applied to enter the arena, only twenty-five were ladies, Alice being the only one among these who was not American born.

This examination proved to be exceedingly interesting, and revealed the fact that most of the aspirants were brilliant and talented, the ladies especially so, and for some time it was doubtful if the number of contestants for the prize could be reduced to four. But, finally, one after another went down before the broadside of legal points and technicalities, until a Mr. Rockwell, from the Harvard law school in Boston, Mass., and a Mr. Vilbert of New York, alone stood their ground out of the hundred and seventy-five gentlemen; and a Miss Van Kirk, from Chicago, and Alice, out of the twenty-five ladies.

Then the day was appointed for the great contest and the mock trial, and other arrangements completed.

The two champion gentlemen were appointed as counsel for the prosecution, and the two ladies for the defense; while the case, as already intimated, involved many points of international law. A commodious place had been secured for the occasion, and this, on the day set for the fray, was filled at an early hour, not only by judges and lawyers, but by many distinguished society people who were fortunate enough to secure tickets for the unique affair.

When Judge Ashburton conducted Alice to her place, many curious as well as admiring glances followed her, for it had already been whispered abroad that she was a remarkably promising student and destined to shine a brilliant light in the legal firmament.

She was quietly clad in a costume of golden brown cloth, severely plain, but of exquisite fit, and she wore a small hat to match, with a dash here and there of pale pink that was vastly becoming to her.

She appeared perfectly at ease and without a vestige of self-consciousness, facts which added greatly to the charm of her presence.

The case was ably opened by Mr. Rockwell, one of the counsel for the prosecution, and as it proceeded, both young men proved themselves to be opponents of more than ordinary ability.

The prisoner was a well-known lawyer, and the witnesses on both sides were in the profes-

sion; and, as they all got warmed up to their work, the skill manifested in both attack and defense aroused the audience to the highest pitch of interest and excitement, until the scene became intensely realistic.

We cannot follow the case point by point, but both ladies and gentlemen acquitted themselves brilliantly in the gathering of evidence and in the examination of prisoner and witnesses.

The speeches of Messrs. Rockwell and Vilbert were keen, comprehensive and eloquent, and won many a nod of commendation from old-time judges and lawyers.

Miss Van Kirk made the first plea for the defendant, and her arguments were forcible, intelligent and to the point.

Then Alice took the floor, and the moment her clear, flexible voice sounded on the ear a hush of expectation fell over the audience.

She used no notes; she had studied the case so thoroughly and had made herself so conversant with every point and detail that it was outlined in her mind like a picture, which only needed the power of description to make it as clear and vivid to her hearers as it was to herself.

And she abundantly possessed that power.

We have previously alluded to her remarkable fluency of speech and this, added to the natural refinement of her manner and elegance of diction, together with here and there vivid and subtle flashes of wit, her utter lack of self-consciousness, her beauty and her great earnestness, which betrayed that she had thrown her whole soul into her work, all served to hold her listeners spellbound and made them eager to catch every word that fell from her eloquent lips.

Judge Ashburton actually trembled as he listened.

"It surely must have been born in her," he said to himself, "for this is something more than talent—it is a gift. But I am glad the girl isn't going to pursue her profession, for no one man or woman could last very long to throw so much of vital force into their work. I never heard stronger nor more eloquent arguments in my life, while her delicate touches of sympathy and womanliness have lent them a charm that is irresistible."

When at last she sat down the hush remained unbroken for a full minute, after which there came a burst of applause so ardent and so prolonged, as to be a veritable ovation, and was only checked when the court was sharply called to order.

Then came the summing up and the charge to the jury whereupon those twelve august individuals—after conferring together for a moment or two—declared themselves ready with their verdict without retiring for discussion.

It was a unanimous acquittal for the prisoner.

After this there was a little delay while the committee on award made up their report, which was at length voiced to the impatient audience by their chairman—a prominent judge.

While all the contestants were highly complimented upon their work, which he said, had been of a very high order and promised a brilliant future, it became his pleasant duty to declare that the prize had been awarded Miss Alice Weston of Windsor, England, whom he most heartily congratulated for the signal triumph which she had won, not only for herself, but for her sex, in proving the point taken by Mrs. Voss, that woman is as capable of excelling in the various professions as man.

In closing, he handed her a beautiful purse containing the check for one thousand dollars, after which the court was dismissed and the audience dispersed.

Alice was immediately surrounded by a crowd of admirers, among whom were the young men who had been her opponents and who cordially admitted that she had bravely won the victory, and that they were proud to have been associated with her in the contest.

But she shrank from so much flattery, and, having espied Will, signaled to the judge that she wanted to go, and gathering his party together, he led them from the room, and they were soon on their way back to their hotel.

But a startling surprise awaited them there.

It was a cablegram from Mr. Fletcher to Judge Ashburton, and read thus:

"Serious law complications have arisen; I need your immediate advice."

That was all, but it was sufficient to make the judge anxious to return at once to England, and he immediately hurried away to engage state-rooms for his party on the next outgoing steamer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"A Girl in a Thousand" and "A Thorn Among Roses"

## BOTH BOOKS FREE!



The story "A Girl in a Thousand" does not complete the narrative. In order to get the climax you should read its sequel "A Thorn Among Roses" now running in COMFORT. If, however, you missed one or more installments of "A Girl in a Thousand" we will be glad to send you the story in book form just as it appeared in COMFORT. If you desire, we can also supply you with its sequel "A Thorn Among Roses" in book form. Large installments will appear each month in COMFORT but if you do not want to wait in order to complete the story, we will send you the book thereby giving you the opportunity to finish the story as soon as you like. Send us only one new 25-cent 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (30 cents in all) and we will send you either book—you choice of "A Girl in a Thousand" or "A Thorn Among Roses"—or for two 15-month subscriptions at 25 cents each, we will send you both books free and postpaid.

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IT CURED MY RHEUMATISM

I will gladly send free to any sufferer a Simple Herb Recipe that CONQUERS RHEUMATISM. If convenient enclose 2-cent stamp. H. B. SUTTON, 2651 Orchard Ave., Los Angeles, California.

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YOUR HEART

Does it flutter, palpitate or skip beats? Have you shortness of breath, tenderness, numbness or pain in left side, dizziness, fainting spells, spots before eyes, sudden starting in sleep, nervousness, nightmare, hungry or weak spells, oppressed feeling in throat, painful to lie on left side, cold hands or feet, difficult breathing, heart dropsy, swelling of feet or ankles, or neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Guaranteed Heart Tablets. Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the stomach, lungs, kidneys or nerves. Don't take any chances when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach. 1000 endorsements furnished.

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I am a woman.  
I know a woman's trials.  
I know her need of sympathy and help.

If you, my sister, are unhappy because of ill-health, if you feel unfit for household duties, social pleasures, or daily employment, write and tell me just how you suffer, and ask for my free ten days' trial of a home treatment suited to your needs. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any man. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home at a cost of about 12 cents a week.

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## Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

body has gone such a pace as Cyril More—everybody knew how it would end. No fortune could stand it, however big, and his was almost as large as any man's. I always knew how it would be. I could see from the first. Why, I remember two years ago, when we were yachting together in the Mediterranean—

Cyril shifts his position, and remarks that it is very warm; but Edna does not reply.

"I said to him as we were walking up and down the deck one night after supper: 'Cyril, old boy! take my advice and put the curb on, stop the running a bit, do, there's a dear fellow, for my sake! And he promised he would. Oh, yes, he was always good at promising, but I knew how it would be. He'd have pulled up short to please me if he'd do it for anyone for I flattered myself I've got more influence with him than any other creature on the face of the earth; but you see it wasn't in him. He must go while he could keep on his legs."

There is a sapient murmur of concurrence, and Mr. Jones, thus encouraged, runs on glibly.

"Yes, it was a complete smash, and everything has gone! It wouldn't have been so bad, but Glitters—

"Who is Glitters?" asked the same anxious inquirer into the manners and customs of the aristocracy.

"Oh, come!" exclaims Mr. Jones, banteringly. "Not know Glitters! Why, she's the best known personage in London, and has ruined more good fellows than you can count on your ten fingers. Not know Glitters, by Jove!"

"And this Glitters, she helped to ruin your friend?"

"Yes," says Mr. Jones, with a regretful sigh; "she was at the bottom of it. I've known him give her ten thousand pounds worth of diamonds in one week—"

Cyril raises his hand, knocks the ash off his cigar, and looks at Edna with a curious scrutiny. He need have no fear—she is innocence itself, and Mr. Jones' story, Glitters, diamonds and all, conveys no adequate meaning to her; she is simply puzzled, and looks out dreamily toward the lake.

"Yes, diamonds, carriages, horses, everything she could secure she got," continues Mr. Jones. "And poor old Cyril is left without a cent in the world."

"But," says the interested listener, "surely his friends did—"

"Oh," says Mr. Jones, modestly, "we did what we could, and set him on his legs a little, of course, but—" and he shrugs his shoulders significantly.

"And where is he now?" asks some one.

"At Hamburg," replies Mr. Jones, with the unhesitating confidence of truth itself, "gambling away his few last coins as fast as he can—poor old Cyril!"

"Poor old Cyril" has not moved a muscle, has lain back with the serenest and most placid of faces through it all, and now, calm and passive, pushes his hat from his brow, and half closes his eyes, perhaps to enjoy and meditate upon his sad fate as depicted by the truthful and graphic Mr. Jones.

The soft voice of the girl beside him roused him.

"Do you think—do you believe—do you know this Sir Cyril More, of whom he has been speaking?" asks Edna.

"Do I know him?" echoes Cyril, quietly, and wondering why there should be that little shadow of a shadow on the pure young face. "I have heard of him—yes."

"And—and," she asks, looking at him with what he fancies is something like anxiety—"Is it true? Is he so utterly ruined?"

Cyril looks out gravely at the lake.

"Yes, I am afraid there is no mistake about that, Miss Weston."

"And is it all his own fault? Surely it cannot be all his own fault?"

"Yes, I'm afraid, from all I've heard, that he has only himself to blame," answers Cyril, quite placidly. "I don't think there is any doubt that he is of no account—an utterly worthless, idiotic sort of fellow."

Edna looks at him with, yes, certainly, a deeper sadness in her clear young eyes.

"I am so sorry," she says.

Cyril is almost guilty of a start. As it is, he takes the cigar out of his mouth with the air of one who does not quite understand.

"Sorry!" he says. "Why should you be—you do not know him?"

"No-o," says Edna, crossing her hands in her lap. "I do not know him, although I have a dim kind of recollection of the name. I cannot think where I heard it," she muses; "perhaps my father—"

"Your father! I never knew your father," says Cyril, off his guard for the moment, but hastening on, as Edna turns her calm, questioning gaze on him. "I mean I did not know that your father went into society at all—not the sort of society which such a good-for-nothing fellow as this Cyril More is likely to have frequented, you know."

"It could not have been my father from whom I have heard the name," says Edna. "Yes, I am sorry; for he could not have been altogether wicked—no one is that. Poor Sir Cyril More!"

Cyril flushes for a moment. Now is the time; it would be dishonest, nay, dishonorable, to allow her to remain in ignorance. And yet, if he does reveal himself, it must be to say farewell, to throw away the chance of ever speaking one word to her again. It is hard, but he will do it.

He rises slowly—under the most poignant emotion it is scarcely likely that Cyril would be anything but deliberately and carelessly graceful—and is about to speak, when once more Mr. Jones' voice breaks in:

"Going to Hamburg, are you? Perhaps you'll meet old Cyril. If you do, tell him you've seen me, and give him my fondest regards. Don't forget Howley Jones, you know—always calls me Howley. What's he like? Oh, you can't mistake; a dark, thickset man, with rather long hair; not a good-looking man, by any means; and that's what makes it so unaccountable, you know!"

Cyril can stand no more. With a laugh as low and subdued to make itself heard in the next arbor, he takes out his watch.

"We've heard enough of Mr. Jones' reminiscences, haven't we?" he says. "I'm afraid you are rather bored with his unfortunate friend, and—there's the tea bell."

Edna looked up with a laughing face.

"Confess now that you are hungry—"

"No, only thirsty, on my honor," says Cyril, laughing too. "It's Mr. Jones' fault; he was too dry!"

Two hours later and the lake is on fire, the town of Lucerne itself, basking in the reflection of the setting sun which casts a glow on land, lake and sky, tingling the clouds and pouring a warm flood of crimson on the quay, now all alive with promenaders, boatmen and flower sellers.

In front of the Grand knots of English tourists, dressed in the grotesque style which the travelling youths of our favored Isle delight in, are lounging about on balustrade and terrace listening to the band, and staring at the gayly, richly and much over-dressed young lady who leans back with the air of an empress in one of the pair-horse files for which Lucerne is celebrated. This lady, though young, is possessed of undoubted confidence, and sits as unmoved by the direct stare of our youths and the glances of the passers-by as if she were a statue—a painted statue. Now and then she turns her eyes—fine orbs, well shown up with penciled lashes and tinted eyebrows—toward the entrance of the hotel, and beats a tattoo with her gloved hand—she wears her rings outside her gloves, by the way; what is the use of possessing handsome diamond rings if you can't show them?—on the edge of the fly door, as if impatiently awaiting for the egress of someone thereto. Meanwhile she returns the stares and glances with contemptuous indifference and compound interest, and is altogether a very grand and scornful young mademoiselle.

But suddenly her wandering eye sees someone

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

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## Cubby Bear in Bad Company

### A Bedtime Story for the Little Ones

By Lena B. Ellinwood

Copyright, 1915, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

**L**ITTLE CUBBY BEAR ran into the house one bright spring day, calling, "Oh, Mamma Bruin! what do you think? Redtop Woodpecker is home again, and he has wonderful stories to tell about the warm country where he stays in winter!"

Then Cubby Bear stopped short, frightened and unbelieving, for Mamma Bruin was wiping tears away from her eyes! Mamma Bruin was crying!

"Oh, oh!" cried Cubby Bear. "Dear Mamma Bruin! I never saw you crying before! Do tell me, what is the matter?"

"It is not right for me to cry," said Mamma Bruin, "but I feel so troubled about Grandma Bear. She has not been well through the cold winter, and I ought to make her a visit to find out how she is, and take her a basket of good things. But I am so lame, I cannot walk so far."

"Oh, send me!" cried Cubby Bear. "I would love to go! Of course Grandma Bear would rather have a visit from you, but I think she would be glad to see me, too!"

"Of course she would," agreed Mamma Bruin, "and you are a good little bear to want to go for me, but I could not think of sending you such a long way alone. It is far away, you would not know how to get there, and I could not have my little Cubby Bear lost on the big mountain!"

Just then there came a tap at the open door, and they looked up to see Foxy Reynard bowing and smiling politely.

"Good morning, good morning," he said cheerily. "I was just passing by, and could not help overhearing what you were saying. I am glad I heard, for I am going over the mountain myself tomorrow, and will be glad to show little Cubby Bear the way to his grandma's house. I have called there many times, and know the way quite well."

"Oh, Mamma Bruin! do you hear that?" cried Cubby Bear, clapping his little paws for joy. "How nice that Foxy Reynard can show me the way! I have always wanted to see what was on the other side of the big mountain. Do say you will let me go!"

"I can help carry the basket, too," said Foxy sweetly. "Then Cubby Bear will not get too tired."

Mamma Bruin did not like to send little Cubby Bear so far, but at last she said he might go, and they both set about filling the basket for Grandma Bear.

"I will bake her a nice cake," said Mamma Bruin, "and send her some dried blueberries, too. Sassafras and checkerberry will be good to make tea, and mixed with the wild bees' honey which I shall send, will perhaps cure her cough."

The next morning was bright and beautiful, and Foxy Reynard called early.

Cubby Bear was ready to start, and kissed Mamma Bruin good by a great many times.

The air was chilly, but grew warmer as the shining sun rose higher in the sky.

Cubby Bear could not walk soberly along the way, but skipped and hopped gleefully. He hoped all his friends would know he had gone on a long journey—too far to go in a day.

Pussy-willows in their spring coats of silver-gray fur nodded to him as he passed. Leaf-buds on the trees were swelling and bursting. Little green points that would be plants by and by were pushing their way up through the moist brown earth. It was good to be alive.

Here and there flaming red wintergreen berries peeped out from beneath their shelter of dark green leaves, and Cubby Bear nibbled at them delightedly.

Foxy Reynard helped to carry the basket, and told Cubby Bear many interesting stories. When they reached the mountain and the way was steep and hard, Cubby Bear often grew tired. Foxy Reynard was older and stronger, but he was always willing to stop when Cubby Bear wanted to rest. The basket seemed to grow heavier.

"We are near the top of the mountain now,"

**Comfort's League of Cousins**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

ORIENT POINT, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Received the League button, certificate, and list of cousins desiring letters. Thank you very much for same. Was very much pleased with everything and I am going to try to live up to the rules.

Now Uncle, I would like to ask you a few questions.

Are the cousins supposed to answer all letters received?

Now I've sent so many cards and letters to those that write in COMFORT, saying that they will answer all cards and letters received, but they don't do it. I have received no answers from the many I've written to.

Do you think they do right? I don't. They are not fair to themselves or to the ones that write to them. I think the League of Cousins is grand. Now, please Uncle, don't think I'm complaining as I'm not.

I just wanted to know what you thought about it.

COMFORT is just a grand old paper, I wouldn't be without it for anything. I enjoy reading it so much. God bless you Uncle, you are doing lovely work. I only wish I had lots of money. Do you know what I would do with it if I had? I would give it to those who need it, for I know there are many that do need it. Jesus said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And I believe it is. My heart goes out to those who are so sickly and in need of help.

Your ever loving niece, MABEL LATHAM.

P. S.—Uncle, if you ever come on L. I. don't forget to come and see me. I would love to have a chat with you.

Mabel, you are a dear sweet girl, the kind of girl I love. You live at one end of Long Island I live at the other. The nice people of this world always seem to get as far away from us as possible. Queer isn't it? Now Mabel, I've no doubt you feel you have a real grievance against those whose letters appear in this department. Those who write say they will answer all letters received, but you see they don't expect to get more than a dozen, but instead they get hundreds and thousands. One girl who had a letter in this department got 70,000 replies. They came a thousand a day for more than two months. That will give you an idea of the size of the COMFORT family. It would have cost at least ten thousand dollars to have replied to those letters, and it would have taken her a lifetime to have done it. When I'm going over the thousands of letters that reach me, in every hundred letters or so I will write across one or two that have touched my heart and brought tears to my eyes: "Answer positively." These I put aside. In a week or two I find I've got a whole drawer full of "Answer Positively" letters and maybe out of the whole bunch I'm only able to scratch a few lines on a postal card to one. Those who don't hear from me, and are entitled to hear from me, will realize what I'm up against when I tell them that I have a little niece in Australia who constantly pleads with me to write to her, and the best I've been able to do in three years is to send her a postal card and one letter, which I dictated to Maria. To show how good intentions oft go awry I promised in the September issue to send to all interested the "Golden Keys" which would reveal the source of everything that had made life worth while to me. As a result of those good intentions on my part I found it would cost me thirty dollars for printing to carry them out. Those intentions however will be carried out when I get a little bit richer—if that time ever arrives. Those who have letters printed in this department are much in the position in which I found myself one Sunday when five friends who had come from a distance walked in quite unexpectedly and demanded dinner. I was sick and was not eating at the time. Billy and Maria had treated themselves to a small broiler, a juvenile chicken which weighed about three ounces. How we got out of that predicament I would never dare to tell. However I told Maria to go out in the street and shoot a horse, but

said Foxy, late in the afternoon, "but the rest of the climb is harder, and I think we will stay where we are for the night. Look, here is a nice place to rest, under these pine trees, and there is a spring of pure water not far away."

Cubby Bear was glad to rest. His paws were sore with climbing over rocks, and his back ached. But he was happy.

After eating supper and drinking plenty of water from the good, cold spring, Foxy Reynard lay down on a bed of pine needles, and was soon asleep.

Cubby Bear sat looking about him.

"I like the pine trees," he thought. "Their smell is sweet, and they are never still. And I like to see the sun go down—up here on the mountain, One can look far off, and see many beautiful things. I think I should like to live on the top of a mountain if my friends could be with me."

Very, very early in the morning Cubby Bear awoke from his night's sleep. Somewhere in the woods a bird was twittering sleepily. The world looked shadowy and gray, and a chilly breeze was blowing. Cubby Bear shivered, and looked to see if Foxy Reynard was awake.

Foxy Reynard was not there! The basket of good things for Grandma Bear was not there! Cubby Bear was all alone on the big mountain!

He trotted around, looking behind bushes and calling, "Foxy Reynard! Foxy Reynard! come back! where are you?"

But Foxy was nowhere to be seen. Cubby Bear sat down on the pine needles, and four, round, shiny tears rolled from his brown eyes.

Just then he heard a sound he was always glad to hear.

"Caw, caw, caw!" came the cheery call, and looking up, he saw Shinyblack Crow flying down from the sky.

"Good morning, Cubby Bear!" he called. "Dry your tears, for I know all about your troubles, and have come to help you."

"You are so good to me!" cried Cubby. "Always, always, when I need help, you come to me! Where is Foxy Reynard?"

"He took your basket before the dark night was gone," Shinyblack told him, "and very softly trotted away with it. Down in a little cave, not very far from here, it is hidden. The cave is the home of Foxy Reynard's brother. They have gone now for one of their friends to come and help them eat up the good things that you brought for Grandma Bear. Come quickly, and I will show you the way. I would have brought the basket for you if I could."

Shinyblack Crow hopped along, flying a little now and then, and Cubby Bear hurried as fast as he could, to reach the cave before the three foxes came back.

A stone slipped when he stepped upon it, and rolled down the mountain side, giving him a bad fall, but he did not stop for that.

By and by they reached the cave. The three foxes had not come back, and taking the basket Cubby Bear trotted off with it.

Shinyblack Crow flew up in the air to look about.

"The foxes are nowhere in sight," he called. "We shall be able to get away quite safely. Now, little Cubby Bear, follow where I show you the way, and I will take you to your grandma's house. I know a way to go around the mountain now, so you will not have the hard climb over the top."

The sun was up now, the cold breeze was gone, and little birds everywhere were singing their happy morning song.

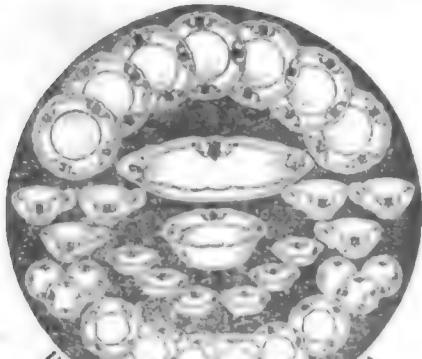
Cubby Bear was not afraid, now that his good friend was guiding him. Before noon they reached Grandma Bear's house, and the long journey was at an end.

Grandma Bear was better, and was glad to see little Cubby Bear and Shinyblack Crow.

"I have known sly old Foxy Reynard and his family a long time. He is sure to get little bears into trouble. Remember, my little Cubby Bear," said wise old Grandma Bear, "that if you want to be safe and happy, you must choose your friends with care."

nothing but automobiles went by for three hours, and we couldn't eat them. Billy reminded us that there was a nice fat baby down-stairs, and we tried to buy it but didn't have enough money. I have a Bronze Baby Lion on a bookcase, and when I saw the condition of things and viewed that hungry mob, he jumped down from his perch, gave a yell and ran for his life. You see at times we get up against propositions in this world for which we can find no solution. We are up against what in diplomacy is called an empasse, nothing left but to fight or run. The party who receives a thousand letters throws up his or her hands and runs to the woods every time the mail carrier makes his appearance. Now that's just what you'll do, Mabel, when this letter of yours gets in print. You'll sit down in the middle of the letters and never reply to one. Give her a dozen cousins and see if I am not right. You see the trouble with you Mabel my dear. Is that why there is so much poverty and wretchedness in the world. That's why a whole bunch of standpat reactionaries including Uncle Joe Cannon and his big cigar are back in Congress, and the progressive Bull Moosers and other reformers have been forced to hike to the tall grass. How do I wish you had all that money you long for Mabel! I would crawl down to the other end of Long Island and try and grab a "one spot" before you had given it all away. After a careful survey of the human race I've come to the conclusion nobody has any money, nobody ever had any money, nobody ever could have any money, and nobody ever will have any money, and the only people who want to give away are those who have not got it. You are quite right dear. Jesus did say, "It is far more blessed to give than to receive," but the trouble is you can't give unless you do receive, and the people as a whole do not get enough to be able to give anything. We can however, give our love abundantly, but all the love and sympathy in the world never bought a five cent loaf. The greatest thing in the world dearies, isn't love as we understand it, but something far higher and more glorious; and that is sacrifice, which is sublimated love, love in its essence, love at its zenith, love in perfection. That kind of love is scarce, and is usually only found in the family circle. We will sacrifice for our own but not for others. The world will never be as Jesus wanted it to be and as I want it to be, until we are ready to sacrifice for others as well as for our own. The world doesn't pay much attention to the teaching of Jesus, though judging from the piles of people who go to church you would think that it did. Most people alas, only want to use Jesus for their own selfish ends. They think it's a case of choosing between Jesus or hell fire, and so they use Jesus as a stepping stone to reach heaven and so escape the Satanic coal range. I am thankful to say I never used Jesus for any such miserable or contemptible purposes. I've used Him so that I could love more, and so be more lovable. Instead of making church spires point to heaven I would make them point to earth. That might make the Old Boy get scared and run. I never worry about my soul, and never worry about heaven. I know that God will attend to His end of the business, if I attend to the duties He has mapped out for me here. I'm not content to have heaven above me. I want it all around me, and the only way to get heaven around me is not to use Jesus as a stepping stone or fire escape, but as a big and loving brother, the essence of all that is glorious, good, noble, righteous and holy. The kingdom of heaven is within us, the immortal seed is in every human. What we want to do is to develop that precious seed and get others to develop it and spread its glorious influence, and then we'll have heaven here—just a little foretaste of that greater

nothing but automobiles went by for three hours, and we couldn't eat them. Billy reminded us that there was a nice fat baby down-stairs, and we tried to buy it but didn't have enough money. I have a Bronze Baby Lion on a bookcase, and when I saw the condition of things and viewed that hungry mob, he jumped down from his perch, gave a yell and ran for his life. You see at times we get up against propositions in this world for which we can find no solution. We are up against what in diplomacy is called an empasse, nothing left but to fight or run. The party who receives a thousand letters throws up his or her hands and runs to the woods every time the mail carrier makes his appearance. Now that's just

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**WIN A PRIZE**

14 5 23 Can You Solve this Puzzle?

9 4 5 1 19

Each of these lines represents a word. We have used figures instead of letters spelling these words. There are 26 letters in the alphabet. Letter A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, etc. Now see if you can make out the words and send us with 4c in stamps to cover postage. Say you will explain our offer and show our mode, to your friends, and we will send 12 USEFUL NOVELTIES, and our Big Prize Offer. Don't miss this.

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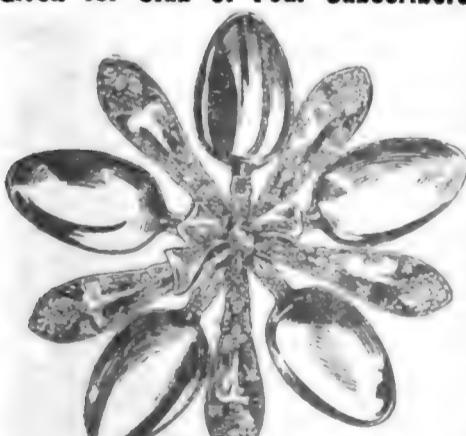
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**Six Rogers' Silver Spoons**

Warranted to Wear Ten Years

Given for Club of Four Subscribers



Guaranteed each and every one to be Strictly Pure A 1 Brand made by the famous Wm. A. Rogers and every teaspoon is so stamped on back.

This silverware comes in the popular Grape or Vintage Pattern, which is the very latest and prettiest design in Silverware. The picture hardly shows you the great beauty of the dainty, bright, clean clusters of Ripe Grapes or the finely executed leaves growing on the delicate vine seen on the front and back of every spoon. Rogers' Silverware has a world-wide reputation. We can hardly add more. These A 1 Rogers' teaspoons are guaranteed to be full standard extra plate upon the finest quality of 18% nickel silver base, and with ordinary care will last ten years. Some families are using Rogers' ware twice this time.

Everybody loves new, bright silverware. Nobody ever had too much, especially of Wm. A. Rogers' manufacture, as the expense has always and is now, too high, but Comfort's plan for sub premium workers make it possible to not only own these six Rogers' teaspoons but the entire set of table spoons, dessert spoons, knives and forks, sugar shell and butter knife, all in the same delightful grape or vintage pattern to match, without costing you really a penny.

First send in your four subs to Comfort at 25c each and receive this set of six Rogers' teaspoons by Parcel Post, then later earn the entire set of Rogers' Silverware to match the spoons. You can do it just as easily for only a few more COMFORT subscriptions as per new plan we will tell you about after you get the 6 spoons. Mrs. M. M. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upholding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

C. R. C., New Jersey.—We do not think the owner of a tract of property who has sold lots or tracts from the same and included in the deeds of the portions so sold an agreement to donate portions of his tract of land as private or public streets fixing the boundaries of such streets, can thereafter convey good title to the roadway provided for such streets so that the same can be closed and built upon, unless, of course, the consent of all the interested parties be obtained releasing their rights to said streets.

Mrs. H. M. McA., Rhode Island.—Under the laws of Ohio we think an illegitimate child would have no intestate rights of inheritance from his father, but, in case of failure of legitimate descendants, would inherit from his mother upon her death intestate.

H. E. M., Florida.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving children and a surviving widow, the widow would receive dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate and a child's part absolutely in the personal estate, or if she so elects she can take the child's part absolutely in the real estate. Instead of dower, that in case he leaves a will the widow can select the terms of the will and take the share provided under the intestacy laws; we think such election must be made within twelve months after the proving of the will or the granting of letters of administration, and must be in writing and duly filed or recorded; we think that in case the executor named in a will predeceases the testator that the court will appoint an administrator with the will annexed. We think that if your husband's will was drawn and executed before his marriage to you that he should now execute a new will.

W. D. B., New Hampshire.—We think private correspondence and diaries are oftentimes admissible as evidence in the trial of an action although there are many cases in which such evidence would not be admitted in the trial; we see no objection to the prosecuting authorities procuring and introducing such evidence where the same is proper evidence in a public cause, and where the same is procured in a proper and legal manner.

H. W. S., West Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the person who signed other persons' names to letters or postals sent through the mail, without the authority or consent of the persons whose names were used can be punished for such act, we think that, if you can substantiate such acts by proper proof, you should make your complaint to your local prosecuting attorney, or to the postal authorities.

Mrs. G. S., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that it is necessary for a wife to survive her husband in order to have any vested interest in his property, except that he be compelled to support her, and that she has an inchoate right of dower in his real estate which only becomes perfected in case she survives him; we do not think the consent of the children is necessary for the conveyance of their father's property in any event, unless he is mentally incompetent.

Surf, Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no child or descendant and leaving no will, such real estate as did not come to the decedent by descent, devise or deed of gift would all go to the surviving widow, but that if decedent leaves a child or descendant or if the property came to him by descent, devise or deed of gift, the widow's share would be reduced; we think if there is any question as to this in the case you have in mind it would be best for the man in question to draw and execute a will so that he may be sure that the property will go to his wife. We think he should have some competent lawyer or other competent person to attend to the drawing and execution of such a will as is important.

R. E., New Hampshire.—We think the parents or guardians' consent should be procured to the marriage of the young man under twenty-one years of age; we do not think a stepmother has any right to the custody or control of her husband's children by a former marriage.

E. M. C., West Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a husband can be compelled to support his wife and minor children in the proper action or proceeding brought for that purpose; we do not think a wife can recover from her husband moneys which originally belonged to her but which she has voluntarily turned over to her husband.

Mrs. F. W. C., Ohio.—We think the man who signed and delivered a contract for the sale or exchange of his farm but thereafter failed to carry out his contract, can be held, for such damages as were sustained by reason of his failure to do so, in the proper action brought for that purpose, provided any damages were sustained by reason thereof.

R. L. S., South Carolina.—We think your mother could legally mortgage the interest inherited by her upon the death of your sister, in the property owned, at such time, by yourself and sister who died, and we think the mortgage given by your mother alone can be enforced and foreclosed against your mother's interest in the property. In case there is a default in the payment of the mortgage; we think that the purchaser of your mother's interest upon the foreclosure sale of this property would become the owner of such interest, and could then bring a partition action and compel the division of the property or the sale of the property and a division of the money proceeds of such sale; we think that the expense of so much litigation would amount to more than the fifty dollars which you state as the amount now involved.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

**Comfort's League of Cousins**

heaven beyond. Society however, is constructed so that it is almost impossible for us to develop the spiritual and the beautiful. The church's one foundation, has not been Christ her Lord. It has been superstition, cant, hypocrisy, greed, privilege, power. That is why after two thousand years of the teaching of Jesus to guide us, we are still a bunch of miserable cutthroat savages, or else pious hypocrites. The world is full of plotters, but piety isn't religion. When it isn't pose it is dyspepsia, or liver trouble, or gloomitis, or a state of maudlin emotionalism that expresses itself usually by efforts to eliminate all the sunshine and joy of living. If Jesus had known how the world was going to take or mistake Him, I believe He would have sought some other sphere in which to have done His work, and left us to get along the best way we could without Him, and as we still persist in mis-representing His words and His mission we might almost as well dispense with His teachings, as to use them only for selfish ends. Here is a couplet of mine which aptly expresses my views.

I love Thee, Father, not because of that fair promised shore,

But just because through Thee I've learned to love mankind the more.

FITHIAN, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

My mother is a reader of the COMFORT. I go to school every day. I am in the seventh grade. Last spring we moved from Fairfield, Ill., to Fithian, Ill. I have two brothers up in Canada working through harvest. I have five brothers and four sisters. The youngest sister lives in Canada in the province of Sask. I have three nephews and five nieces. My oldest brother is a preacher. I will send you a poem of mine on our country.

WALTER GEEDING.

"Our Country"

Our country tis of thee,  
And hope no war will be,

Of thee I pray,

The United States is in peace,

And hope it will not decrease,

Let every battle cease,

Let freedom ring.

Our flag is red, white and blue,

I honor the one who carried it through

The flag bearer.

It was first to sail on the sea,

And it waved for liberty,

In history more will see,

Sweet American flag.

Composed by W. W. Geeding.

Walter, that's a very nice poem you have written about our country. It's nice to hope that wars won't be, but wars are going to continue to be as long as people are ignorant and don't know how to use their ballots. The election in November showed that the people have about as much conception of what is wanted to make the world worth while as would a dead Indian or a blind pig. Thank heaven we succeeded in getting woman suffrage in two more states because people out West are not so weighed down with hoary traditions, iron bound conventions and all round political social blindness as are those who reside east of the Missouri. So once in a while they wake up and do something. In the other sections of the country when anything new comes along they go out in the cemetery and get their inspiration from the grave. They look wistfully at the turf mounds and say: "Father never voted for woman suffrage, father knew nothing about the initiative and referendum; father didn't want to have a say in running the government, father didn't care if people were out of work; father voted as his father did, and his father voted as his father did, and so on back for hundreds of years, so why shouldn't I vote as my father did?" and so he goes and votes as father did. In spite of the fact that I have been trying to hammer &amp; lot of progressive ideas, as have many others, into the heads of the people, it is almost wasted effort, so determined are people to do what father did, unmindful of the fact that conditions are entirely different to what they were in father's day. If father took half an hour to strike a light with an old tinder box, if father shot Indians with a bow and arrow, if father went to bed with his shoes on, there is no reason why you should do those things, and you are too sensible to do those things. It is easy to demonstrate to you that a match is superior to flint and steel, that an automatic rifle beats a bow and arrow, and that shoes worn in bed are not comfortable. If you can grasp these patent facts why can't you get wise to the fact that poverty is not necessary in land of plenty, that gin mills are poison dens and ought to be abolished, that it's a disgrace to a state to allow men who are anxious to work to be in want of work, that if a woman has only five dollars a week in her pay envelope on Saturday, and has no relatives to help her financially, she must either die of slow starvation or drift to a life of vice. There are scores of other things along these lines that I could mention but when you cast your vote 1st November you never did a single thing to abolish any of these horrors, and none of the men you elected will ever do a single thing to prevent these horrors. What you did do was to perpetuate these horrors and make them worse. Congress never tackles the real problems of life. Did you ever read of a debate in Congress on poverty and the way to abolish it? If half the people in America were starving today and the other half out of work and the remainder eating one another, Congress would be discussing tariff schedules, or Mexico, or whether the natives of the Philippines ought to learn Latin in school or tackle Greek. While we are talking about Mexico and our colonial possessions we don't have to talk about the United States. We must not wonder that we have wars, for society as it is now arranged, with all the wealth in the hands of a few, makes life one long battle anyway. Life, so nearly everyone says, is just one darned thing after another, and one darned thing after another means just one worry after another, and it is worry that kills. There is altogether too much worry in this world—utterly unnecessary worry, the worry of unemployment, the worry of sickness, the rent worry, the food worry, the clothes worry, the worry of the future, the worry of old age, and a thousand other worries, all of which could be wiped out of existence if people would not be so wickedly determined to do everything they can to make progress impossible. Your poem, Willie, is full of good intentions, but you have not carried them out very well. You say you hope the United States will not decrease. Of course a good-sized war will be best for the man in question to draw and execute a will so that he may be sure that the property will go to his wife. We think he should have some competent lawyer or other competent person to attend to the drawing and execution of such a will as is important.

W. H. S., West Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the person who signed other persons' names to letters or postals sent through the mail, without the authority or consent of the persons whose names were used can be punished for such act, we think that, if you can substantiate such acts by proper proof, you should make your complaint to your local prosecuting attorney, or to the postal authorities.

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H. E. M., Florida.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no child or descendant and leaving no will, such real estate as did not come to the decedent by descent, devise or deed of gift would all go to the surviving widow, but that if decedent leaves a child or descendant or if the property came to him by descent, devise or deed of gift, the widow's share would be reduced; we think if there is any question as to this in the case you have in mind it would be best for the man in question to draw and execute a will so that he may be sure that the property will go to his wife. We think he should have some competent lawyer or other competent person to attend to the drawing and execution of such a will as is important.

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**SPECIAL NOTICE:** We earnestly advise every lady who wishes to be rid of the disfigurement of Superfluous Hair to accept above offer at once. This remarkable offer is sincere and genuine, the standing of donor being unquestioned.



So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**NOTICE.**—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

E. F. B., Winters, Texas.—The pain in your back when you lie down which keeps you awake, or wakes you, is due probably to congested intercostal nerves and if when you wake you will get up and walk around, or take some exercise to start the circulation you will get relief at once. Chloroform liniment applied on a cloth and held tight until you feel that it is about to blister, then taken off for a minute and applied again, will also relieve. You should sleep on your stomach to relieve pressure on the back. Have you ever had a doctor examine you to discover the cause of the trouble? If not, do so at once. Also have him examine your child's eyes. It may be trachoma which is infectious and dangerous if not taken in time.

A. D. P., Campbell, Ala.—When the hair has been burned from any part of the head, or other part of the body, taking the skin with it, the hair follicles have been destroyed and there is no remedy known that will restore the hair. You might as well expect to find a remedy to make the teeth grow again when once they have been lost.

Brown Eyes, Amphion, Texas.—Don't go away off to Maine to ask about your condition when you have a good doctor right there in Texas who can tell more about you and know better what to do in a minute than we away off here can guess at in a year. We don't believe you have any more aches and pains than most other folks and if you will go right along and not worry about yourself you'll live out all the years the Bible says you are entitled to. Other Comfort worriers make a note of this.

J. C., Sherwood, Texas.—Tapeworms are taken into the body from meat not thoroughly cooked and care should be taken to eat only well-cooked meat at all times. Remedies for the worm are many; one is made of two ounces of pumpkin seeds pounded fine in six ounces of water and strained. Take half of this at night and other half in the morning. Repeat this for several days. It must be remembered that some preparatory treatment is necessary and the patient should eat little or nothing for a day before the medicine is taken. This will starve the worm and weaken it so it will lose its hold.

R. M. D., Berlin, Wis.—The only home treatment for stammering is to practise constantly the distinct articulation of words and sentences. You can sing without stammering, can't you? Yes? Then sing your sentences at first and get your mind and your vocal organs to moving in harmony. The chief value of schools for stammering is that they insist upon the practise which you neglect and you are kept at it by a superior power. The majority of stammering cases are curable, but some stubbornly refuse to be cured.

L. B. W., Durwind, Va.—Color-blindness, that is, inability to distinguish colors, is incurable, though when not congenital—born with the person—may be improved somewhat by a system of practice. The vision may be practically perfect in every other respect. What causes color-blindness is not known. Ordinarily it is congenital, but sometimes may result from disease or accident. The symptoms are indicated only where the person is shown certain colors and cannot distinguish one from another.

S. S. W., Chula, Ga.—Tetter is an indefinite term for forms of eczema or psoriasis, which is the chronic form of eczema. Eczema is caused by feeble digestion, malnutrition and assimilation and its successful treatment can only be had by a physician who can examine the patient and have a full knowledge of conditions. Tetter, so called, is a very common complaint, especially among women who have their hands a great deal in the wash tub, the hot water and soap being a strong irritant to a sensitive skin. This cannot be cured as long as the cause remains. Oxide of zinc ointment is the usual local application, but it is of no value if the hands are constantly in the hot, soapy water. To cure your tetter you must consult a physician and keep your hands dry. Eczema takes many forms and it is nervous and constitutional, usually, requiring long and careful treatment.

Mrs. B. E. G., Oneda, S. Dak.—Yours is another one of the numerous instances of the ignorant mother trying to cure her child when she knows nothing about the trouble or what to do. Take the child to a good family doctor and let him advise you. It isn't needed you need half as much as it is some sensible advice and knowledge.

T. R., Shawnee, Okla.—As there are dozens of different skin troubles, some serious and some not, and nearly everybody is so afflicted at times, there cannot be given any advice to cover all cases. You must know what particular trouble you have and the cause of it before any treatment can be undertaken. So go to a doctor with it and let him put you in good shape. You'll only make it worse by guessing at it and trying to cure yourself.

Sulfur, Aurora, Ind.—Superfluous hair may be removed by anyone of many preparations for the purpose, most of them effective and some of them harmless enough, but none of the simple ones are permanent in their effects. The electric needle is said to do the work thoroughly and this is expensive. You are not far from the city. Why not consult a specialist there? The preparations you mention, are as far as we know, no better nor worse than the others. You should un-

derstand that the frequent use of any chemical on the skin strong enough to destroy the hair is bound to have a bad effect on the skin in time.

G. W. F., Cherokee, Ky.—There is nothing we could tell you of what you could do for yourself to cure a case of neurasthenia of three years' standing. If you have neurasthenia very careful treatment by a competent visiting physician will be necessary and then a cure is not sure. Many people with all the money they want have neurasthenia and they cannot find a cure for it with all their money. As you are only nineteen, we do not believe you have neurasthenia, and at your age we don't think you could have over-worked yourself to that point. If you could and would go to a hospital in Louisville or Cincinnati and have a thorough examination made, just what is wrong may be determined and proper treatment given. Youth and a desire to live are great aids to a physician. Try the hospital.

Mrs. B. C., Sycamore, Ga.—The pains in your chest and shoulders are due rather to neuralgia and indigestion than to tuberculosis and the phlegm in your throat is due to catarrhal condition from climate, probably. Your run down condition is owing more to your ignorance of diet and proper eating and you need to talk to a good, sensible doctor and have him advise and instruct you in right living, rather than to give you medicine to cure some disease you do not have, or if you have, there is no reason why you should have it. Other COMFORT readers please make a note of this and print by it.

Pellagra, Morganton, N. C.—We have such inquiries as yours from COMFORT readers frequently concerning pellagra and we can only advise that persons who think they have it should go to a reputable physician and have an examination made for that particular disease. In some sections of the South Boards of Health have been investigating pellagra and if patients will get in touch with them they will receive free information and we believe free treatment. It is for the public good and patients will be given every consideration.

J. G., Vancouver, B. C.—A very excellent remedy for constipation is the injection of hot water, made more effective by the use of Castile soap in the water. It is more of a natural remedy than the ordinary medicines taken for such purpose, and in many cases it proves an absolute cure, if some attention is afterwards paid to the diet. We recommend it, but you must get the advice of a physician as to details of application.

Mrs. A. T., San Francisco, Cal.—People are not troubled with all their lives with insomnia. When it continues from childhood to middle age, the individual may conclude that nature did not intend that that particular organism should require as much sleep as the usual eight hours, which is accepted as correct. You have no doubt been trying to sleep eight hours, when nature asked only four or five. Study your case and see if you only the amount needed. Either fit up late, or get up early and see if you don't cure yourself of insomnia. (2) Talk to a doctor about the pimples and muddy complexion, as your diet is simple and you do not speak of having indigestion. There are other causes which a doctor knows of and usually can correct.

J. H., Burleson, Texas.—We think marriage will prove to be the cure of all the ills you mention as troubling you. You haven't as much consumption as you have indigestion and if you get a wife who can cook and knows something about proper foods she will do you more good than any medicine you can take. She will also get your mind off of yourself and give you something else to think about and in a year or so you will be a new man and ought to be a fairly happy one. Marry a good, healthy girl and don't bother about her being as beautiful as a fairy. Beauty fades, at least, that kind does.

Miss G. S., New York, N. Y.—You are like a good many other COMFORT readers who think that chilblains are not much more than simple frost-bite, or chapped hands or other superficial trouble affected by cold and can be cured by some simple external application. Chilblains are not that kind at all and require the examination and treatment of a physician who can know conditions that cause them. All chilblain sufferers are advised to go to their doctors and be properly treated.

Miss G. S., New York, N. Y.—You are like a good many other COMFORT readers who think that chilblains are not much more than simple frost-bite, or chapped hands or other superficial trouble affected by cold and can be cured by some simple external application. Chilblains are not that kind at all and require the examination and treatment of a physician who can know conditions that cause them. All chilblain sufferers are advised to go to their doctors and be properly treated.

Walking through my library, such an act I should imagine would not only be unpleasant, but I've no doubt the Supreme Court would tell you it was unconstitutional. If you had only put a comma after through, Willie, you might have saved the flag bearer's life. You further inform us that our flag was the first to sail on the sea. It might have been the first to sail on the sea around Fithian, Illinois, but I don't think history will

repeat itself.

Never apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents in advance of subscription or renewal.

The League numbering nearly forty thousand members, undoubtedly the greatest society of young people on earth.

It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15-month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little.

Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, general secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter

is thrown away.

Conquered at Last!

Write for Proof of Cures, Advice Free.

DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE TABLETS Does It.

DR. CHASE, 224 North Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Big Powerful Air Rifle

for distributing 8 sets of pictures on special offer at 2c. Send name, M. O. SEITZ, Dept. 128, CHICAGO.

Piles Cured

All sores gone in 20 minutes. Permanent cures. Will send for money.

PLACKS REMEDY CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

JAPAN ROSE BUSHES

The Wonder of the World.

Rose Bushes with roses on them in 8 weeks from the time the seed was planted. It may not seem possible but we Guarantee it to be so. They will

BLOOM EVERY TEN WEEKS

Winter or Summer, and when 3 years old will have 500 to 600 roses on each bush. Will grow in the house

in the winter as well as in the ground in summer. Roses All The Year Around. Package of seed with directions and our guarantee by mail. 10 cts. Japan Seed Co. Box 6 So. Norwalk, Conn.

The Latest Vanity Case

Premium No. 711

Given for a Club of Three

EVERY lady and girl should have one of these handsome German silver Vanity Cases because it is the latest style and design having a thin model watch. As shown in illustration the outside of the case is engraved with a monogram initial. In the little round panel which is perfectly plain and bright polished. This case is very light, weighing a little over 2 oz. and 2½ inches wide with a 12-inch chain. On the inside of the case on one side is a place for visiting cards, bills, postage stamps, etc., etc., and on the other side is a powder box in a little compartment which closes with a hinged cover, a good sized mirror, a compartment for nickels and another one for dimes. This new case is one of the prettiest ones we have yet seen so we have bought a quantity of them to give away among COMFORT readers. We will send you one of them if you will accept the following Club Offer.

For a club of only three 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this vanity case free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 711.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Start Your Club Now And Enter For A February Prize!

WE PAID EACH OF THESE WOMEN A \$1.00 CONSOLATION PRIZE!

Mrs. Earl Hunsinger, Okla.; Mrs. Tillie Anderson, Minn.; Mrs. M. F. James, N. C.; Patricia Sullivan, Tenn.; Mrs. F. E. Johnson, Fla.; Alice Nichelson, Ill.; Reeta Noice, Ohio; Mrs. I. J. Tucker, Ga.; Mrs. W. J. Conroy, N. Y.; Mrs. E. F. Freeman, Colo.; Eve Cliff Moon, N. Y.; Mrs. C. C. Shanholz, Kans.; Mrs. M. B. Morgan, Ky.; Mrs. E. M. Brown, W. Va.; Miss Alta Witbeck, N. Y.; Miss Clara Berry, W. Va.; Mrs. Ola Poppe, S. C.; Delle Cross, Ohio; Mrs. C. A. Jacobson, Colo.; Clara Jordan, Ill.; Mrs. O. C. Rector, Iowa; Mrs. Effie R. Curry, N. C.; Mrs. N. P. Sweet, Maine; Leesteva I. Turner, Ohio; Mrs. Bettie Harris, Ky.; Miss Edna Shouler, Indiana; Mrs. Harvey E. Lutz, Nebr.; Miss Elsie May Creamer, Va.; Alice Williams, Ga.; Mrs. J. A. Drexler, Ill.; Miss Mollie A. Elliott, Kans.; Mrs. G. C. Taylor, Vt.; Mrs. Mary Van Debogart, Okla.; Mrs. Bert Reid, Pa.; Miss Anna Brown, Wis.; Miss Gertrude Ross, Mass.; Mrs. Alice Hancock, Ohio; Mrs. Bert Reid, Pa.; Mrs. Lizzie Toone, Texas; Mrs. A. J. Johnson, Colo.; Miss Florence Burz, Ala.; Mrs. A. Huston, Idaho; Mrs. Ada P. Roe, N. C.; Daisy Wells, Ill.; Mrs. H. Lake, Wis.; Miss Lydia Wethle, Pa.; Miss Rhoda Early, Va.; Mrs. M. Baird, N. J.; Mrs. Andrew Arsenau, Maine; Mrs. Geo. H. Joslin, Colo.; Mrs. Herbert G. Shea, Maine; Mrs. Ole Erickson, Ill.; Mrs. J. A. Klop, Wash.; Miss Linda Troyer, Ohio; Mrs. Irving E. Jackson, Maine; Miss Mary Neis, Wis.; Mrs. Hettie Owens, Okla.; Mrs. Taylor Everett, Miss.; Mrs. Viola Severn, Indiana; Amanda Lewis, Ill.; Mrs. Jennie Peden, Wash.; Mrs. S. H. Tranholt, Mont.; Mrs. J. M. Riddle, Texas; Mrs. Alice Chambers, Wis.; Mrs. Kittle Sherman, Mich.; Mrs. Peter Thill, Ill.; Mrs. Geo. W. Schwamberger, Ohio; Grace M. Reese, Okla.; Rachel Rebecca Cone, Calif.; Kate Odgen, Ill.; Mrs. Maggie Skyles, Missouri; Mrs. Truman Vorheis, N. Y.; Mrs. Myrtle Baninger, Mich.; Mrs. Eliza Mallon, Ill.; Mrs. Ada Bolerson, Calif.; Eliza C. Thaw, Texas; Mrs. Homer Sheridan, Co. o.; Mrs. O. W. Stair, Va.; Mrs. C. M. Gary, Va.; Mrs. Elizabeth Beal, Mich.; Mrs. E. D. Barton, Mich.; Ada O'Neal, Ky.; Mrs. C. W. Norwood, Okla.; Mrs. G. A. Purle, W. Va.; Mrs. Lena Boutke, Nebr.; Olive Wagner, Pa.; Rose Ritch, Pa.; Mrs. L. E. McCarver, N. C.; Mrs. Maggie Myers, Iowa; Mrs. C. A. Sherrill, N. Y.; Mrs. Amy Stratton, Indiana; Miss Ethel Brown, N. H.; Miss Anna Tippett, Tenn.; Miss Nellie Shaughnessy, Ill.; Mrs. Albert Bergmann, Ala.; Mrs. Iva Gipson, Colo.

Did You Win A Cash Prize?

THOSE of our readers who won a December Cash Prize in COMFORT'S Seventh Grand Prize Contest will

find their names somewhere in this list. These prizes have already been paid to the winners and now we

are almost ready to pay the January Prizes. The names of the winners in our January Contest will

be printed in February COMFORT. All who have not yet entered this Cash Prize Contest should remember

that there is still three months of it left. Each month's contest is separate and distinct from another and has

a separate list of Cash Prizes which are paid promptly at the end of the month. At the end of the three re-

maining months we will also pay a list of Grand Prizes. Every Monthly Prize you win helps you win one

of the Grand Prizes. These Monthly Cash Prizes and Grand Cash Prizes are extra and in addition to the

premiums we give you. You are sure to get a premium for every club you send in and in addition any Monthly

Prize you win is paid to you promptly at the end of the month in which you win it. All of our readers who

have not yet done so should by all means enter now for the February prizes. It costs you nothing to try. You

have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Read all about this Grand Cash Prize offer on another page.

Also write us for our latest Premium Catalogue. We want to show you what splendid premiums we will give

you in addition to any prize money which you may win. And while you are waiting for the catalogue start

securing a club of subscriptions to be placed to your credit on the February Prizes.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

Walking through my library, such an act I should

imagine would not only be unpleasant, but I've

# I Won My Battle Against

**Within Twenty-Four Hours**

I obtained greater relief than I had ever found in years of search before. Now I am cured, well and absolutely FREE from every trace of that loathsome disease.

I Will  
Gladly Tell You How  
**FREE!**

You need no Salves, Lotions, Jellies, Sprays or Atomizers; No Greases, Pastes or Ointments; No Plasters, Masks or Bandages; No Baths; No Massage or Electricity; No Smoke to Inhale and Choke You; No Surgery; No Vibration; No Instrument or Appliance; No Pain or Operation. My way is simple, easy, convenient, pleasant, painless, invisible.

**Conquer Your Catarrh  
Or It May Conquer You**

Catarrh Is a Sneak-Thief That May Steal Your Health and Happiness

Do you wake up in the morning with nose clogged up and your throat stopped up with an accumulation of poisonous mucous phlegm? Do you have to "k-at-a-w-k" and choke and gag and spit after you get up in order to get your head cleared out? If you do, heed that warning. It may not seem important now, but it IS, it IS, it IS. I tell you it IS important. I tell you if I realized this when I first had had these early symptoms, I might have saved myself torture, misery, suffering and embarrassment that no words can describe.

If your catarrh has already become worse than this, if you now find yourself hawking and spitting all day long, if you have a bad taste in your mouth, no appetite and a breath that makes people turn away their heads when you go near them, if your hearing is affected, if you have catarrhal headaches, and other advanced symptoms, you may think these are troublesome, but, take it from me, even these symptoms are nothing as compared to what catarrh symptoms can be when neglected.

**I Paid Dearly For Neglect**

If you could only know and realize the frightful penalty I paid for neglect of early symptoms you would be mighty busy trying to find something to kill and clean out the millions and



billions of germs that are nesting, breeding, feeding, thriving in your nose and throat and filling these parts with their disgusting, poisonous, health-destroying filth.

You know that all day the poisonous catarrhal mucous drops into your throat. You have to spit it up. Now think of what happens at night. Do you think these little gluttons—the catarrh germs—sleep when you sleep, do you think the poisonous mucous all remains in your throat till morning when you wake up and spit it out? Don't fool yourself. A lot of it does collect in your throat, true enough, but a lot of it also gets Down Your Throat and Into Your Stomach.

**No Wonder Suffering Follows**

Is it any wonder that people have Catarrh of the Stomach, Bowels and Other Vital Organs? Is it any wonder that appetite and digestion fail, that the blood becomes impure, that strength and vitality are lost, that health is ruined and lives are wrecked by the ravages of neglected catarrh?

Let me tell you how I fought catarrh germs every minute of the day and night, fought them while at work, while out in company, while at the theater and other places of amusement, while awake and asleep, without anyone ever seeing me do it, without anyone ever knowing it, and how I finally conquered the disease and freed myself from its abominable clutches to my own unbounded joy and the surprise of all who knew me.

# CATARRH



**After Suffering Years**

I conquered the disease that was robbing me of every comfort, every pleasure. I cured myself, I cured my friends in a wonderful, simple easy way that astonished all who knew me.

I Want  
All To Know How  
**FREE!**

If you've got CATARRH get rid of it. Don't let anybody tell you it can't be cured. It CAN be cured. I know it can; I've proved it can. Few people ever had it worse than I did and I am cured. My friends are cured. Write to me, send me your name and let me tell you how. You'll be surprised to learn the simple, easy way it's done. I charge you nothing for this information. I want the whole world to know.

**Catarrh Is More Serious Than Many People Think**

Disgusting, Hawking, Spitting and Awful Breath Are Not the Worst of It

Do you realize that Catarrh is really a serious affection? Do you realize that it is perhaps responsible for more ill health than any other one cause? Do you realize that nasal catarrh, which is so common, is only the beginning, only the first mild symptom, a danger signal of threatening trouble ahead?

Do you realize that catarrh of the nose, with its hawking, its spitting and other disagreeable and offensive symptoms may be a forerunner of catarrh of the stomach or bowels?

The constant dripping of mucous into the throat is sure, sooner or later, to interfere with digestion and, by so doing, indirectly affect the bowels and other vital organs, causing many additional symptoms.

I know what catarrh is because I myself have been its victim and I can sympathize with anyone who is now its victim.

Is it any wonder that after suffering its most frightful and disgusting tortures for years, after seeing my friends shun me as they would a leper, after having tried everything under the sun, and wasting money on salves, lotions, inhalers, instruments and devices, electricity and such things, after having been through it from the first mild symptoms to the stage where it undermined my health, destroyed my happiness and made my life miserable, is it any wonder I say, **Is It Any Wonder** that I feel like shouting, yes screaming the glad news of my cure to every Catarrh sufferer in the world, and telling everybody of the simple, easy, painless way in which I was finally cured, after all else failed?

**Write To Me, Write To Me, Now, Now,** Now, if you suffer from any of the awful, loathsome, disgusting symptoms of Catarrh, and let me tell you free, and without a penny's cost, how I conquered my catarrh, how my friends conquered their catarrh and how hundreds of others I know of accomplished the same glorious result. Just send me this coupon with your name and address or write me a letter or a post card.

**No Time Like the Present**



**Write To Me Now!**

**FREE! COUPON SEND NOW FREE!**

SAM KATZ, Suite C 602,  
1325 Michigan Avenue,  
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE and without cost full details concerning the wonderful way you cured your catarrh.

Name .....

Street or R. F. D.....

Postoffice ..... State .....

## Catarrh Ruined My Health And Almost Wrecked My Life

Yet I Was Cured By a Wonderfully Simple Means When All Else Failed, I Am Now Free and I Know That Others Can Be Free. Send Me Your Name and Let Me Tell You How

When I noticed the first symptoms of catarrh I paid little attention to them. I used to sniff salt water up my nose and because that would clear out the passages and make breathing easier, I thought I was getting relief. I never thought about it getting worse until folks began to tell me about my awful breath. I began to notice that my head was clogged up nearly ALL the time. Then I began to look around for a remedy. I bought patent medicines, inhalers, syringes and ointments. I used to be squirting dope into my nose all day long. I got relief, but that's all I did get. As soon as I stopped using these things I would be as bad off as before.

My breath was awful. I got so I couldn't eat, nothing tasted good, in fact I just about lost my sense of taste and also my sense of smell. I sniffed and I hawked and I spat continually until I was ashamed, but what could I do? My friends avoided me.

I felt filthy and loathsome. My food would not digest. I was weak, had headaches and was half sick all the time. I was melancholy, had the blues, lost ambition and felt like sneaking off in some obscure corner of the world away from everybody.

**I Waited Too Long**

I tried first one thing, then another; I read about catarrh in medical books, I tried things that everybody said were good and things nobody else ever heard of. I was desperate. I had to make my living and I realized that unless I found a cure I might soon be unable to work and I certainly had no desire to die in the poorhouse.

Then came the happiest day of my life—the day I found the simple, easy, wonderful means by which I was absolutely cured. The very first day I felt that my deliverance was at hand because the effect was absolutely different from anything else I ever used. My new-found method enabled me to fight the disease every minute of the day and night without continually poking and squirting stuff into my nostrils. And O, the relief! The English language has no words that express the joy I felt when folks began to tell me that my breath was not nearly so bad, when I began to enjoy my food again and gain strength.

**A Cure At Last**

Almost before I realized it my cure was complete. Every symptom of catarrh was gone. My head was clear, there was no more dripping in my throat, no more headaches, no more bad taste, no more bad breath. I felt fine. Everybody said I looked better. I could eat like a truck horse and I got fat and strong again. People began to ask me what it was that worked such a wonderful change in me. I told them and many of them tried my plan with the same wonderful results.

I felt so good I wanted to tell everybody. I have already told thousands and I want to tell YOU. I know you will thank me the longest day you live. I want you to know the simple, easy means I found to cure my catarrh. I want you to send me your name so I can tell you.

I want you to know the indescribable joy that freedom from disgusting catarrh brought me and will bring you. I ask no money for this information—it is FREE—you are welcome to it and I want you to have it. Write me today, fill in the coupon or write me a letter or postcard. Simply say, "Sam Katz, I want to know how you cured your catarrh" and write your name and address.



### NEW TREATMENT THAT KNOCKS RHEUMATISM.

Hundreds Use It. Call It a Wonder. Offers to Send a 50c Box Free to Any Sufferer to Prove It.

Up in Syracuse, N. Y., a treatment for rheumatism has been found that hundreds of users say is a wonder, reporting cases that seem little short of miraculous. Just a few treatments even in the very worst cases seem to accomplish wonders even after other remedies have failed entirely. It seems to neutralize the uric acid and lime salt deposits in the blood, driving all the poisonous clogging waste from the system. Soreness, pain, stiffness, swelling just seem to melt away and vanish. The treatment first introduced by Mr. Delano is so good that its owner wants everybody who suffers from rheumatism or who has a friend so afflicted, to get a free 50c package from him to prove just what it will do in every case before a penny is spent. Mr. Delano says: "To prove that the Delano treatment will positively overcome rheumatism, no matter how severe, stubborn or long standing the case, and even after all other treatments have failed, I will, if you have never previously used the treatment, send you a full size 50c package free if you will send your name and address with 10c to help pay postage and distribution expense to me personally. F. H. Delano, 329Q. Delano Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y. I can send only one Free Package to an address."

### LET ME REMOVE YOUR GOITRE \$2.50 TEST FREE

**Don't suffer and disfigure with "Big Neck."** Don't give up hope because you have tried other remedies that have failed you. There are curing hundreds of old chronic cases that had resisted all other remedies. My patients everywhere are reporting cures. You may try one \$2.50 treatment of my remarkable new process at **my expense**. It's absolutely **FREE**—in plain package—no money. You will be surprised at how quickly my treatment reduces the size of the goitre and relieves choking and other terrible symptoms. It is from the first treatment, no interference with your work, no danger of any kind, no obligation. **SEND AT ONCE!**

**\$2.50 TREATMENT FREE**  
Fill out and mail this coupon to Dr. W. T. Bobo, 815 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich., and get \$2.50 Treatment Free by mail.  
Age..... How old is goitre?..... yrs.  
Nervous?..... Hands tremble?.....  
Do eyes bulge?..... Eyes feel too rapidly?..... Health?.....  
Name.....  
Address.....

### To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE.

**Don't dread the pains of childbirth.** Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 108 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

### THE BEE CELL SUPPORTER A BOON TO WOMANKIND

Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us \$2.00 and we will mail you postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Box 4, White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

### OLD SORES

Since 1899 ALLEN'S ULCERINE SALVE has healed more old sores than all other salves combined. It is the most powerful salve known and heals sores from the bottom up, drawing out the poisons. By mail 55 cents. Book free.

J. P. ALLEN MEDICINE CO., Dept. B25, ST. PAUL, MINN.

### PILES PAY IF CURED

We pay postage and send FREE Red Cross Pile and Fistula cure. REED CO., DEPT. 100, Minneapolis, Minn.

SOLO GUITAR-FREE for distributing 8 set of Art pictures at 25c on special offer. Send name at once. M.O. SEITZ, 125 CHICAGO

### Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

in the crowd whom she recognizes, and whose appearance arouses her from her contemptuous indifference; she raises her head, looks intently and then leans forward out of the carriage, with her eyes fixed on a broad-shouldered, stalwart gentleman, who comes with slow and languid gait down the broad pavement. He is tall enough to tower pretty considerably over the Swiss, who on an average are not tall, and to decidedly top his fellow countrymen; and he is handsome and distinguished enough to draw the eyes of the loungers even from the interesting young lady herself.

Very slowly he comes down toward the parade quite unconscious of the notice he is attracting—quite as unconscious of the lady who is waiting for him. If some kind angel would but whisper a word of warning in his ear! Poor Cyril! his kind angels have been very few and their warnings far between; as usual, he comes down upon his fate, or, rather, upon the individual who is to rule his fate, with his usual carefree unconcern and indifference to everything that pertains to the future; and it is not until the young lady has stretched out her hand and caught him by the arm, not until she has called him twice, thrice, by his name, that he turns and recognizes her.

"Why, Cyril! who on earth would expect to see you here?" she exclaims, showing a dazzling row of teeth and a smile broad and expressive.

"Glimmers!" says Cyril, "you here?" and although he smiles and suppresses every sign of the surprise that he feels, there is something in the tone that is anything but indicative of the welcome which so celebrated a person as Miss Glitters, of the Theater Royal, feels that she is entitled to.

"Yes, I'm here; why shouldn't I be just as much as you? How long have you been here?"

"Not long," answers Cyril, "and you?"

"Oh, only came today—this morning—and shan't make a long stay of it; at least, we didn't think of it, for Jerry says it's the slowest place he was ever in."

"Is Lord Jerry Carew here?" asks Cyril, looking round with anything but an expression of anxiety for his presence.

"Yes," he's gone inside to order supper; we're going for a drive—don't know what else to do. I never saw such a place; no theater, no concert, no casino, no anything; of course we didn't know you were here, or else it would have been different."

Cyril inclines his head with a cynical smile.

"Oh, the place would have been everything that is delightful, thank you, Molly."

"You haven't forgotten your old teasing ways, Cyril," says Miss Glitters, with a pout; "but, I say, where are you staying—here, of course?" and she nods her head toward the palatial Grand.

Cyril shakes his head, with an abstracted air, as if he were thinking hard.

"No," he says, "not here."

"Not here! Where then? I thought this was the only place fit to stop at!"

Cyril smiles.

"Oh—ahem! yes! Oh, come now, nonsense; it's not so bad as that!" says Miss Glitters, blushing; "you're not quite cleaned out—really, Cyril!"

"Of course not," says Cyril, lightly.

"Well, then come and stay here, and I'll persuade Jerry to stop another night or two. No—no? Why not? Anyhow, you'll have some supper with us tonight?"

"No; I think not," says Cyril, taking out his watch. "I think not, Molly."

Then he comes a little closer, and looks at her fixedly, almost earnestly.

"Don't look so cut up; you won't miss me; and, besides, I want you to do me a favor."

"What?" exclaims Miss Glitters, incredulously: "Sir Cyril More ask a favor! The world's coming to an end!"

"Don't hasten its destruction by refusing to grant my favor, then. See here, Molly. I am not stopping at the Grand, and I won't sup with you tonight; and I don't want to see Lord Jerry, because I am here incog, and don't want to be seen myself."

Molly puts her lips into the proper shape for whistling.

"Not as bad as that, Cyril?"

Cyril smiles.

"No, not quite so bad as that, Molly; the duns have not followed me to Switzerland."

"Then what is it?" queries Miss Glitters, with intense curiosity. "What are you up to—what is the little game? Come, Cyril; I will keep it a secret—I will, upon my honor! Do tell me—do, there's a good fellow!"

Cyril laughs one of his rare laughs.

There's nothing to tell you or anyone else, Molly, I have come here for a little rest and quiet, and I know, and so do you, that I shouldn't get it if I found you and Lord Jerry, and therefore I want you to do me the favor to keep our meeting a secret. Come, it's not a hard thing to promise. You have only to keep my name off your lips; you ought to be tired of it by this time."

Molly pouts and looks at him with all a woman's balked curiosity and suspicion.

"I don't believe that's all the reason," she says; "and if it is, it's all nonsense! Fancy you wanting to keep quiet and all that! No, it won't do, Cyril; there's something else in the wind, I'm sure of it."

"All right," says Cyril, "I'm not going to contradict a lady—bad manners that, Molly; but give me your promise."

"What—that I won't mention your name? that I won't tell anyone, now or hereafter, that I saw you, or knew you were in this beast of a place

"Exactly," says Cyril.

"Well, I'll do that; I'll do more than that, Cyril, for you."

"Of course," says Cyril, with polite acquiescence; "and as that is all I want, you'll do that cheerfully. Good by, Molly—enjoy your drive; you'll find the supper a good one, or they've lost their cool since I was there—good by."

"Good by, if you will go," she says, with a pout.

He takes the beloved and beringed hand, presses it for a moment, and raising his hat turns away. Scarcely has he done so than he sees walking slowly under the trees on the quay, Aunt Martha and Edna. Aunt Martha is looking cheerfully before her, with her amiable gaze on the lake, but Edna—yes, he sees in a moment that she has seen him, that she has still her eyes upon the overdressed figure and powdered face of Miss Glitters, now she turns them to him; he raises his hat and passes on; it is all done in a moment, but the recognition—the salutation—nay, more, the faint flush that colors the lovely face of the young girl, and Miss Glitters' colors in her turn.

"So, Mr. Cyril—devil—that is the game, is it? Quiet and rest, eh? Quiet and rest, indeed! As if I was to be taken in by that! As if I didn't know you too well to believe all that! Now—I—wonder—with intense curiosity—who she is? Poor little thing!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

—Continued from page 29.



**Free To Every Little Girl!**

Golden Locks And Her Lovely Twin Babies!



Premium No. 463.

All Three Dollies Given To You Without Cost!

**Ostrich Plumes**

16 Inches  
Long  
And  
6 Inches Wide

Positively  
Guaranteed  
as to Work-  
manship,  
Quality  
and Color

**Given For A Club Of Six!**

THESE beautiful Ostrich Plumes are of the highest quality and are guaranteed for brilliancy and permanence of color. They are just what every lady wants for the **upright trimmings** now in vogue as they have thick, strong flues and a large full, graceful, **French head** with the latest fashionable **flat curl**. Each plume is a full 16 inches in length and over 6 inches in width and made of the best African male stock, will last for years and always look well. We can furnish these plumes in colors of either Black or White and be sure to mention color wanted when ordering.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome Ostrich Plumes free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 698. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**Drawnwork Scarf**

Made of  
PURE  
FLAX  
woven  
into a silver  
damask  
of  
superior  
quality,  
finished  
with  
heavily  
fringed  
ends



EVERY woman reader of COMFORT who wants a handsome, serviceable dresser or sideboard scarf should answer this offer at once. We have imported from Germany a large quantity of these large sized, pure linen scarfs, 67 inches long and 16 inches wide, and thanks to the new tariff law secured them at a price so low that we can well afford to give them away for less money in subscriptions than you would have to pay outright for a much inferior scarf in any store. As shown in illustration, the pattern is a large attractive zigzag drawn-work design and both ends of the scarf are finished with a **handsome wide combed and knotted fringe**. Being made by skilled workmen of pure flax, the texture of this scarf is such that it should last a lifetime and in appearance it is one of the most beautiful dresser or sideboard covers you ever saw. We are giving away this scarf free on the terms of the following

**CLUB OFFER.** For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this large handsome, pure linen, imported scarf free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 332. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**Large Shaggy Teddy Bear**

The Best  
Playmate  
A Boy  
or Girl  
Ever  
Had



10  
Inches  
High  
And  
Full  
Jointed

**FREE FOR A CLUB OF TWO!**

EVERY little boy and girl wants a **Teddy Bear** and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" looks exactly as you see him in the picture above. He is a big shaggy fellow, nearly a **foot tall**, made of rich, handsome brown plush, paws lined with felt, carefully stitched and finished and his head, arms and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit up, stand on his head, go on all four feet, in fact, you can make him assume all kinds of positions that are so **comical and lifelike** that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. "Teddy" is so well made that no matter how roughly he is handled he cannot become broken and with ordinary care should last for years. "Teddy" Bears like this one generally cost a good round sum in the stores, but as we have imported a large quantity of them from Germany at a special low price we can well afford to give them away on terms so liberal that there is no reason why every boy and girl should not have one of them at once. We will send you "Teddy," free if you will accept the following special

**Club Offer.** For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this big shaggy Teddy Bear free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 699. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**TWO YARD LONG SILK MUSLIN SCARF**

A dainty shoulder throw and head covering for Summer, or for evening wear the year round. For trimming Summer Hats it is nothing so practical or so easily and attractively arranged. Each Scarf is two yards long and 24 inches wide, with deep hemstitched edges, and we have them in white, black, light blue and light pink.

For every-day use such a scarf is indispensable and for car or boat riding, pleasure or otherwise one or more of these scarfs will be found useful. Being ready to wear, the saving of time in hemstitching is worth something to every woman, and the busy Mothers will find them so convenient for a quick method of trimming the children's hats.

In the cities the stores all show these scarfs and everyone is wearing them.

Heretofore retailed for one dollar, while we give one for only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months.

Premium No. 331. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**Wonderful New Stereoscope AND 100 ENTERTAINING EXCITING VIEWS**



Lions, Tigers, Bears and all kinds of Wild Animals, Home Scenes, Domestic Pets and Happy Childhood Days.

Here is something as good as a circus for the children the year round—an indestructible, new style Stereoscope made of all metal with powerful magnifying lens, and with it we give you free a big collection of 100 Views of home scenes, domestic pets, farm scenes, all kinds of trained and wild animals, hunting scenes, views from the Arctic and tropical countries, and happy childhood scenes—the biggest and finest assortment of the most delightful and entertaining stereoscopic views for children ever gotten out. Boys and girls need not be obliged to hunt for something to occupy their active minds indoors with one of these Scopes at hand because it will give them a never-ending, joyful entertainment keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. Aside from the pleasure they will derive from the fifty beautiful scenes of home life, the fifty exciting animal views will furnish them with a regular circus, the lions, tigers, bears, buffalo, and all kinds of wild and savage animals as well as horses, dogs, cats and other domestic animals standing out real and life-like when looked at through this Scope. Any boy or girl would be delighted to have one of these wonderful Stereoscopes together with the big collection of 100 entertaining and exciting Views that come with it and knowing this we have purchased a large quantity of them direct from the factory and because we bought so many we got them at a price low enough to enable us to give them away on the terms of the following

**FREE OFFER.** Send us only one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents, and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you these six beautiful roses free by Parcel Post prepaid. If you want us to send them immediately be sure to say so in your order otherwise the roses will not be mailed to you until the proper time arrives for you to plant them in your garden.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**Offer 463 A.** For one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you all three dolls free by parcel post prepaid.

**Offer No. 463 B.** For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you all three dolls free by parcel post prepaid. (Premium No. 463). Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



# ROSES!

## 6 Beautiful Monthly Blooming Roses Delivered to Your Door For One New Subscription!

BEAUTIFUL Charming Roses in profusion that anybody can grow in any climate and in almost any soil. Again this season we offer our readers a splendid opportunity to secure without money cost a rare collection of six hardy, vigorous growing rose plants that will bloom and bloom all summer transforming your flower garden into a veritable paradise of delicious fragrance and radiant colors. The six varieties described below are strong, well-rooted plants ready to be transplanted to your garden as soon as you receive them and we guarantee that they will grow and thrive beautifully

**Crimson Crown** For color effect and general bedding purposes here is a rose that is hard to equal. It is a robust growing variety, quickly developing into a large shapely bush that is literally covered with immense clusters of deep crimson roses which are tinted a rich lemon-white at the base of each petal. The flowers are of attractive form and borne in such profusion as to give the plant a bright brilliant display from early spring until long after the late frosts.

**Killarney Queen** In this fine new rose some wonderful improvements have been made over the old pink Killarney and the grower now has as nearly a perfect variety as it seems possible to secure. The flowers are massive in size, very double and liberally produced. They are constructed of better substance and are of a richer dark deep pink color than the old variety. In rapid vigorous growing habit it cannot be equalled by any other rose in its class. It seems to be perfectly adapted to soil and weather conditions in all localities and if given some care, small plants will develop into fine large bushes the first season planted, returning for the little attention an abundance of magnificent fragrant flowers. This rose is a hardy everbloomer and flowers from early spring until after freezing weather in the fall.

**Climbing American Beauty** The American Beauty in all its glory and fragrance, develops into a hardy outdoor climbing rose. It is a prolific bloomer, with a strong habit of growth, thriving and blooming in almost any situation. The bush growing American Beauty is rarely satisfactory when planted in the open ground, but this new climbing variety has proved perfectly hardy in any part of the United States. One plant of this new rose will produce twenty times as many flowers as the old variety. The roses growing on a single stem measure three to four inches in diameter and possess the same delicious fragrance that the American Beauty alone has. This new rose must not be classed among the old-fashioned climbers of the rambler type, as it is distinct from them in its very superior quality. It has a fine foliage that does not burn, its thick glossy leaves remaining on the bush all summer. No lover of beautiful roses should fail to plant this fine climber, as it is a worthy ornament to any garden, and its beauty and fragrance will prove a lasting pleasure and delight.

**Bessie Brown** This wonderful rose is indeed a crowning masterpiece and has been hailed by flower-lovers everywhere as one of the greatest rose creations of modern times. With a hardy, vigorous constitution, growing to perfection in any soil or location, it has the most magnificent foliage that is possessed by any variety. It is a tremendous grower, producing flowers profusely all through the summer on strong erect stems. The handsome flowers are of unsurpassed beauty. They are full and deep, of a totally distinct character and formed of such substance as to last splendidly when cut. The color is an exquisite creamy white, delicately flushed pink.

### DATES TO PLANT ROSES.

Latitude of Florida, Calif., Tex.,	after	Feb. 1
" Ariz., Okla., So. Car.,	"	Mar. 1
" Wash., Tenn., Va.,	"	15
" Nev., Kans., Mo.,	"	Apr. 1
" Iowa, Ohio, W. Va.,	"	15
" Mich., N. Y., and all New England States	May 1	

if given proper care and attention. No matter in what part of the United States you live, our growers will send them to you at the proper time to plant according to the schedule printed below. Please remember, however, that these dates may vary from ten to fifteen days in event of an extremely early or late spring, so you need not become anxious if they should not reach you just on the date named in schedule. The rose growers who supply us are perfectly familiar with planting conditions in your locality and you may depend upon them to forward the roses to you at the best time for you to put them in the ground. Following is a brief description of each of the six varieties of beautiful ever-blooming roses given you free on this great offer:

**Nita Weldon** Here is another gold medal winner, well worthy a place in the heart and garden of every flower lover. Its habit of growth is perfection. Both the canes and foliage are of such strength and vigor as to withstand without injury the ravages of insects or disease. Neither soil conditions nor location seem to effect its rapid growth or liberal blooming qualities. The flowers are of globular form, very full and immense in size. They are deliciously fragrant and pure ivory-white with edges of petals tinted the faintest blush.

**Lady Hillingdon** In this variety has been found every feature the flower-lover could desire of a deep golden everblooming rose. After being awarded gold medals over such varieties as "Sunburst" there is no ground to question its merits. It is a sturdy, vigorous grower, producing long strong stems which hold the beautiful pointed buds upright, making them especially desirable for cut flower purposes. The buds open slowly to full deep golden bloom which hold their form and color much longer than other varieties. In the garden its rich green foliage and abundance of flowers present such a beautiful display of color that it cannot be passed by the most casual observer without an expression of admiration.

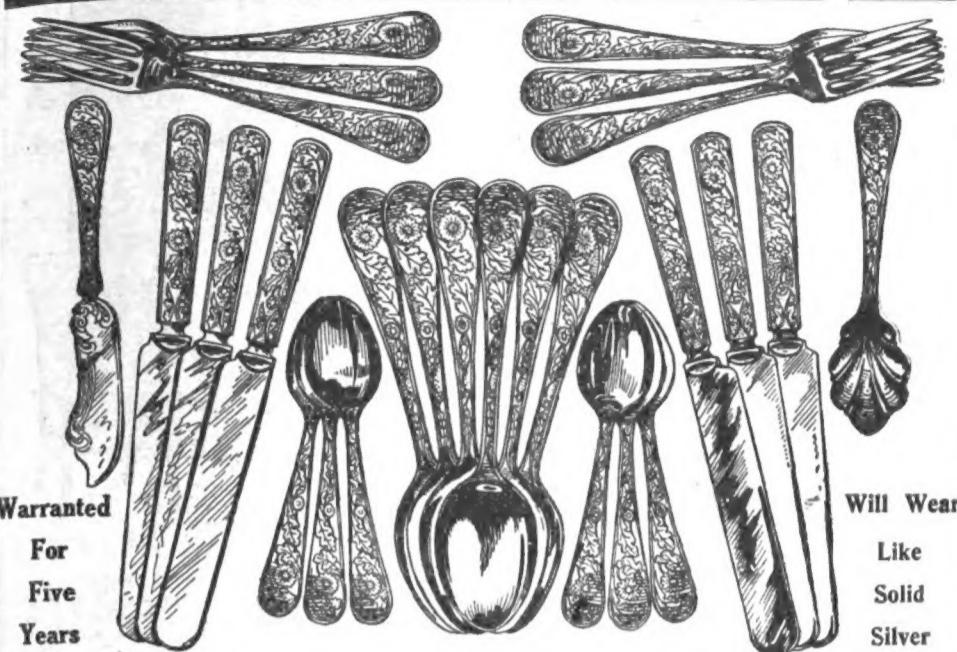
**Remember** These roses are all strong healthy plants on their own roots and will be sent to you by Parcel Post prepaid packed in wet moss so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as when they leave the greenhouse. You may accept this offer with the perfect assurance that these beautiful ever-blooming roses will grow and develop into rare specimen beauties. If any fail to grow we hereby guarantee to replace them for you free of all cost.

**Offer 672 A.** For one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you these six beautiful roses free by Parcel Post prepaid.

**Offer 672 B.** For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents, and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you these six beautiful roses free by Parcel Post prepaid. If you want us to send them immediately be sure to say so in your order otherwise the roses will not be mailed to you until the proper time arrives for you to plant them in your garden.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set



Warranted  
For  
Five  
Years

Will Wear  
Like  
Solid  
Silver

### Sent To You Prepaid For A Club Of Six

We have in the past made many fine premium offers of silverware to readers of COMFORT, but this is the first time we have ever been able to offer a complete silver set in return for such a small club of subscriptions. And please don't think because we are giving away this splendid set on such liberal terms that it is the ordinary cheap silverware which is plated on a brass base and consequently changes color and has that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. This Set which we offer you here is silver plated on a white metal base therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will never show signs of tarnish or wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and decorated with the beautiful Daisy design which is now so popular and the blades of the knives and bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have ever offered, in fact we are so sure that it will please and satisfy all who accept our offer we are going to guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years. We will send this beautiful 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

**Club Offer.** For a club of six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, you will receive this 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 680. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Look  
At  
Me!

I Have  
Real  
Eye-  
Lashes!

I Go To  
Sleep  
Like a  
Real  
BABY!

MY  
ARMS  
and LEGS  
are  
JOINTED!

### Whose Little Girl Wants ME? I Am The Cutest Sweetest Baby Doll

In Toyland  
And You Can  
Have Me  
**FREE!**

YES, this beautiful, curly-haired doll is free to any little girl and on such liberal terms that we expect to give away thousands of them during the next few months. Don't think she is anywhere near as small as she looks to be in the picture for she stands nearly a foot and a quarter high. She has a real kid body and her beautiful head is almost indestructible because it is made of bisque. You can make her stand up or sit down in a chair, or bend over or assume all sorts of natural positions because her arms are jointed at shoulder and elbow and her legs at hip and knee. When you lie her down she closes her eyes and goes to sleep and when you pick her up she is wide awake again. Her beautiful brown hair hangs in luxuriant curls, her eyes are blue as the sky, she has real eyelashes—not the "make-believe" kind—and taken altogether she is certainly the cutest and sweetest baby doll in all toyland. With exception of her handsome black openwork lace stockings and cunning little slippers with bow and buckle she comes to you undressed so that you can make your own dresses for her and dress and undress her to your heart's content. Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful doll in the picture as she stands smiling with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her, kiss her and put on her gay little dress! Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you free packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken if you will accept the terms of the following special offer.

**For Only Six Subscriptions!**

FOR a club of only six 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Doll exactly as described by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 466.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Free For 4 Subscriptions!

### Genuine Nottingham Lace Curtains

Full Width And Nine Feet Long

This is a brand new offer and much more liberal than our previous offers of Lace Curtains because we are now enabled to buy the genuine Nottingham Lace Curtains direct from the mills cheaper than ever before in the history of our business. The curtains we now offer you are full width and three yards long which is large enough for the largest window, and are designed after the latest up-to-date pattern, with handsome wide border and firm well-finished edge. These beautiful curtains are suited to any room in your house whether it be parlor, sitting-room or chamber and there is an air of elegance and refinement about them which will dress up any room in your house no matter how richly furnished it may be. We guarantee that every woman who accepts this offer will be proud of these curtains—proud of their real beauty and value and proud of the fact that she secured them without paying out one cent of money. We are now giving away these curtains free upon the terms of the following

**CLUB OFFER.** For a club of only four 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one pair of these curtains free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or we will send you two pairs for a club of seven 15-months subscriptions, or three pairs for a club of ten. Premium No. 409.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Beautiful Tapestry Table Cover

NEARLY ONE  
YARD SQUARE



Given to You  
For 2 Subscriptions

by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 664.

This beautiful, fringed Tapestry Table Cover is nearly one yard square which is a size large enough for any stand or small table and is very elaborately made up in different handsome colors on an interwoven background which is of a color that harmonizes with the fringe which extends entirely around the cover. Add one or more of these beautiful colored covers to the furnishings of any room in your house and it will enliven and cheer up the whole atmosphere of your home. They are just as durable as they are handsome and taken altogether are something any woman should be pleased to own and display. We will send you this large handsome Table Cover, exactly as described if you will accept the following

**Club Offer.** For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this beautiful Tapestry Table Cover free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 664. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Handsome, New Style, Guaranteed Watch

A Warranted Timekeeper—Best American Movement—Stem Wind and Set.



Here is a watch that any man or boy may feel proud to carry, not alone on account of its handsome, refined appearance, but, because it is always on the dot—a splendid, dependable timekeeper that will keep as near perfect time as any watch you ever saw no matter what the price. Of course, this is not an expensive watch because it is not in a gold or silver case but for practical every-day use it is just as good as any watch costing from \$20.00 to \$25.00. In fact, we have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee which is just as binding as that given with any watch no matter what make. It has a handsome polished nickel case with an unusually thick crystal which will stand all sorts of rough handling without becoming broken; the movement is the best American made, stem wind and stem set, the dial is pure white with large plain easily read figures on its face and, as shown in the illustration, it has the hour, minute and second hands like all high-priced watches. We have already given away thousands of these watches without having one of them returned to us or receiving a single complaint and this we think is sufficient evidence that it never fails to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these handsome, guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, together with a handsome stylish chain and fob, if you will accept the following

**CLUB OFFER.** For a club of only five 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain and fob, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Premium No. 399. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Girl's Waterproof Cape

A Great PROTECTOR From WIND and RAIN



For a club of only seven subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you by Parcel Post one of these serviceable Rain Capes. Premium No. 629. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Premium  
No.  
612

### Stylish Colored Petticoat

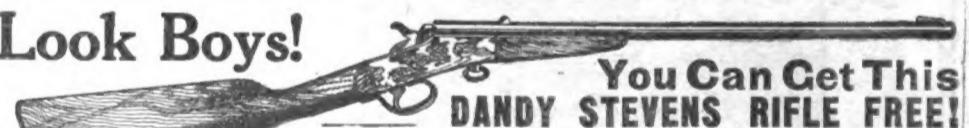


### Kelley Green, Cerise Or Black

COLORED petticoats modeled along narrow lines to conform to the narrow dress skirts that are now the style. Kelley Green, Cerise or "American Beauty" and Black seem to be popular shades as they afford a striking contrast to most any dress. The petticoat offered here is made of handsome satin or "farmer's satin" of good quality with finished seams and deep flounce and it comes in the popular colors above mentioned. Every woman to be in fashion now needs one or more of these petticoats which fit so nicely and hang so gracefully having not near so much fullness as the old petticoats and yet not of the extreme hobble style. Be sure to specify size and color wanted when ordering. We have them in sizes all the way from 36 to 44 and will send you exact size and the color desired, if you will accept the following

**Club Offer.** For a club of only two 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one of these petticoats free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 612. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Look Boys!



IF you want a real rifle—not a toy or the make-believe kind—then here's your chance to own a Stevens Rifle and best of all it won't cost you one cent of money. Of course, you know what the "Stevens" Rifle is. It is acknowledged to be one of the very best makes in the world manufactured by the famous Stevens Firearms Co. of Massachusetts. The rifle we offer you here is their "Little Scout" model and is the take-down pattern—that is by simply turning a screw you can remove the barrel from the stock which is a great help in cleaning the gun or packing it for travel. It shoots C. B. caps., .22 short, .22 long, or .22 long rifle rimfire cartridges, has an 18-inch round all-steel barrel, casehardened frame, blued steel butt plate, German silver knife-edge front and open rear sights, polished black walnut stock and weighs 2½ pounds. This rifle is absolutely safe be-

cause it cannot be discharged until the cartridge is automatically locked in the chamber and there is positively no danger of back firing. For target practice and to take along on hunting and camping trips this is just the rifle that every red-blooded boy wants and should have because with it you are always sure of bagging all the small game that comes your way such as rabbits, squirrels, hawks and all kinds of game birds. We want every boy who reads this offer to have one of these splendid rifles and we are going to make it very easy for you to get one without spending a cent for it. Here's our free offer. Just read it.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only twelve 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this genuine Stevens Rifle free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 692.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Great Japanese Rug about Six Feet Long

Given For a Club of Only Four



This unusual offering was gotten of a large importing house who make a specialty in dealing in big quantities of these Botan or Matting Rugs. It is closely woven of fine Japanese matting and is thus strong and durable. It has an elaborate Oriental design, which is brought out by the bright colors being interwoven with the finely shaded texture of the matting itself, of which our illustration gives but a faint idea. The colors are of such a blend and are so harmonious in the variegated shades of red, blue and green that it is appropriate to use in any room in the house, especially for the chambers or living-room. It will lay closely to the floor or fit nicely over a defaced carpet. They are of such good size, about 72 inches long and thirty-six inches wide, that two of them make a good covering for the floor of a fair sized room. They are a very serviceable rug to use as they do not easily soil and can be readily cleaned with a damp cloth and the color design thus be kept fresh and bright. It is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction and if you once compelled to get up another club and secure more of them, they are given on such easy terms and are so entirely

club offer. For a club of only four 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver one of these rugs by Parcel Post. Premium No. 420. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



A BEAUTIFUL HOME—YOURS FOR 3 CENTS A DAY

## Two Surprises for You

### No. 1.—A Dollar Book

#### With 5,160 Furniture Bargains

##### Keep It 30 Days

We send you things—whatever you want—to keep for 30 days. Test them, inspect them, compare our price with stores. Then buy or return them, just as you prefer. What you return we credit, and we pay the freight both ways.

That's better than buying in stores. Here you have a month to consider—there only a few minutes.

##### Prices $\frac{1}{3}$ Less

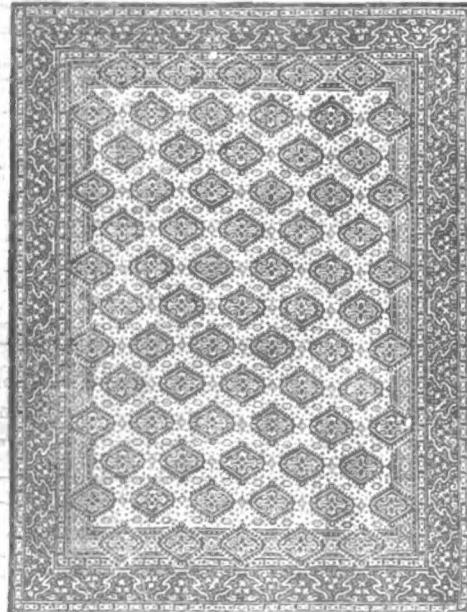
The prices will average one-third less than usual. Some are half store prices. We buy for the millions—a thousand times what the usual dealer buys. We pick up bargains—surplus stocks. And we sell direct by mail.

Our prices will seem impossible. But we prove them to you by sending goods on trial. You buy nothing whatever until you see it in your home and use it for a month.

More than a million people buy their home things here. We often furnish 10,000 homes a week. We save them millions of dollars. We show them more things than they ever saw elsewhere. And we give them long-time credit.

Send for this new book. It costs you nothing. And it will bring to your home the greatest exhibit, the lowest prices and the fairest terms that were ever known in this line.

Get Rich Axminster 9x12 Rug By Send-ing Only \$125



**Just Write** for this handsome Axminster rug. Your charge account will be opened at once and the rug will be placed in your home on 30 days' free trial. Then pay \$1.25 monthly if it pleases you and you are satisfied with the saving. This is a sample of the wonderful bargains to be found in our catalog, but as there were not enough to picture in this book you must order from this paper to take advantage of this big bargain.

**Handsome Oriental Design**, a copy of a rug selling for four times our price—a pattern that is found only in the very best homes. This rug is rich in appearance, coming in a tan ground with the Oriental figures brought out in beautiful shades of brown, red, blue, green and old rose colors. It has a luxurious high pile, is well woven of all-wool yarns and neatly finished.

No. F4C203. Size 9x12 feet. Price \$12.95

### No. 2—A Credit Card

#### Giving You a Year to Pay

With the Book we will send a Credit Card. It will open for you a charge account without any references or any red tape.

Then you can order at any time on credit. On every bill you have a year to pay. No extra price, no interest, no contract, no security—just an open charge account.

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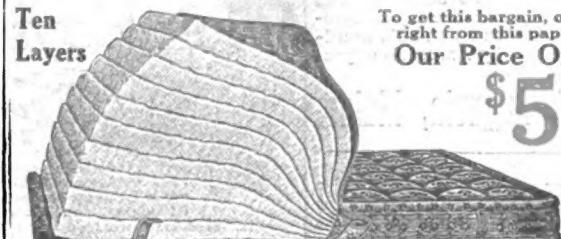
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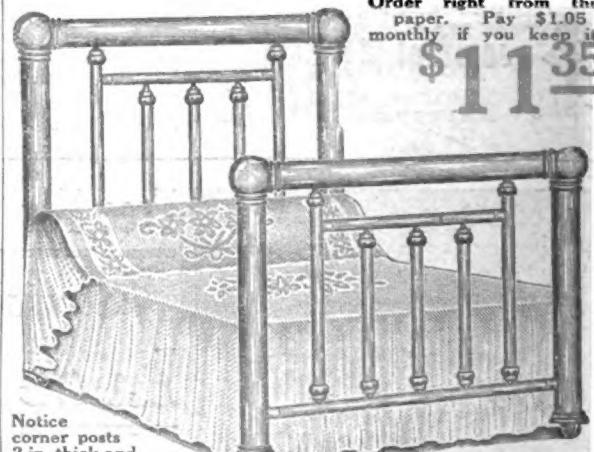
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